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VOL. VII

PHILADELPHIA

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THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE.

[Sir Walter Scott, born at Edinburgh, 15th Aug. 1771; died at Abbotsford, 21st September, 1832. We can speak only with affectionate reverence of the Master of Fiction—it might be written, the Master of this Century's Literature; for he excelled in almost every branch of it. As a poet, he fulfilled the noblest function of the poet's art—he taught in song the glorious recompense of fidelity and of honourable life—he pleased and elevated his pupils whilst he taught them. As an historical essayist, he indued the skeleton of antiquity with soul and human form, and these combined, constitute the real magnet of human sympathy. As a novelist, the world is, and always will be, his debtor for hours which lengthen into years of happiness. He has been in this capacity a benefactor in the highest degree. His genius has provided every home with an inexhaustible store of pleasure. There are many who question his claims as a poet; but in the realms of fiction he remains the undisputed monarch. The leading events of his life are so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. "Ivanhoe," from which the following exciting scene is taken, was the author's first venture to adapt the materials of English history to romance. He chose the period of Richard I., "not only," he explains, "as abounding with characters whose very names were sure to attract general attention, but as affording a striking contrast betwixt the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, and the Normans, who still reigned in it as conquerors." The origin of the title is curious: it was suggested by an old rhyme commemorating the forfeiture of three manors by an ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket when they quarrelled at tennis:—

"Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
For striking of a blow,
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so."]

A MOMENT of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those which, at more tranquil moments, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even in a moment when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible, and the questions which she put to the knight concerning his state of health were but in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me dear Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess."

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf—if so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle;

that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest," said the knight, joyfully; "fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel—say what thou wilt, but bring him—something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made an attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded knight's chamber, which was defeated by the interference of Urfried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the failure of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartizans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard animating their followers or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half-whispering to herself, half-speaking to her companion, the sacred text: "The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting."

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless."

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca; "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfrid, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome," murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for

the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," answered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed.—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight clad in sable armour is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackle-bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca, "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance.—God of Zion, protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "*En avant De Bracy!—Beau-seant! Beau-seant!—Front-de-Bœuf a la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post or might be suspected to be stationed,—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look

for the knight of the fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.[1]—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes—his high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm.—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear fresh men supply their place in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us," said the knight, "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed."

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

[1] Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which were often the scene of severe skirmishes, as these must necessarily be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chivalrous pages of Froissart took place at t[illegible] of besieged places.

"It is over for the time," said Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfrid, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe has rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular:" he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do*[1]—a fetterlock and a shackle-bolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health—how couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry, to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the mellay is the breath of our nostrils. We live not—we wish to live no longer than while we are victorious and renowned—such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vainglory, and a passing through the fire to Molech?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory!" continued Rebecca, "alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of these ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! why, maiden, it is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant—nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes

[1] *Derring-do*, desperate courage.

Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight,—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabæus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the proudest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time?—when yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep!—when the nostril shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and blood-shot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him!—And my father!—Oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his gray hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth!—What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger?—But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

Ivanhoe.[1]

TO A SKY-LARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home!

WORDSWORTH.

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1 "'Ivanhoe' was received throughout England with a more clamorous delight than any of the Scotch novels had been. The volumes, three in number, were (now for the first time) of the post 8vo form, with a finer paper than used for the previous tales, the press-work much more elegant, and the price accordingly raised from eight shillings the volume to ten; yet the copies sold in this original shape were twelve thousand. . . . The reader may be told that Scott dictated the greater part of this romance. The portion of the MS. which is his own appears, however, not only as well and firmly executed as that of any of the 'Tales of My Landlord,' but distinguished by having still fewer erasures and interlineations, and also by being in a smaller hand. The fragment is beautiful to look at—many pages together without one alteration. It is, I suppose, superfluous to add, that in no instance did Scott re-write his prose before sending it to press. Whatever may have been the case with his poetry, the world uniformly received the *prima cura* of the novelist. As a work of art, 'Ivanhoe' is perhaps the first of all Scott's efforts, whether in prose or in verse; nor have the strength and splendour of his imagination been displayed to higher advantage than in some of the scenes of this romance. But I believe that no reader who is capable of thoroughly comprehending the author's Scotch characters and Scotch dialogue will ever place even 'Ivanhoe,' as a work of genius, on the same level with 'Waverley,' or the 'Heart of Midlothian.' I cannot conclude without observing that the publication of 'Ivanhoe' marks the most brilliant epoch in Scott's history, as the literary favourite of his contemporaries."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

FOUR SONNETS.

SPRING.

It is not that sweet herbs and flowers alone
Start up, like spirits that have lain asleep
In their great mother's iced bosom deep
For months; or that the birds, more joyous grown,
Catch once again their silver summer tone,
And they who late from bough to bough did creep,
Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,
And seem to sing of Winter overthrown:
No—with an equal march the immortal mind,
As though it never could be left behind,
Keeps pace with every movement of the year,
And (for high truths are born in happiness)
As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear,
And sees beyond the slave's or bigot's guess.

SUMMER.

Now have young April and the blue-eyed May
Vanished awhile, and lo! the glorious June
(While nature ripens in his burning noon,)
Comes like a young inheritor; and gay
Although his parent months have passed away:
But his green crown shall wither, and the tune
That ushered in his birth be silent soon,
And in the strength of youth shall he decay.
What matters this—so long as in the past
And in the days to come we live, and feel
The present nothing worth, until it steal
Away, and, like a disappointment, die?
For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory,
Flies ever on before or follows fast.

AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy now;
Already have the elements unfurled
Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurled:
The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and blindly on their errands go;
And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more high.
Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

WINTER.

This is the eldest of the seasons: he
Moves not like Spring with gradual step, nor grows
From bud to beauty, but with all his snows
Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.
No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
Before him, nor unto his time belong
The suns of summer, nor the charms of song,
That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.
But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud,
Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
And with a tender footstep prints the ground,
As though to cheat man's ear; yet while he stays
He seems as 'twere to prompt our merriest days
And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE CHILD-WIFE.[1]

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Sometimes, of an evening, when I was at home and at work—for I wrote a good deal now, and was beginning in a small way to be known as a writer—I would lay down my pen, and watch my child-wife trying to be good. First of all, she would bring out the immense account-book, and lay it down upon the table, with a deep sigh. Then she would open it at the place where Jip had made it illegible last night, and call Jip up to look at his misdeeds. This would occasion a diversion in Jip's favour, and some inking of his nose, perhaps, as a penalty. Then she would tell Jip to lie down on the table instantly, "like a lion"—which was one of his tricks, though I cannot say the likeness was striking—and, if he were in an obedient humour, he would obey. Then she would take up a pen, and begin to write, and find a hair in it. Then she would take up another pen, and begin to write, and find that it spluttered. Then she would take up another pen, and begin to write, and say in a low voice, "Oh, it's a talking pen, and will disturb Doady!" And then she would give it up as a bad job, and put the account-book away, after pretending to crush the lion with it.

Or, if she were in a very sedate and serious state of mind, she would sit down with the tablets, and a little basket of bills and other documents, which looked more like curl-papers than anything else, and endeavour to get some result out of them. After severely comparing one with another, and making entries on the tablets, and blotting them out, and counting all the fingers of her left hand over and over again, backwards and forwards, she would be so vexed and discouraged, and would look so unhappy, that it gave me pain to see her bright face clouded—and for me!—and I would go softly to her, and say:

"What's the matter, Dora?"

Dora would look up hopelessly, and reply, "They won't come right. They make my head ache so. And they won't do anything I want!"

[1] From *David Copperfield*. This work has been always regarded as in a considerable degree autobiographical. Unquestionably it is so in its revelations of the bitter and sweet experiences of the struggle to win a place in literature. In his last preface to the novel, Mr. Dickens wrote, "Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child. And his name is DAVID COPPERFIELD." This statement endows the story with special interest. The above extract is an example of Mr. Dickens' pathos.

Then I would say, "Now, let us try together. Let me show you, Dora."

Then I would commence a practical demonstration, to which Dora would pay profound attention, perhaps for five minutes; when she would begin to be dreadfully tired, and would lighten the subject by curling my hair, or trying the effect of my face with my shirt collar turned down. If I tacitly checked this playfulness, and persisted, she would look so scared and disconsolate, as she became more and more bewildered, that the remembrance of her natural gaiety when I first strayed into her path, and of her being my child-wife, would come reproachfully upon me; and I would lay the pencil down, and call for the guitar.

I had a great deal of work to do, and had many anxieties, but the same considerations made me keep them to myself. I am far from sure, now, that it was right to do this, but I did it for my child-wife's sake. I search my breast, and I commit its secrets, if I know them, without any reservation to this paper. The old unhappy loss or want of something had, I am conscious, some place in my heart; but not to the embitterment of my life. When I walked alone in the fine weather, and thought of the summer days when all the air had been filled with my boyish enchantment, I did miss something of the realization of my dreams; but I thought it was a softened glory of the Past, which nothing could have thrown upon the present time. I did feel, sometimes, for a little while, that I could have wished my wife had been my counsellor: had had more character and purpose, to sustain me, and improve me by; had been endowed with power to fill up the void which somewhere seemed to be about me; but I felt as if this were an unearthly consummation of my happiness, that never had been meant to be, and never could have been.

I was a boyish husband as to years. I had known the softening influence of no other sorrows or experiences than those recorded in these leaves. If I did any wrong, as I may have done much, I did it in mistaken love, and in my want of wisdom. I write the exact truth. It would avail me nothing to extenuate it now.

Thus it was that I took upon myself the toils and cares of our life, and had no partner in them. We lived much as before, in reference to our scrambling household arrangements; but I had got used to those, and Dora I was pleased to see was seldom vexed now. She was bright and cheerful in the old childish way, loved me dearly, and was happy with her old trifles.

When the debates were heavy—I mean as to length, not quality, for in the last respect they were not often otherwise—and I went home late, Dora would never rest when she heard my footsteps, but would always come down stairs to meet me. When my evenings were unoccupied by the pursuit for which I had qualified myself with so much pains, and I was engaged in writing at home, she would sit quietly near me, however late the hour, and be so mute, that I would often think she had dropped asleep. But generally, when I raised my head, I saw her blue eyes looking at me with the quiet attention of which I have already spoken.

"Oh, what a weary boy!" said Dora one night, when I met her eyes as I was shutting up my desk.

"What a weary girl!" said I. "That's more to the purpose. You must go to bed another time, my love. It's far too late for you."

"No, don't send me to bed!" pleaded Dora, coming to my side. "Pray, don't do that!"

"Dora!"

To my amazement she was sobbing on my neck.

"Not well, my dear! not happy!"

"Yes! quite well, and very happy!" said Dora. "But say you'll let me stop, and see you write."

"Why, what a sight for such bright eyes at midnight!" I replied.

"Are they bright, though?" returned Dora, laughing. "I'm so glad they're bright."

"Little Vanity!" said I.

But it was not vanity; it was only harmless delight in my admiration. I knew that very well, before she told me so.

"If you think them pretty, say I may always stop, and see you write!" said Dora. "*Do* you think them pretty?"

"Very pretty."

"Then let me always stop and see you write."

"I am afraid that won't improve their brightness, Dora."

"Yes it will! Because, you clever boy, you'll not forget me then, while you are full of silent fancies. Will you mind it, if I say something very, very silly?—more than usual?" inquired Dora, peeping over my shoulder into my face.

"What wonderful thing is that?" said I.

"Please let me hold the pens," said Dora. "I want to have something to do with all those many hours when you are so industrious. May I hold the pens?"

The remembrance of her pretty joy when I said Yes, brings tears into my eyes. The next

time I sat down to write, and regularly afterwards, she sat in her old place, with a spare bundle of pens at her side. Her triumph in this connection with my work, and her delight when I wanted a new pen—which I very often feigned to do—suggested to me a new way of pleasing my child-wife. I occasionally made a pretence of wanting a page or two of manuscript copied. Then Dora was in her glory. The preparations she made for this great work, the aprons she put on, the bibs she borrowed from the kitchen to keep off the ink, the time she took, the innumerable stoppages she made to have a laugh with Jip as if he understood it all, her conviction that her work was incomplete unless she signed her name at the end, and the way in which she would bring it to me, like a school-copy, and then, when I praised it, clasp me round the neck, are touching recollections to me, simple as they might appear to other men.

She took possession of the keys soon after this, and went jingling about the house with the whole bunch in a little basket, tied to her slender waist. I seldom found that the places to which they belonged were locked, or that they were of any use except as a plaything for Jip—but Dora was pleased, and that pleased me. She was quite satisfied that a good deal was effected by this make-belief of house-keeping; and was as merry as if we had been keeping a baby-house for a joke.

So we went on. Dora was hardly less affectionate to my aunt than to me, and often told her of the time when she was afraid she was "a cross old thing." I never saw my aunt unbend more systematically to any one. She courted Jip, though Jip never responded; listened day after day to the guitar, though I am afraid she had no taste for music; never attacked the Incapables, though the temptation must have been severe; went wonderful distances on foot to purchase, as surprises, any trifles that she found out Dora wanted; and never came in by the garden, and missed her from the room, but she would call out, at the foot of the stairs, in a voice that sounded cheerfully all over the house:

"Where's Little Blossom?"

* * * * * * *

I must pause yet once again. Oh, my child-wife, there is a figure in the moving crowd before my memory, quiet and still, saying in its innocent love and childish beauty, Stop to think of me—turn to look upon the Little Blossom, as it flutters to the ground!

I do. All else grows dim, and fades away. I am again with Dora in our cottage. I do not know how long she has been ill. I am so used to it in feeling, that I cannot count the time. It is not really long, in weeks or months; but, in my usage and experience, it is a weary, weary while.

They have left off telling me to "wait a few days more." I have begun to fear, remotely, that the day may never shine when I shall see my child-wife running in the sunlight with her old friend Jip.

He is, as it were, suddenly grown very old. It may be that he misses in his mistress something that enlivened him and made him younger; but he mopes, and his sight is weak, and his limbs are feeble, and my aunt is sorry that he objects to her no more, but creeps near her as he lies on Dora's bed—she sitting at the bedside—and mildly licks her hand.

Dora lies smiling on us, and is beautiful, and utters no hasty or complaining word. She says that we are very good to her; that her dear old careful boy is tiring himself out, she knows; that my aunt has no sleep, yet is always wakeful, active, and kind. Sometimes the little bird-like ladies come to see her; and then we talk about our wedding-day, and all that happy time.

What a strange rest and pause in my life there seems to be—and in all life, within doors and without—when I sit in the quiet, shaded, orderly room, with the blue eyes of my child-wife turned towards me, and her little fingers twining round my hand! Many and many an hour I sit thus; but, of all those times, three times come the freshest on my mind.

It is morning; and Dora, made so trim by my aunt's hands, shows me how her pretty hair *will* curl upon the pillow yet, and how long and bright it is, and how she likes to have it loosely gathered in that net she wears.

"Not that I am vain of it, now, you mocking boy," she says, when I smile; "but because you used to say you thought it so beautiful; and because, when I first began to think about you, I used to peep in the glass, and wonder whether you would like very much to have a lock of it. Oh what a foolish fellow you were, Doady, when I gave you one!"

"That was on the day when you were painting the flowers I had given you, Dora, and when I told you how much in love I was."

"Ah! but I didn't like to tell *you*," says Dora, "*then*, how I had cried over them, because I believed you really liked me! When I can run about again as I used to do, Doady, let us go and see those places where we were

such a silly couple, shall we? And take some of the old walks? And not forget poor papa?"

"Yes we will, and have some happy days. So you must make haste to get well, my dear."

"Oh, I shall soon do that! I am so much better, you don't know!"

It is evening; and I sit in the same chair, by the same bed, with the same face turned towards me. We have been silent, and there is a smile upon her face. I have ceased to carry my light burden up and down stairs now. She lies here all the day.

"Doady!"

"My dear Dora!"

"You won't think what I am going to say, unreasonable, after what you told me, such a little while ago, of Mr. Wickfield's not being well? I want to see Agnes. Very much I want to see her."

"I will write to her, my dear."

"Will you?"

"Directly."

"What a good, kind boy! Doady, take me on your arm. Indeed, my dear, it's not a whim. It's not a foolish fancy. I want, very much indeed, to see her!"

"I am certain of it. I have only to tell her so, and she is sure to come."

"You are very lonely when you go down stairs now?" Dora whispers, with her arm about my neck.

"How can I be otherwise, my own love, when I see your empty chair?"

"My empty chair!" She clings to me for a little while in silence. "And you really miss me, Doady?" looking up, and brightly smiling. "Even poor, giddy, stupid me?"

"My heart, who is there upon earth that I could miss so much?"

"Oh, husband! I am so glad, yet so sorry!" creeping closer to me, and folding me in both her arms. She laughs and sobs, and then is quiet and quite happy.

"Quite!" she says. "Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very, very much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for."

"Except to get well again, Dora."

"Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think—you know I always was a silly little thing!—that that will never be!"

"Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!"

"I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child-wife's empty chair!"

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I, have sat with Dora since the morning, all together. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know now that my child-wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself many times to-day to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have bethought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly settle in my mind is, that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me, alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears and to reply, "Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps! But, if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so, too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But, as years went on, my dear boy would have wearied of

his child-wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"Oh, Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. "Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well to say a reproachful word to you in earnest—it was all the merit I had except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely down stairs, Doady?"

"Very! very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In its old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now, make me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go down stairs tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her let no one come—not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes quite alone."

I promise that she shall, immediately; but I cannot leave her, for my grief.

"I said that it was better as it is!" she whispers, as she holds me in her arms. "Oh, Doady, after more years you never could have loved your child-wife better than you do; and, after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!"

Agnes is down stairs, when I go into the parlour; and I give her the message. She disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it, on his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out on the night my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily—heavily.

I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the truth, that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance is the image of the dear child as I knew her first, graced by my young love and by her own with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart, reply!

How the time wears I know not; until I am recalled by my child-wife's old companion. More restless than he was he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go up stairs.

"Not to-night, Jip! Not to-night!"

He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

"Oh, Jip! It may be, never again!"

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry, is dead.

"Oh, Agnes! Look, look, here!"

—That face, so full of pity, and of grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards heaven!

"Agnes?"

It is over. Darkness comes before my eyes; and, for a time, all things are blotted out of my remembrance.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art:—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dream'd of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undelug'd earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptur'd greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshen'd fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.[1]

It is now nearly twenty years since I first saw him and came to know him pretty familiarly in London. I was very much in earnest to have him come to America, and read his series of lectures on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and when I talked the matter over with some of his friends at the little Garrick Club, they all said he could never be induced to leave London long enough for such an expedition. Next morning, after this talk at the Garrick, the elderly damsel of all work announced to me, as I was taking breakfast at my lodgings, that Mr. *Sackville* had called to see me, and was then waiting below. Very soon I heard a heavy tread on the stairs, and enter a tall, white-haired stranger, who held out his hand, bowed profoundly, and with a most comical expression announced himself as Mr. Sackville. Recognizing at once the face from published portraits, I knew that my visitor was none other than Thackeray himself, who, having heard the servant give the wrong name, determined to assume it on this occasion. For years afterwards, when he would drop in unexpectedly, both at home and abroad, he delighted to call himself Mr. Sackville, until a certain Milesian waiter at the Tremont House addressed him as Mr. Thack*uary*, when he adopted that name in preference to the other.

I had the opportunity, both in England and America, for observing the literary habits of Thackeray, and it always seemed to me that he did his work with comparative ease, but was somewhat influenced by a custom of procrastination. Nearly all his stories were written in monthly instalments for magazines, with the press at his heels. He told me that when he began a novel he rarely knew how many people were to figure in it, and, to use his own words, he was always very shaky about their moral conduct. He said that sometimes, especially if he had been dining late and did not feel in remarkably good humour next morning, he was inclined to make his characters villanously wicked; but if he rose serene, with an unclouded brain, there was no end to the lovely actions he was willing to make his men and women perform. When he had written a passage that pleased him very much, he could not resist clapping on his hat and rushing forth to find an acquaintance to whom he might instantly read his successful composition. Gilbert Wakefield, universally acknowledged to have been the best Greek scholar of his time, said he would have turned out a much better one, if he had begun earlier to study that language; but unfortunately he did not begin till he was fifteen years of age. Thackeray, in quoting to me this saying of Wakefield, remarked, "My English would have been very much better if I had read Fielding before I was ten." This observation was a valuable hint, on the part of Thackeray, as to whom he considered his master in art.

One day, in the winter of 1852, I met Thackeray sturdily ploughing his way down Beacon Street with a copy of *Henry Esmond* (the English edition, then just issued), under his arm. Seeing me some way off, he held aloft the volumes and began to shout in great glee. When I came up to him he cried out, "Here is the *very* best I can do, and I am carrying it to Prescott, as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it, when I go, as my card."

As he wrote from month to month, and liked to put off the inevitable chapters till the last moment, he was often in great tribulation. I happened to be one of a large company whom

[1] From the "Whispering Gallery" of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, January, 1871. Thackeray was born at Calcutta, 1811, and died in London, 24th December, 1863. J. T. Fields was born at Boston, 1817; died 1880.

he had invited to a six o'clock dinner at Greenwich one summer afternoon, several years ago. We were all to go down from London, assembled in a particular room in the hotel, where he was to meet us at six o'clock, *sharp*. Accordingly, we took steamer and gathered ourselves together in the reception-room at the appointed time. When the clock struck six, our host had not fulfilled his part of the compact. His burly figure was yet wanting among the company assembled. As the guests were nearly all strangers to each other, and as there was no one present to introduce us, a profound silence fell upon the room, and we anxiously looked out of the windows, hoping every moment that Thackeray would arrive.

This untoward state of things went on for one hour, still no Thackeray and no dinner. English reticence would not allow any remark as to the absence of our host. Everybody felt serious, and a great gloom fell upon the assembled party. Still no Thackeray. The landlord, the butler, and the waiters rushed in and out the room, shrieking for the master of the feast, who as yet had not arrived. It was confidentially whispered by a fat gentleman, with a hungry look, that the dinner was utterly spoiled twenty minutes ago, when we heard a merry shout in the entry and Thackeray bounced into the room. He had not changed his morning dress, and ink was still visible upon his fingers. Clapping his hands and pirouetting briskly on one leg, he cried out, "Thank Heaven! the last sheet of the *Virginians* has just gone to the printer." He made no apology for his late appearance, introduced nobody, shook hands heartily with everybody, and begged us all to be seated as quickly as possible. His exquisite delight at completing his book swept away every other feeling, and we all shared his pleasure, albeit the dinner was overdone throughout.

The most finished and elegant of all *lecturers*, Thackeray often made a very poor appearance when he attempted to make a set speech to a public assembly. He almost always broke down after the first two or three sentences. Once he asked me to travel with him from London to Manchester to hear a great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library Institution in that city. All the way down he was discoursing of certain effects he intended to produce on the Manchester dons by his eloquent appeals to their pockets. This passage was to have great influence with the rich merchants, this one with the clergy, and so on. He said that although Dickens and Bulwer and Sir James Stephen, all eloquent speakers, were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this special occasion. He insisted that I should be seated directly in front of him, so that I should have the full force of his magic eloquence. The occasion was a most brilliant one; tickets had been in demand at unheard-of prices several weeks before the day appointed; the great hall, then opened for the first time to the public, was filled by an audience such as is seldom convened, even in England. The three speeches which came before Thackeray was called upon were admirably suited to the occasion, and most eloquently spoken. Sir John Potter, who presided, then rose, and after some complimentary allusions to the author of *Vanity Fair*, introduced him to the crowd, who welcomed him with ringing plaudits. As he rose he gave me a half-wink from under his spectacles, as if to say: "Now for it; the others have done very well, but I will show 'em a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner, and was absolutely perfect for three minutes. In the middle of a most earnest and elaborate sentence, he suddenly stopped, gave a look of comic despair at the ceiling, crammed both hands into his trousers-pockets, and deliberately sat down. Everybody seemed to understand that it was one of Thackeray's unfinished speeches, and there were no signs of surprise or discontent among his audience. He continued to sit on the platform in a perfectly composed manner; and when the meeting was over, he said to me, without a sign of discomfiture, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator." And I never heard him mention the subject again.

Thackeray rarely took any exercise, thus living in striking contrast to the other celebrated novelist of our time, who was remarkable for the number of hours he daily spent in the open air. It seems to me almost certain now, from concurrent testimony, gathered from physicians and those who knew him best in England, that Thackeray's premature death was hastened by an utter disregard of the natural laws. His vigorous frame gave ample promise of longevity, but he drew too largely on his brain, and not enough on his legs. *High* living and high *thinking*, he used to say, was the correct reading of the proverb.

He was a man of the tenderest feelings, very apt to be cajoled into doing what the world calls foolish things, and constantly performing feats of unwisdom, which performances he was

immoderately laughing at all the while in his books. No man has impaled snobbery with such a stinging rapier, but he always accused himself of being a snob, past all cure.

In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table, although, I blush at the remembrance of it now, we apologized in our wicked waywardness to him for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised, then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I described to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half dozen, and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby."

Thackeray's playfulness was a marked peculiarity; a great deal of the time he seemed like a school-boy just released from his task. In the midst of the most serious topic under discussion he was fond of asking permission to sing a comic song, or he would beg to be allowed to enliven the occasion by the instant introduction of a brief double-shuffle.

During Thackeray's first visit to America his jollity knew no bounds, and it became necessary often to repress him when he was walking the streets. I well remember his uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told that the tickets to his first course of readings were all sold; and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture hall, he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage-window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders.

Thackeray's motto was never to perform to-day what could be postponed till to-morrow. Although he received large sums for his writings, he managed without much difficulty to keep his expenditures fully abreast, and often in advance of, his receipts. His pecuniary object in visiting America the second time was to lay up, as he said, a "pot of money" for his two daughters, and he left the country with more than half his lecture engagements unfulfilled. He was to have visited various cities in the Middle and Western States; but he took up a newspaper, one night, in his hotel, in New York, before retiring, saw a steamer advertised to sail the next morning for England, was seized with a sudden fit of home-sickness, rang the bell for his servant, who packed up his luggage that night, and the next day he sailed. The first intimation I had of his departure was a card which he sent by the pilot of the steamer, with these words upon it: "Good-by and God bless everybody, says W. M. T." Of course, he did not avail himself of the opportunity afforded him for receiving a very large sum in America; and he afterwards told me in London, that if Mr. Astor had offered him half his fortune if he would allow that particular steamer to sail without him, he should have declined the well-intentioned but impossible favour, and gone on board.

Sometimes, to puzzle his correspondent, he would write in so small a hand that the note could not be read without the aid of a magnifying-glass. Caligraphy was to him one of the fine arts, and he once told Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, that if all trades failed he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed (not the Athanasian) in the size of that coin. He greatly delighted in rhyming and lisping notes and billets. Here is one of them, dated from Baltimore, without signature:

"Dear F——th! (Fields.) The thanguinary fateth (I don't know what their anger meanth) brought me your letter of the eighth, yethterday only the fifteenth! What blunder cauthed by chill delay (thee Doctor Johnthon'th noble verthe). Thuth kept my longing thoul away, from all that motht I love on earth? Thankth for the happy contenth—thothe, Dithpatched to J. G. K. and Thonth, and that thmall letter you inclothe from Parith, from my deareth oneth! I pray each month may tho increathe my thmall account with J. G. King, that all the thipth which croth the theath, good tidingth of my girlth may bring!—that every blething fortune yeildth, I altho pray, may come to path on Mithter and Mrth. J. T. F——th, and all good friendth in Bothton, Math!"

I once made a pilgrimage with Thackeray (at my request, of course, the visits were planned) to the various houses where his books had been

written; and I remember when we came to Young Street, Kensington, he said, with mock gravity, "Down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned! And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." He was always perfectly honest in his expressions about his own writings, and it was delightful to hear him praise them when he could depend on his listeners. A friend congratulated him once on that touch in "Vanity Fair" in which Becky "*admires*" her husband when he is giving Steyne the punishment which ruins *her* for life. "Well," he said, "when I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table, and said, '*That* is a touch of genius!'"

He told me he was nearly forty years old before he was recognized in literature as belonging to a class of writers at all above the ordinary magazinists of his day. "I turned off far better things then than I do now," said he, "and I wanted money sadly (my parents were rich, but respectable, and I had spent my guineas in my youth), but how little I got for my work! It makes me laugh," he continued, "at what the *Times* pays me now, when I think of the old days, and how much better I wrote for them then, and got a shilling where I now get ten."

One day he wanted a little service done for a friend, and I remember his very quizzical expression, as he said, "Please say the favour asked will greatly oblige a man of the name of Thackeray, whose only recommendation is, that he has seen Napoleon and Goethe, and is the owner of Schiller's sword."

I think he told me he and Tennyson were at one time intimate; but I distinctly remember a description he gave me of having heard the poet, when a young man, storming about in the first rapture of composing his poem of "Ulysses." One line of it he greatly revelled in:

"And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

"He went through the streets," said Thackeray, "screaming about his great Achilles, whom we knew, as if we had all made the acquaintance of that gentleman, and were very proud of it."

One day, many years ago, I saw him chaffing on the sidewalk in London, in front of the Athenæum Club, with a monstrous-sized cabman, "copiously ebriose," and I judged from the driver's ludicrously careful way of landing the coin deep down in his breeches-pocket, that Thackeray had given him a very unusual fare. "Who is your fat friend?" I asked, crossing over to shake hands with him. "Oh, that indomitable youth is an old crony of mine," he replied; and then, quoting Falstaff, "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble *carriage*." It was the *manner* of saying this, then and there in the London street, the cabman moving slowly off on his sorry vehicle, with one eye (an eye dewy with gin and water, and a tear of gratitude, perhaps) on Thackeray, and the great man himself so jovial and so full of kindness!

I wish you could have heard him, as I once did, discourse of Shakspeare's probable life in Stratford among his neighbours. He painted, as he alone could paint, the great man sauntering about the lanes without the slightest show of greatness, having a crack with the farmers, and in very earnest talk about the crops. "I don't believe," said Thackeray, "that these village cronies of his ever looked upon him as the mighty poet,

'Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air.'

but simply as a wholesome, good-natured citizen, with whom it was always very pleasant to have a chat. I can see him now," continued Thackeray, "leaning over a cottage gate, and tasting good Master Such-a-one's home-brewed, and inquiring with a real interest after the mistress and her children." Long before he put it into his lecture, I heard him say in words to the same effect: "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face."

Every one remembers the enormous circulation achieved by the *Cornhill Magazine* when it was first started with Thackeray for its editor-in-chief. The announcement by his publishers that a sale of a hundred and ten thousand of the first number had been reached made the editor half delirious with joy, and he ran away to Paris to be rid of the excitement for a few days. I met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, and I found him wild with exultation and full of enthusiasm for excellent George Smith, his publisher. "London," he exclaimed, "is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence! Great heavens!" said he, "throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts. If the worst comes to the worst, New York also

may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress!"

Those days in Paris with him were simply tremendous. We dined at all possible and impossible places together. We walked round and round the glittering court of Palais Royal, gazing in at the windows of the jewellers' shops, and all my efforts were necessary to restrain him from rushing in and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles," as he called them; "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing the *Cornhill* unless I begin instantly somewhere?" If he saw a group of three or four persons talking together in an excited way, after the manner of that then riant people, he would whisper to me, with immense gesticulation, "There, there, you see the news has reached Paris, and perhaps the number has gone up since my last accounts from London." His spirits during those few days were colossal, and he told me that he found it impossible to sleep "for counting up his subscribers."

I happened to know personally (and let me modestly add, with some degree of sympathy) what he suffered editorially, when he had the charge and responsibility of the magazine. With first-class contributors he got on very well, he said, but the extortioners and revilers bothered the very life out of him. He gave me some amusing accounts of his misunderstandings with the "fair" (as he loved to call them), some of whom followed him up so closely with their poetical compositions, that his house (he was then living in Onslow-square) was never free of interruption. "The darlings demanded," said he, "that I should rewrite, if I could not understand their —— nonsense, and put their halting lines in proper form." "I was so appalled," said he, "when they set upon me with their 'ipics and their ipecacs,' that you might have knocked me down with a feather, sir. It was insupportable, and I fled away into France." As he went on, growing drolly furious at the recollection of various editorial scenes, I could not help remembering Mr. Yellowplush's recommendation, thus characteristically expressed: "Take my advice, honrabble sir—listen to a humble footmin: it's generally best in poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to igspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, p'r'aps."

He took very great delight in his young daughter's first contributions to the *Cornhill*, and I shall always remember how he made me get into a cab, one day, in London, that I might hear, as we rode along, the joyful news he had to impart, that he had just been reading his daughter's first paper, which was entitled "Little Scholars." "When I read it," said he, "I blubbered like a child, it was so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

During his second visit to Boston I was asked to invite him to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member. I was very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he could be easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological speech might ensue, and I knew he would be exasperated with me, even although I were the *innocent* cause of his affliction. My worst fears were realized. We had hardly got seated, before a dull, bilious-looking old gentleman arose, and applied his augur with such pertinacity that we were all bored nearly to distraction. I dared not look at Thackeray, but I felt that his eye was upon me. Nephew, conceive my distress, when he got up quite deliberately, from the prominent place where a chair had been set for him, and made his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom leading into the larger room, and in which no one was sitting. The small apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew *he* was there. Then commenced a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe adequately. He threw an imaginary person (myself, of course) upon the floor, and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper-folder, which he caught up for the purpose. After disposing of his victim in this way, he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, and he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head. Still the droning speaker proceeded with his frozen subject (it was something about the Arctic regions, if I remember rightly), and now began the greatest pantomimic scene of all—namely, murder by poison, after the manner in which the player king is disposed of in "Hamlet." Thackeray had found a small vial on the mantel-shelf, and out of that he proceeded to pour the imaginary "juice of cursed hebenon" into the imaginary porches of somebody's ears. The whole thing was inimitably done, and I hoped nobody saw it but myself; but years afterwards, a ponderous, fat-witted young man, put the question squarely to me: "What *was* the matter with Mr. Thackeray, that night the club met at Mr. ——'s house?"

I parted with Thackeray for the last time a few months before his death, in the street, at midnight, in London. The *Cornhill Magazine*, under his editorship, having proved a very great success, grand dinners were given every month in honour of the new venture. We had been sitting late at one of these festivals, and, as it was getting towards morning, I thought it wise, as far as I was concerned, to be moving homeward before the sun rose. Seeing my intention to withdraw, he insisted on driving me in his own brougham to my lodgings. When we reached the outside door of our host, Thackeray's servant, seeing a stranger with his master, touched his hat and asked where he should drive us. It was then between one and two o'clock, time certainly for all decent diners-out to be at rest. Thackeray put on one of his most quizzical expressions, and said to John, in answer to his question, "I think we will make a morning call on the Lord Bishop of London." John knew his master's quips and cranks too well to suppose he was in earnest, so I gave him my address, and we drove on. When we reached my lodgings the clocks were striking two, and the early morning air was raw and piercing. Opposing all my entreaties for leave-taking in the carriage, he insisted upon getting out on the sidewalk and escorting me up to my door, saying, with a mock heroic protest to the heavens above us, "That it would be shameful for a full-blooded Britisher to leave an unprotected Yankee friend exposed to ruffians, who prowl about the streets with an eye to plunder." Then, giving me a gigantic embrace, he sang a verse of which he knew me to be very fond; and so vanished out of my sight the great-hearted author of *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair*. But I think of him still as moving, in his own stately way, up and down the crowded thoroughfares of London, dropping in at the Garrick, or sitting at the window of the Athenæum Club, and watching the stupendous tide of life that is ever moving past in that wonderful city.

Thackeray, you remember, was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning (1863), and he probably died without pain. His mother and his daughters were sleeping under the same roof when he passed away alone. Dickens told me that, looking on him as he lay in his coffin, he wondered that the figure he had known in life as one of such noble presence could seem so shrunken and wasted; but there had been years of sorrow, years of labour, years of pain, in that now exhausted life. It was his happiest Christmas morning when he heard the Voice calling him homeward to unbroken rest.

ADONIS, SLEEPING.

In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty. Sideway his face repos'd
On one white arm, and tenderly unclos'd,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwin'd and trammell'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine.

Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

KEATS.

PARAPHRASE OF THE 23D PSALM.

God, who the universe doth hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd, kind and heedful,
Is my shepherd, and doth keep
Me, his sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in fields, which been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with Spring's flowery painting,
Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirits fainting.

When my soul from Heaven's way
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For His name's sake, kindly He
Wandering me
To his holy fold reduced.

Yea, though I stray thorough Death's vale,
Where his pale
Shades did on each side enfold me,

Dreadless, having thee for guide,
Should I bide;
For thy rod and staff uphold me.

Thou my board with messes large
Dost surcharge;
My bowls full of wine thou pourest;
And before mine enemies'
Envious eyes
Balm upon my head thou showerest.

Neither 'dures thy bounteous grace
For a space;
But it knows nor bounds nor measure:
So my days to my life's end
I shall spend
In thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

FRANCIS DAVISON [circ. an. 1602].

STORY OF GENEVIEVE.

Mrs. Anna Jameson, born in Dublin, 19th May, 1797; died in London, 17th March, 1860. She was the daughter of Mr. Murphy, painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte. Although she has written much on general subjects, Mrs. Jameson is best known by her works upon art—*Lives of the Early Italian Painters, The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art, Legends of the Madonna*, &c. She was engaged upon *The Life of the Lord* for two years previous to her death. The *Diary of an Ennuyée* was first published in 1826, and was subsequently re-issued with many additions under the title of *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*. From the latter work the following sketch is taken.]

L'art de bien conter is still a Frenchman's most admired talent. Our handsome and interesting beau, Edmonde, piques himself on this accomplishment, and is a "conteur by profession. He related to us in the Tuileries, yesterday, the following anecdote, with infinite grace of elocution, and considerable effect, spite of his odd falsetto voice. The circumstances occurred at the time Le Noir was minister of the police: I forget the year.

Genevieve de Sorbigny was the last of a noble family: young, beautiful, and a rich heiress, she seemed born to command all this world could yield of happiness. When left an orphan, at an early age, instead of being sent to a convent, as was then the universal custom, she was brought up under the care of a maternal aunt, who devoted herself to her education, and doated on her with an almost exclusive affection.

Genevieve resided in the country with her aunt till she was about sixteen; she was then brought to Paris to be united to the marquis of ——; it was a mere marriage *de convenance*, a family arrangement entered into when she was quite a child, according to the *ancien régime;* and, unfortunately for Genevieve, her affianced bridegroom was neither young nor amiable; yet more unfortunately it happened that the marquis' cousin, the Baron de Villay, who generally accompanied him in his visits of ceremony, possessed all the qualities in which *he* was deficient; being young and singularly handsome, "aimable," "spirituel." While the marquis, with the good breeding of that day, was bowing and paying his devoirs to the aunt of his intended (*sa future*), the young baron, with equal success, but in a very different style, was captivating the heart of the niece. Her extreme beauty had charmed him at the first glance, and her partiality, delicately and involuntarily betrayed, subdued every scruple, if he ever entertained any; and so, in the usual course of things, they were soon irretrievably and *eperdument* in love with each other.

Genevieve, to much gentleness of character, united firmness. The preparations for the marriage went on; the trousseau was bought; the jewels set; but the moment she was aware of her own sentiments, she had courage enough to declare to her aunt, that, rather than give her hand to the marquis, whom she detested past all her terms of detestation, she would throw herself into a nunnery, and endow it with her fortune. The poor aunt was thrown, by this unexpected declaration, into the utmost amazement and perplexity; she was *au desespoir;* such a thing had never been heard of or contemplated: but the tears of Genevieve prevailed; the marriage, after a long negotiation, was broken off, and the baron appeared publicly as the suitor of Genevieve. The marquis politely challenged his cousin, and owed his life to his forbearance; and the duel, and the cause of it, and the gallantry and generosity of De Villay, rendered him irresistible in the eyes of all the women in Paris, while to the heart of Genevieve he became dearer than ever.

To gain the favour of the aunt was now the only difficulty; she had ever regarded him with ill-concealed aversion and suspicion. Some mystery hung over his character; there were certain reports whispered relative to his former life and conduct which it was equally difficult to discredit and to disprove. Besides, though of a distinguished family, he was poor, most of his ancestral possessions being confiscated or dissipated; and his father was notoriously a *mauvais sujet.* All these reports and representations appeared to the impassioned

Genevieve mere barbarous calumnies, invented to injure her love; and regarding herself as the primal cause of these slanders, they rather added to the strength of her attachment. A reluctant consent was at last wrung from her aunt, and Genevieve was united to her lover.

The chateau of the baron was situated in one of the wildest districts of the wild and desolate coast of Bretagne. The people who inhabited the country round were a ferocious, half-civilized race, and, in general, desperate smugglers and pirates. They had been driven to this mode of life by a dreadful famine and the oppressions of the provincial tax-gatherers, and had pursued it partly from choice, partly from necessity. They had carried on for near half a century a constant and systematic warfare against the legal authorities of the province, in which they were generally victorious. No revenue officer or *exempt* dare set his foot within a certain district; and when the tempestuous season, or any other accident, prevented them from following their lawless trade on the sea, they dispersed themselves through the country in regularly organized bands, and committed the most formidable depredations, extending their outrages even as far as St. Pol. Such was their desperate courage, the incredible celerity of their movements, and the skill of their leaders, that though a few stragglers had been occasionally shot, all attempts to take any of them alive, or to penetrate into their secret fastnesses, proved unavailing.

The baron had come to Paris for the purpose of representing the disturbed state of his district to the government, and procuring an order from the minister of the interior to embody his own tenantry and dependants into a sort of militia for the defence of his property, and for the purpose of bringing these marauders to justice, if possible. He was at first refused, but after a few months' delay, money and the interest of Genevieve's family prevailed; the order was granted, and he prepared to return to his chateau. The aunt and all her friends remonstrated against the idea of exposing his young wife to such revolting scenes, and insisted that she should be left behind at Paris; to which he agreed with seeming readiness, only referring the decision to Genevieve's own election. She did not hesitate one moment; she adored her husband, and the thought of being separated from him in this early stage of their union, was worse than any apprehended danger: she declared her resolution to accompany him. At length the matter was thus compromised: they consented that Genevieve should spend four months of every year in Bretagne, and the other eight at Paris, or at her uncle's chateau in Auvergne; in fact, so little was known then in the capital of what was passing in the distant provinces, that Genevieve only, being prepared by her husband, could form some idea of what she was about to encounter.

On their arrival the peasantry were immediately armed, and the chateau converted into a kind of garrison, regularly fortified. A continual panic seemed to prevail through the whole household, and she heard of nothing from morning till night but the desperate deeds of the marauders, and the exploits of their captain, to whom they attributed more marvellous atrocities than were ever related of Barbone, or Blue Beard himself. Genevieve was at first in constant terror; finding, however, that week after week passed and the danger, though continually talked of, never appeared, she was rather excited and *desennuyée*, by the continual recurrence of these alarms. She would have been perfectly happy in her husband's increasing and devoted tenderness, but for his frequent absences in pursuit of the smugglers either on sea or on shore, and the dangers to which she fancied him exposed: but even those absences and these dangers endeared him to her, and kept alive all the romantic fervour of her attachment. He was not only the lord of her affections, but the hero of her imagination. The time allotted for her stay insensibly passed away; the four months were under different pretences prolonged to six, and then her confinement drawing near, it was judged safest to defer her journey to Paris till after her recovery.

Genevieve, in due time, became the mother of a son; an event which filled her heart with a thousand delicious emotions of gratitude, pride, and delight. It seemed to have a very different and most inexplicable effect on her husband the baron's behaviour. He became gloomy, anxious, abstracted; and his absences, on various pretexts, more frequent than ever: but what appeared most painful and incomprehensible to Genevieve's maternal feelings, was his indifference to his child. He would hardly be persuaded even to look at it, and if he met it smiling in its nurse's arms, would perhaps gaze for a moment, then turn away as from an object which struck him with a secret horror.

One day as Genevieve was sitting alone in her dressing-room, fondling her infant, and thinking mournfully on this change in her husband's conduct, her femme-de-chambre, a faithful creature, who had been brought up

with her, and accompanied her from Paris, came into the room, pale as ashes; and throwing herself at her feet, told her, that though regard for her health had hitherto kept her silent, she could no longer conceal the dreadful secret which weighed upon her spirits. She then proceeded to inform the shuddering and horror-struck Genevieve, that the robbers who had excited so much terror, and were now supposed to be at a distance, were then actually in the chateau: that they consisted of the very servants and immediate dependants, with the baron himself at their head. She supposed they had been less on their guard during Genevieve's confinement; and many minute circumstances had at first awaked, and then confirmed her suspicions. Then embracing her mistress' knees, she besought her, for the love of Heaven, to return to Paris instantly, with those of her own attendants on whom she could securely depend, before they were all murdered in their beds.

Genevieve, as soon as she had recovered from her first dizzy horror and astonishment, would have rejected the whole as a dream, an impossible fiction. She thought upon her husband, on all that her fond heart had admired in him, and all that till lately she had found him—his noble form, his manly beauty, his high and honourable bearing, and all his love, his truth, his tenderness for her—and could *he* be a robber, a ruffian, an assassin? No; though her woman's attachment and truth were beyond suspicion, her tale too horribly consistent for disbelief, Genevieve would trust to her own senses alone to confirm or disprove the hideous imputation. She commanded her maid to maintain an absolute silence on the subject, and leave the rest to her.

The same evening the baron informed his wife that he was obliged to set off before light next morning, in pursuit of a party of smugglers who had landed at St. Paul; and that she must not be surprised if she missed him at an early hour. His absence he assured her would not be long: he should certainly return before the evening. They retired to rest earlier than usual. Genevieve, as it may be imagined, did not sleep, but she lay perfectly still as if in a profound slumber. About the middle of the night she heard her husband softly rise from his bed and dress himself; and taking his pistols he left the room. Genevieve rushed to the window which overlooked the court-yard, but there neither horses nor attendants were waiting; she flew to another window which commanded the back of the chateau—there too all was still; nothing was to be seen but the moonlight shadows on the pavement. She hastily threw round her a dark cloak or wrapper, and followed her husband, whose footsteps were still within hearing. It was not difficult, for he walked slowly, stopping every now and then, listening, and apparently irresolute; he crossed the court and several outbuildings, and part of the ruins of a former chateau, till he came to an old well, which being dry, had long been disused and shut up, and moving aside the trap-door which covered the mouth of it, he disappeared in an instant. Genevieve with difficulty suppressed a shriek of terror. She followed, however, with a desperate courage, groped her way down the well by means of some broken stairs, and pursued her husband's steps, guided only by the sound on the hollow damp earth. Suddenly a distant light and voices broke upon her eye and ear; and stealing along the wall, she hid herself behind one of the huge buttresses which supported the vault above; she beheld what she was half-prepared to see—a party of ruffians, who were assembled round a board drinking. They received the baron with respect as their chief, but with sullen suspicious looks, and an ominous silence. Genevieve could distinguish among the faces many familiar to her, which she was accustomed to see daily around her, working in the gardens or attending in the chateau; among the rest the concierge, or house-steward, who appeared to have some authority over the rest. The wife of this man was the nurse of Genevieve's child. The baron took his seat without speaking. After some boisterous conversation among the rest, carried on in an unintelligible dialect, a quarrel arose between the concierge and another villain, both apparently intoxicated; the baron attempted to part them, and the uproar became general. The whole was probably a preconcerted plan, for from reproaching each other they proceeded to attack the baron himself with the most injurious epithets; they accused him of a design to betray them; they compared him to his father, the old baron, who had never flinched from their cause, and had at last died in it; they said they knew well that a large party of regular troops had lately arrived at Saint Brieu, and they insisted it was with his knowledge, that he was about to give them up to justice, to make his own peace with government, &c.

The concierge, who was by far the most insolent and violent of these mutineers, at length silenced the others, and affecting a tone of moderation he proposed, and his proposal was received with an approving shout, that the

baron should give up his infant son into the hands of the band; that they should take him to the island Guernsey, and keep him there as a pledge of his father's fidelity, till the regular troops were withdrawn from the province. How must the mother's heart have trembled and died away within her! She listened breathless for her husband's reply. The baron had hitherto with difficulty restrained himself, and attempted to prove how absurd and unfounded was their accusation, since his safety was involved in theirs, and he would, as their leader, be considered as the greatest criminal of all. His eyes now flashed with fury; he sprung upon the concierge like a roused tiger, and dragged him by the collar from amid the mutinous group. A struggle ensued, and the wretch fell, stabbed to the heart by his master's hand; a crowd of ferocious faces then closed around the baron—Genevieve heard—saw no more—her senses left her.

When she recovered she was in perfect silence and darkness, and felt like one awakening from a terrible dream; the first image which clearly presented itself to her mind was that of her child in the power of these ruffians, and their daggers at her husband's throat. The maddening thought swallowed up every other feeling, and lent her for the moment strength and wings; she rushed back through the darkness, fearless for herself; crossed the court, the galleries;—all was still: it seemed to her affrighted imagination that the chateau was forsaken by its inhabitants. She reached her child's room, she flew to his cradle and drew aside the curtain with a desperate hand, expecting to find it empty; he was quietly sleeping in his beauty and innocence: Genevieve uttered a cry of joy and thankfulness, and fell on the bed in strong convulsions.

Many hours elapsed before she was restored to herself. The first object she beheld was her husband watching tenderly over her, her first emotion was joy for his safety—she dared not ask him to account for it. She then called for her son; he was brought to her, and from that moment she would never suffer him to leave her. With the quick wit of a woman, or rather with the prompt resolution of a mother trembling for her child, Genevieve was no sooner sufficiently recovered to think than she had formed her decision and acted upon it; she accounted for her sudden illness and terrors under pretence that she had been disturbed by a frightful dream: she believed, she said, that the dulness and solitude of the chateau affected her spirits, that the air disagreed with her child, and that it was necessary that she should instantly return to Paris. The baron attempted first to rally and then to reason with her: he consented—then retracted his consent; seemed irresolute—but his affections finally prevailed over his suspicions, and preparations were instantly made for their departure, as if he intended to accompany her.

Putting her with her maid and child into a travelling carriage, he armed a few of his most confidential servants, and rode by her side till they came to Saint Brieu: he then turned back in spite of all her entreaties, promising to rejoin her at Paris within a few days. He had never during the journey uttered a word which could betray his knowledge that she had any motive for her journey but that which she avowed; only at parting he laid his finger expressively on his lip, and gave her one look full of meaning: it could not be mistaken; it said, "Genevieve! your husband's life depends on your discretion, and he trusts you." She would have thrown herself into his arms, but he gently replaced her in the carriage, and remounting his horse, rode back alone to the chateau.

Genevieve arrived safely at Paris, and commanded her maid, as she valued both their lives, and on pain of her eternal displeasure, not to breathe a syllable of what had passed; firmly resolved that nothing should tear the terrible secret from her own breast: but the profound melancholy which had settled on her heart, and her pining and altered looks, could not escape the eyes of her affectionate aunt; and her maid, either through indiscretion, timidity, or a sense of duty, on being questioned, revealed all she knew, and more than she knew. The aunt, in a transport of terror and indignation, sent information to the governor of the police, and Le Noir instantly summoned the unfortunate wife of the baron to a private interview.

Genevieve, though taken by surprise, did not lose her presence of mind, and at first she steadily denied every word of her maid's deposition; but her courage and her affection were no match for the minister's art: when he assured her he had already sufficient proof of her husband's guilt, and promised, with jesuitical equivocation, that if she would confess all she knew, his life should not be touched, that due regard should be had for the honour of his family and hers, and that he (Le Noir) would exert the power which he alone possessed to detach him from his present courses, and his present associates, without the least publicity or scandal—she yielded, and on this promise being most solemnly reiterated and confirmed by an oath, revealed all she knew.

In a short time afterwards, the baron disappeared, and was never heard of more. In vain did his wretched wife appeal to Le Noir, and recall the promise he had given: he swore to her that her husband still *lived*, but more than this he would not discover. In vain she supplicated, wept, offered all her fortune for permission to share his exile if he were banished, his dungeon if he were a prisoner—Le Noir was inexorable.

Genevieve, left in absolute ignorance of her husband's fate, tortured by a suspense more dreadful than the most dreadful certainty, by remorse, and grief, which refused all comfort, died broken-hearted: what became of the baron was never known.

I could not learn exactly the fate of his son: it is said that he lived to man's estate, that he took the name of his mother's family, and died a violent death during the Revolution.

May not this singular anecdote be the foundation of all the tales of mysterious freebooters and sentimental bravoes, which have been written since the date of its occurrence? not unlikely at least.

ANECDOTE OF CERVANTES.

"Loving reader," says he, in the preface to *Persiles and Sigismunda* "as two of my friends and myself were coming from the famous town of Esquivias—famous, I say, on a thousand accounts; first, for its illustrious families, and, secondly, for its more illustrious wines, &c., I heard somebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly waited for this stranger, who, riding up to us upon a she-ass, appeared to be a gray student, for he was clothed in gray, with country buskins such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest time, round-toed shoes, a sword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even number of three thread bredes: for the truth is, he had but two; and as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you are going, belike, to solicit some post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king at least, by your making such haste. In good faith, I could hardly overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable ambler.'

To this address one of his companions replied, "'We are obliged to set on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to Signior Miguel de Cervantes.' Scarce had the student heard my name, when springing from the back of his ass, while his pannel fell one way and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and taking hold of my stirrup, 'Aye, aye,' cried he, 'this is the sound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the Muses!' In order to make some return to these high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so that he lost his band by the eagerness of my embraces, and told him that he was mistaken, like many of my well-wishers. 'I am indeed Cervantes,' said I, 'but not the darling of the Muses, or in any shape deserving of those encomiums you have bestowed; be pleased, therefore, good signior, to remount your beast, and let us travel together like friends the rest of the way.' The courteous student took my advice, and as we jogged on softly together, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my doom, by assuring me that my distemper was a dropsy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. 'Therefore, Signior Cervantes,' added the student, 'you must totally abstain from drink, but do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your recovery without physic.' 'I have received the same advice from other people,' answered I, 'but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulse, which, I find, will have finished its course by next Sunday at the farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no opportunity of showing how much I am obliged to you for your goodwill.' By this time we had reached the Toledo bridge, where, finding we must part, I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, spurred up his beast, and left me as ill-disposed on my horse as he was ill-mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing some humorous description of his equipage: but, adieu, my merry friends all; for I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wish."

ODE,

Written in the year 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod,

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping pilgrim there.

COLLINS.

THE SWORD.

'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look'd down on the dead and dying,
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Pass'd, a soldier, his plunder seeking,
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honour'd the brave who died sword in hand,
As with soften'd brow he leaned o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand
My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

MISS LANDON.

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

I have seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great though not equal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant and the other was a peer; but nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature if not by birth he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn, of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee and heard the bard repeat his *Tam O' Shanter*. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of *Childe Harold*. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was

low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek, and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring-cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one), were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow-volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow-townsmen increased. He was an exciseman, it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprang from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the ap-

proach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe that, long before his untimely death, his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. The news of Byron's death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished for ever. With literary men a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to lower, but perhaps not less presumptuous, poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several eldern people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no justling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to "wake" the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours, but in silence or in prayer—superstition says it is unsonsie to leave a corpse alone; and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wonder over the decked room and the emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and

the privy councillor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side and from heroes on both—and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants, with his deep and impassioned verse. The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted I know not in what terms to speak —I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains; others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticized the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers —many of which had not been overclean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and, though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connection with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition, that "happy is the corpse which the rain rains on"—but to confute a pious fraud of a religious magazine, which made Heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men, whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of Heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave—his coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed

the mourning coaches—mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honester sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury—where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But, above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face, and his dark locks which early sorrows were making thin and gray, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration. When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and in practice, was laid in hallowed earth, in the churchyard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the church-gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all the Poets' Corner who has better right to that distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcasses of thousands without merit and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered and inscribed with memorials of the mean and the sordid and the impure, as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an heir of fame as Byron? if he had no claim to lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey, he has no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid—and it is not a small one. Hail to the Church of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

MAZEPPA'S PUNISHMENT.

"Bring forth the horse!"—the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefil'd—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—My breath was gone;
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter;
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein;
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left,
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,

Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank;
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.
Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light;
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became;
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from agony
Increas'd his fury and affright;
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang.
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.
We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierc'd each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed:
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerv'd him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door,
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past—
Untir'd, untam'd, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman piqued—who has her will.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold,

And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as the wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er;
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness:
Sprung from a race, whose rising blood
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattlesnake's, in act to strike;
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground:
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortur'd by that ghastly ride.

BYRON.[1]

PADDY THE PIPER.

[Samuel Lover, born at Dublin, 1797; died 6th July, 1868. He was gifted with the versatile genius of his country, and won repute as painter, poet, novelist, musician, dramatist, and as a public entertainer. Rollicking humour was the leading characteristic of his literary work. Of his *Legends and Stories of Ireland*, from which the following sketch is taken, the *Athenæum* said, "The ready retort, the mixture of cunning with apparent simplicity, and the complete thoughtlessness combined with shrewdness, so frequently found in Ireland, have never been better portrayed than in these volumes." Mr. Lover's chief works were, besides the one already mentioned, *Rory O'More; Handy Andy; L.S.D., Treasure Trove;* and *Songs and Ballads.* He wrote the music for most of his own songs, and several of them became eminently popular.]

I'll tell you, sir, a mighty quare story, and it's as thrue as I'm standin' here, and that's no lie:—It was in the time of the *'ruction*,[2] whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law,—that wouldn't let a dacent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad; for whin the day's work was over, divil a one of uz daar go to meet a frind over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor dhraw boult antil the morning kem agin.

Well, to come to my story:—'Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the noggins of butther-milk was standing ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door. 'Whisht,' says my father, 'here's the sojers come upon us now,' says he; 'bad luck to thim the villians, I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,' says he. 'No,' says my mother, 'for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago.' 'Well, whisht, any how,' says my father, 'for there's a knock agin;' and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door. 'Oh, it's folly to purtind any more,' says my father—'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. 'Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.' 'How can I see who's in it in the dark?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'light the candle thin, and see who's in it, but don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in,' says he, 'exceptin' to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it's thim.'

So with that I wint to the door, and there was another knock. 'Who's there?' says I. 'It's me,' says he. 'Who are you?' says I. 'A frind,' says he. '*Baithershin*,' says I, 'who are you at all?' 'Arrah! don't you know me?' says he. 'Divil a taste,' says I. 'Sure I'm Paddy the piper,' says he. 'Oh, thundher and turf,' says I, 'is it you, Paddy, that's in it?' 'Sorra one else,' says he. 'And what brought you at this hour?' says I. 'By gar,' says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he. 'Oh, bloody wars!' says I—'Paddy, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the king's ransom,' says I; 'for you know yourself it's a hanging matther to be cotched out these times,' says I. 'Sure I know that,' says he, 'God help me; and that's what I kem to you for,' says he; 'and let me in for old acquaintance sake,' says poor Paddy. 'Oh, by this and that,' says I, 'I darn't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and troth if the Husshians or the Yeo's[3] ketches you,' says I—'they'll murther you, as sure as your name's Paddy.' 'Many thanks to you,' says he, 'for your good intintions; but, plaze the pigs, I hope it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, any how.' 'Faix then,' says I, 'you had betther lose no time in hidin' yourself,'

[1] *Mazeppa* was written in the Ravenna in the autumn of 1818. The story is founded upon a Polish legend, and is supposed to be related by the hero himself to Charles XII. of Sweden, during the desolate bivouac after the overthrow at Pultowa.

[2] Insurrection.

[3] Yeomen.

says I; 'for throth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Husshians would be afther givin' you—for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villians!' 'Faith thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus,' says poor Paddy. 'It's a folly to talk,' says I, 'I darn't open the door.' 'Oh, then, millia murther!' says Paddy, 'what'll become of me at all, at all,' says he. 'Go aff into the shed,' says I, 'behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an illigant lock o' straw, that you may go sleep in,' says I, 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

So off Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more, by token, when the pratees was ready—for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveller. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin,' but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceaved him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirring airly, bekase he was goin' off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a betther piper was in all the country round, nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was illigant on the pipes, and played 'Jinny bang'd the Weaver,' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, antil climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, his head kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be marciful unto uz, but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three. 'Oh, the top of the mornin' to you, sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? throth you took a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump, to see the like, and to think of a Christhan crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

Now 'twas the rebels that hanged this chap—bekase, you see, the corps had got clothes an him, and that's the raison that one might know it was the rebels—by rayson that the Husshians and the Orangemen never hanged anybody wid good clothes an him, but only the poor and definceless crathurs, like uz; so, as I said before, Paddy knew well it was the *boys* that done it; 'and,' says Paddy, eyein' the corps, 'by my soul, thin, but you have a beautiful pair of boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *traneens*, and a corps wid such an illigant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.' So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their being so tight, or the branch of the three a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right hoult o' thim—he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all—and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin looking behind him agin, the sight of the illigant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back, determined to have the boots, anyhow, by fair means or foul; and I'm loath to tell you now how he got thim—for indeed it was a dirty turn, and throth it was the only dirty turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av; and you see it was this-a-way: 'pon my sowl, he pulled out a big knife, and by the same token, it was a knife with a fine buck-handle, and a murtherin' big blade, that an uncle o' mine, that was a gardener at the lord's, made Paddy a prisint av; and more by token, it was not the first mischief that knife done, for it cut love between thim, that was the best of friends before; and sure 'twas the wondher of every one, that two knowledgable men, that ought to know betther, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in friendship; but I'm forgettin'—well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cut off the legs av the corps; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience;' and throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

Well, sir, he tuck'd up the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud—'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap—and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceaved him, and that it wasn't the airly dawn, as he conceaved; and bein' friken'd for fear himself might be cotched and trated like the poor corps he was afther malthreating, if *he* was found walking the counthry at that time—by gar, he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corps's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you

think? the divil a long Paddy was there antil the sojers kem in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy—and 'faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corps.

Well, whin the morning kem, my father says to me, 'Go, Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o' the pratees, for I go bail he's ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow.'

Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out 'Paddy!' and afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and divil an answer I got still. 'Blood-an-agers!' says I, 'Paddy, where are you, at all, at all?' and so castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o' sthraw—'Musha! thin,' says I, 'bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner, and maybe you haven't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket? but I'll disturb your dhrames, I'm thinkin,' says I, and with that I laid hould of his heels (as I thought, God help me), and givin' a good pull to waken him, as I intindid, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out o' my hands, like a pair o' Husshian's horse-pistils—and I thought the sight 'id lave my eyes, whin I seen they were two mortial legs. My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther. Oh, you murtherin' villian,' says I, shaking my fist at the cow—'Oh, you unnath'ral *baste*,' says I, 'you've ate poor Paddy, you theivin' cannable, you're worse than a neyger,' says I; 'and bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'id serve you for your supper but the best piper in Ireland? *Weirasthru! weirasthru!* what'll the whole counthry say to such an unnath'ral murther? and you, lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and eating your hay, as quite as if nothin' happened.'—With that, I ran out, for throth I didn't like to be near her; and goin' in to the house, I tould them all about it.

'Arrah! be aisy,' says my father. 'Bad luck to the lie I tell you,' says I. 'Is it ate, Paddy?' says they. 'Divil a doubt of it,' says I. 'Are you sure, Shamus?' says my mother. 'I wish I was as sure of a new pair o' brogues,' says I. 'Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him, but his two legs.' 'And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?' says my father. 'By gor, I b'lieve so,' says I. 'Oh, the divil fly away wid her,' says he, 'what a cruel taste she has for music!' 'Arrah!' says my mother, 'don't be cursing the cow that gives the milk to the childher.' 'Yis, I will,' says my father; 'why shouldn't I curse sitch an unnath'ral baste?' 'You oughtn't to curse any livin' that's undher your roof,' says my mother. 'By my sowl, thin,' says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll sind her to the fair this minit,' says he, 'and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff,' says he, 'Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair.' 'Throth, I don't like to dhrive her,' says I. 'Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself,' says he. 'Faith, I don't,' says I. 'Well, like or no like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her.' 'Sure, father,' says I, 'you could take more care of her yourself.' 'That's mighty good,' says he, 'to keep a dog and bark myself;' and faith I re-c'llected the sayin' from that hour—'let me have no more words about it,' says he, 'but be aff wid you.'

So, aff I wint, and it's no lie I'm tellin', whin I say it was sore agin my will I had anything to do with sitch a villian of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ather iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her at all, at all.

Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

'God save you,' says one to me. 'God save you, kindly,' says I. 'That's a fine baste you're dhrivin',' says he. 'Throth, she is,' says I; though God knows it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. 'It's to the fair you're goin', I suppose,' says he, 'with the baste?' (He was a snug-lookin' farmer, ridin' a purty little gray hack.) 'Faith, thin, you're right enough,' says I, 'it is to the fair I'm goin'.' 'What do you expec' for her,' says he. 'Faith, thin, myself doesn't know,' says I—and that was thrue enough, you see, bekase I was bewildered like, about the baste, intirely. 'That's a quare way to be goin' to market,' says he, 'and not to know what you expec' for your baste. 'Och, says I—not likin' to let him suspict there was anything wrong wid her—'Och,' says I, in a careless sort of a way, 'sure no one can tell what a baste 'll bring, antil they come to the fair,' says I, 'and see what price is goin'.' 'Indeed, that's nath'ral enough,' says he. 'But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,' says he. 'Oh, I've no objection in life,' says I.

'Well thin, what will you ax for her?' says he. 'Why thin, I wouldn't like to be onraysonable,' says I—(for the thruth was, you know, I wanted to get rid iv her)—'and so I'll take four pounds for her,' says I, 'and *no less.*' 'No less?' says he. 'Why sure, that's chape enough,' says I. 'Throth it is,' says he; 'and I'm thinkin' it's *too* chape it is,' says he; 'for if there wasn't somethin' the matther, it's not for that you'd be selling the fine milch cow, as she is, to all appearance?' 'Indeed, thin,' says I, 'upon my conscience she is a fine milch cow.' 'Maybe,' says he, 'she's gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn't feed well?' 'Och, by this and that,' says I, 'in regard of feedin' there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy, and if you like her for the money, you may have her.' 'Why, indeed, I'm not in a hurry,' says he, 'and I'll wait till I see how they go in the fair.'

'With all my heart,' says I, purtendin' to be no ways consarned, but in throth I began to be afeared that the people was seein' somethin' unnath'ral about her, and that we'd never get rid of her at all, at all. At last, we kem to the fair, and a great sight o' people was in it—throth you'd think the whole world was there, let alone the standin's o' gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makin's o' beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-roun's, and tints with the best av drink in thim, and the fiddles playin' up t' incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded them at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin' rogue of a cow afore I'd mind any divarshin in life, so an I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tattherin' Jack Welsh,' and my jew'l, in a minit, the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

'Oh, murther!' says I, to the boys standin' by, 'hould her,' says I, 'hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now.'

'Is it a cow for to ate a piper?' says one o' thim.

'Divil a word o' lie in it, for I seen his corps myself, and nothin' left but the two legs,' says I; 'and it's a folly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I *see* she'll never lave it aff—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be marciful to him.'

'Who's that takin' my name in vain?' says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

'Oh, hould him too,' says I; 'keep him av me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost,' says I; 'for he was kilt last night, to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.'

Well, sir, with that Paddy—for it *was* Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin', and that you'd think his sides 'ud split; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I towld you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me, was beyant tellin', for wrongfully misdoubtin' the poor cow, and layin' the blame of atin' a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and by gor it took a full gallon o' sper'ts t' explain it; and we dhrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow, and Paddy played that day beyant all tellin', and mony a one said the likes was never heerd before or sence, even from Paddy himself—and av coorse the poor slandered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a queit day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day; and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has thim breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'—and there, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit.

STANZAS.

I.

Oh no—it never crossed my heart
To think of thee with love,
For we are severed far apart
As earth and arch above;
And though in many a midnight dream
Ye've prompted fancy's brightest theme,
I never thought that thou couldst be
More than that midnight dream to me.

II.

A something bright and beautiful
Which I must teach me to forget,
Ere I can turn to meet the dull
Realities that linger yet.
A something girt with summer flowers,
And laughing eyes and sunny hours;
While I—too well I know, will be
Not even a midnight dream to thee.

W. C. Bryant.

THE DESTITUTE IN LONDON.

[Thomas de Quincey, born at Manchester, 1785; died 8th December, 1859. A miscellaneous writer on political economy, biography, and metaphysics. The following sad and interesting narrative is taken from "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater," an autobiographical reminiscence, first published in the *London Magazine*, 1821. It is the work by which he is most widely known, although it forms only a small item of his productions. A critic in the *London Monthly Review* described the "Confessions" as "very picturesque and vivid sketches of individual character and feelings, drawn with a boldness, yet an exactness of pencil, that is to be found only in one or two prominent geniuses of our day." De Quincey's complete works, in twenty volumes, were published in America by Ticknor and Fields. The best indication of the character of his voluminous works is supplied by his own classification of them under three heads: first, papers chiefly intended to amuse—sketches, reminiscences of contemporaries, biographies, and whimsical narratives; second, essays of a speculative, critical, or philosophical character; and third, fantasies or "imaginations in prose"—belonging to the class of writing which may be called "prose-poetry," and of which the "Suspiria de Profundis" is an example.]

. . . Soon after this I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long sufferings; without using a disproportionate expression I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings by a detail of all that I endured: for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London) I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table, and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor, friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came: and great joy the poor creature expressed when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large; and from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever! but, alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow: but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak: afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not: for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in the daytime, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching: for, besides the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep;* so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, wakened suddenly by my own voice; and about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me, at different periods of my life, viz. a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently, to throw out my feet for

the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Meantime the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs: improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine, through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone: indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he *had* asked a party, as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several members of it must have *stood* in the relation to each other (not *sat* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of co-existence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for, as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, &c.); that room was to her the Blue-beard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. ——, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. —— make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, &c., to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the daytime, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night; for as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable; and, in general, therefore, I went off, and sat in the parks, or elsewhere, until nightfall.

But who, and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law, who—what shall I say?—who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste): in many walks of life a conscience is a more expensive encumbrance than a wife or a carriage; and just as people talk of "laying down" their carriages, so I suppose my friend Mr. —— had "laid down" his conscience for a time: meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues and complex chicanery, "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," at which I sometimes smile to this day —and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time gave me little experience, in my own person, of any qualities in Mr. ——'s character but such as did him honour; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget everything but that towards me he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive; however, in common with the rats, I sat rent-free; and as Dr. Johnson has recorded that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful, that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service; "the world was all before us;" and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one: it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London; about ten o'clock, this very night, August 15, 1821, being my birth-day, I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford Street, purposely to

take a glance at it: it is now occupied by a respectable family; and, by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party, assembled perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast in my eyes to the darkness—cold—silence—and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar and a neglected child!—Her, by-the-by, in after-years, I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child: she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel-accessories to conciliate my affections; plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me: and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother with children of her own; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret; but another person there was at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown. For, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb—"*Sine Cerere*," &c., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape: on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way: a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor limitary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a Catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no! let me not class thee, oh noble-minded Ann ——, with that order of women; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive.—For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticoes. She could not be so old as myself: she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers: and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed; and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate: friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time; for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart: and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done: for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This

little service it was destined, however, that I should never realize. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this:—One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square: thither we went; and we sat down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sat, I grew much worse: I had been leaning my head against her bosom; and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all re-ascent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion—who had herself met with little but injuries in this world—stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port-wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse at a time—be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.—Oh! youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment,—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude, might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to waylay—to overtake—to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT.

[William Wordsworth, born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, 7th April, 1770; died at Rydal Mount, near Grasmere, 23d April, 1850. His first volume of poems appeared in 1793, and was entitled "An Evening Walk." Soon after, he made a pedestrian tour over the Alps, and on his return to England, published his second work, "Descriptive Sketches in Verse." His chief poems are, "The Excursion," and "The White Doe of Rylston." He did not obtain immediate recognition as a poet of the first rank; his reputation grew slowly, like the oak, and stands as firmly.[1] His poetry, characterized by purity, simplicity, and earnestness, has exercised a wide and wholesome influence on modern literature. He was the principal master of what was called the Lake School of Poetry; his friends Coleridge and Southey were its next prominent representatives. Wordsworth's circumstances were comfortable. A friend provided him with an income which enabled him to pursue his studies, and at an early date he was appointed Distributor of Stamps for Cumberland and Westmoreland. In 1835, Government gave him a pension of £300 a year, with liberty to resign his office of Distributor of Stamps in favour of his son. He was appointed Poet-Laureate on the death of Southey in 1843.]

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of plaster-craft in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white steed,
Or bird that soared with Ganymede!
Or through the hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world!

[1] As a curiosity, here is an extract from the *Critical Review* of July, 1793:—

"'*An Evening Walk. An Epistle, in Verse. Addressed to a Young Lady, from the Lakes of the North of England. By W. Wordsworth, B.A. of St. John's, Cambridge.* 4to, 2*s*. *Johnson*. 1793.' . . . Local description is seldom without a degree of obscurity, which is here increased by a harshness both in the construction and the versification; but we are compensated by that merit which a poetical taste most values—new and picturesque imagery. There are many touches of this kind which would not disgrace our best descriptive poets." It is droll, and instructive too, to note the tone of patronage in which one whom we regard as a master was spoken of on his first appearance. It is also an honour to the memory of the critic that he recognized a poet in the first unpractised utterances of the youth who was afterwards to become the acknowledged head of a school of poetry.

Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy!
The wages of thy travel, joy!

But thou perhaps (alert and free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A vender of the well-wrought scale
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime:
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art;
Though robb'd of many a cherish'd dream,
And cross'd by many a shatter'd scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of Liberty!
Yet will the wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recall a sister's last embrace,
His mother's neck entwine;
Nor shall forget the maiden coy
That *would* have loved the bright-hair'd boy!

My song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenuous face,
For this adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot;
Due recompense and safe return
To Como's steeps—his happy bourne!
Where he aloft in garden glade
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig;
Or feed his eyes in path's sun-proof
With purple of the trellis-roof,
That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.

WORDSWORTH.

LAKING.

If we were about to pay a visit to the Lakes, how should we travel? Why, in a gig or a chaise, to be sure. A pedestrian is a great ass. Feet, it is to be hoped, were given to the human race for some better purpose than walking upon; and that exercise approximates a Christian sadly to a cur. It is all right and fitting that a quadruped, or polyped, like Jock-with-the-many-legs, should go on foot; but a man, being a mere biped, should know better than to walk, except on short journeys across the room, &c., when walking has always appeared to us, except in cases of extreme corpulency, at once one of the elegancies and necessaries of life. But a pedestrian pursuing the picturesque up hill and down dale, ill-protected by clouds of dust from a burning sun, with a mouth and throat parched and baked with thirst, brows pouring with sweat, cheeks flaming like a north-west moon, breeches chafing far worse than the sea, and shoes peeling heel and pinching toe, till a walk is of a composite order including drawl, drag, shuffle, sneak, lumber, and limp—we venture humbly to suggest, that a gentleman so circumstanced must be a prejudiced spectator of the beauties of nature. When the unhappy monster has toiled his way into an inn, what, pray, does he expect? not surely to be treated like a Protestant, or even a Catholic. Can he have the conscience to expect that he shall be suffered to deposit with impunity the extremities of his sweaty and dusty body upon a parlour-chair, or absolutely to fling down his loathsome length among the shepherdesses impressed on the pastoral print of a sofa in the north of England? Forbid it, waiter! and show the pedestrian into the barn. The truth must be told. Pedestrians, male and female, young and old, dissenters or of the Established Church, have all a smell, to which the smell of goats is as the smell of civets. How can it be otherwise? But without entering into the rationale of the matter, we just take the fact as we find it, and we declare solemnly, as if these were the last words we were ever to write in this magazine, that, in the most remote room of the largest inn, we can, nay, must, nose the arrival of a pedestrian, the moment his fetid foot pollutes the clear cool slate-stone of the threshold. This is the truth—not the whole truth; but nothing but the truth. Now, is this fair? Must I—*we*, we mean—sicken over our dinner, because a prig will waddle in worsted stockings, or socks, as they are with genuine beastliness called? Shall the brock be allowed to badger us, the editor of this magazine? But this is not all: he is also a foul feeder. Ale and oil to him are opening paradise—corned beef and greasy greens are crowded down, full measure and running over, as our dearly beloved friend Charles Lamb says of the wits of great Eliza's golden days, into the foul recesses of a congenial stomach. Then the sinner smokes; and after his dense dinner, comes staggering into the lobby, literally talking tobacco—which is not cigar, but shag. Shall he snore in sheets, and blubber in blankets? Yes—and who knows but into his very lair shall next night be laid some sweet spinster of seventeen, half-conscious, by an indescribable instinct, that there is something or another odious in her situation? Or perhaps a couple ere yet the honey-moon has filled her horns? Why, the very knowledge that such a thing is possible is enough to change a bridal-bed into a pigsty, in the en-

amoured imagination of all delicate people. Rats are bad enough, especially when they die behind the wainscot; but what are six dozen of dead rats to one living pedestrian? A foumart is a sweet mart to him—in short, he is as odious as he is unhappy; and the only consolation left to a true Christian is, that he is as unhappy as he is odious.

A man on horseback is bad enough, but nothing to the polecat now considered. It is probable he is *a* bagman—it is possible he is *the* bagman. Whichever he be, it is both a moral and physical impossibility that he can be sweet. For, look at him as you behold him on the road. He generally despises gloves, or wears them in his pocket. One hand, therefore, grasps the greasy reins and the other a greasier whip. Look at his nails, and you will swear he has been digging pig-nuts. The palm is cracked horn, and the back is one hairy blister. Up and down he goes on his saddle—not without reason; for he is saddle-sick. Those boots never saw Turner's blacking—they are dim, and redolent of soot and suet. Corduroy breeches are good for hiding the dirt; and divine service has been frequently performed in kirk and cathedral since brush or broomstick disturbed the pepper and salt of that jemmy jockey-frock. This is your bagman, travelling among the Lakes for orders. But, for the love of God! go to the fourth inn of the village, if you have one grain of mercy in your whole composition. Over the way yonder, the "Cat and Fiddle" is making a sign for you to enter in—"The Dog" is wagging his tail, and the "Mag-Pie" chattering to her beloved bagman. There you will find a salve for every sore—there your corduroys will be washed for two-pence-halfpenny—there a fresh layer of manure will enrich the soil of your boots—and some beautiful brown soap add paleness and perfume to your mauleys. Why, if you are not a Day and Martin behind the fair, you may make your fortune by marrying the landlord's daughter.

So much for pedestrians and bagmen. Which is the most loathsomely disgusting? We cannot tell. Often, often, when sickening under the one, have we sighed for the other—and *vice versa*. However, to be candid and impartial, as we always are, except in politics, we certainly do know one pedestrian, who, on the whole, is worse than any bagman we have yet experienced. He is a clergyman, and wears spectacles. We wish to mention his name, but that would be personal. Let us therefore describe him as well as we can anonymously. His cheeks are bluff, puffed up, and red as cherries. His mouth is small, of course, but large enough to show that his teeth are rotten. The puppy wears sailor's clothes, and a black silk handkerchief. That it may be seen he is a gentleman, he sports fine linen and a frill. The wretch seldom shaves. He has a burr in his throat, which sounds like a watchman's rattle made of wet indian-rubber, if the benevolent reader can imagine such a thing. He talks, with that instrument of speech and torture, of poetry, and painting, and *music*—and, to crown all, he is a Whig. We know of no bagman half so bad as this—and, as he used to infest the Lakes, we wish to put our readers on their guard against this walking nuisance, who, with those traits peculiar to himself, combines all the odious characteristics of the ordinary pedestrian.

Yet we believe that we are mistaken in alluding to this person as the most odious of all pedestrians. There is an absolute class of them, one and all as odious as he—and they are as follows:—Creatures of literary, metaphysical, and poetical habits, who write, we shall suppose, for the London magazines. They must all see the Lakes, forsooth, and visit Mr. Wordsworth. It is their opinion, we presume, that the language of the peasantry of the north of England is the language of poetry, and they give reasons for the faith that is in them, purloined and parboiled from the preface to the lyrical ballads. The bold, true perceptions of a great original genius become pure idiotry in their adoption by Cockneys; and surely it will be allowed to be most universally disgusting to hear empty-pated praters from Lunnun expounding the principles of one of the profoundest thinkers of the age. These metropolitan ninnies have the unendurable impertinence to take lodgings at Ambleside and Keswick.—Now, though a cat may look at a king, a Cockney ought not to be suffered to look at a mountain. But these wretches are wicked enough to wonder, and audacious enough to admire. They commit to the prison of their memory, where a few dwindled ideas, put into confinement, lie in a state of loathsome idleness, scraps of Mr. Wordsworth's poems. We would give them up Alice Fell and her duffle cloak, on condition of their stopping with her at Durham; but who, with a heart or a soul, can bear to see them offering indecencies to poor Ruth, "setting her little water-mills by spouts and fountains wild?" Who does not shudder to think that they may have given ostentatious alms to the "Old Cumberland Beggar," as the Kendal coach was passing by with twenty outsides? These are the reptiles, that, if not trod

upon, will occasion a fall in the price of land in the northern counties.

What, it may be asked, is the best time of the year for visiting the Lakes?—Our answer is, Any time between the first day of January and the last day of December. There is much mouthing, mumping, moping, melancholy, mournful and miserable mummery, in the talk about autumn. Autumnal tints are all very well in their way, except upon the neck of an aunt or artichoke, where they are not so sweet as seasonable. But to ninety-nine people out of a hundred it is of no earthly consequence whether tints on trees, and mountains, and so forth, are vernal (what the deuce is the proper summer adjective?), autumnal, or brumal. The colour of the country is good enough at all times, except, perhaps, when the snow happens to be six feet deep, when, loathe though we be to dissent from Mr. Coleridge, we think white is too much of the prevailing tone, and neither orange nor purple. The chief objection to travelling in a mountainous country in winter, at least after, or during a heavy fall of snow, seems to be that it is impossible. But, no doubt, a man looking out of his parlour window, with a good rousing fire at his back, and a pretty girl (his wife) in or out of the room,—up-stairs whipping the children,—or down-stairs scolding the servants, may pass a few minutes in very agreeable contemplation of nature even in winter, and on the morning after half-a-dozen shepherds, and twenty score of sheep, have been lost in the snow. Let, therefore, any man that chooses visit the Lakes in winter if he can, and we shall not think him mad, only a little crazy. We should suppose that spring was a season by no means amiss for Laking. But the difficulty here is to know when it is spring. Many and oft is the time when it has slipped through our fingers without our having felt it; and then it is to be remembered, that in our island it comes round only once in seven years. When a tourist is lucky enough to find himself among the Lakes in a *bona fide* spring season, he will enjoy himself intensely; for the autumnal tints may all go to the devil and shake themselves in comparison with the beautiful glories of mother Earth and of father Jove, between the middle of April and the middle of June. Midsummer is often so horridly hot that there is no living comfortably anywhere but in the cellar, except for a few hours in the early morning and the late evening. Then all is voluptuous langour—or bright awakening from a dream—or the divine hush of happy nature sinking again into dewy repose. With plenty of ginger-beer, spruce, cider, soda, and imperial pop, even the dog-days may be made passable; and by kicking off sheets and blankets, and opening the windows of our room, a bed may be prevented from being a stew-pan, or an oven warmed by steam.

PROF. WILSON, *Blackwood's Mag.*[1]

LEONIDAS.

[Rev. George Croly, born at Dublin, 1780; died 24th November, 1860. He earned fame as a popular preacher, as a poet, and as a novelist. He was appointed rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and subsequently of St. Benet's, London. His literary productions were "The Angel of the World;" "Cataline," a tragedy; "Pride shall have a Fall," a comedy; "Salathiel," a novel, which is still a favourite with thoughtful readers; "Marston," a novel; "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," and a "Life of Burke."]

Shout for the mighty men
Who died along this shore—
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on Valour's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd—a storm of sword and spear;—
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
LEONIDAS! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
The voice that should be raised by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge—
The tree—the rock—the sand—
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band

[1] The first number of this magazine was published at Edinburgh in April, 1817, by Mr. William Blackwood, its projector and proprietor. He was also the practical editor of the magazine until the date of his death, 16th September, 1834.

Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone,
Where Justice has an ear to hear?—
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;
Till in thy crimson'd seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
GREECE shall be a new-born star!

CROLY.

A COUNTRY LODGING.

On my way back to town the other evening from a visit, I had the misfortune, at the turning of a road, not to see a projecting gateway, till I came too near it. I leaped the ditch that ran by, but my horse went too close to the side-post; and my leg was so hurt, that I was obliged to limp into a cottage, and have been laid up ever since. The doctor tells me I am to have three or four weeks of it, perhaps more.

As soon as I found myself fixed, I looked about me to see what consolations I could get in my new abode. The place was quiet. That was one thing. It was also clean, and had a decent-looking hostess. Those were two more. Thirdly, I heard the wind in the trees. This was much. "You have trees opposite the window?"—"Yes, sir, some fine elms. You will hear the birds of a morning." "And you have poultry, to take care of my fever with? and eggs and bacon, when I get better? and a garden and a paddock, when I walk again, eh? and capital milk, and a milk-maid whom it's a sight to see carrying it over the field."—"Why, sir," said my hostess, good-humouredly but gravely, "as to the milk-maid I can say nothing; but we have capital milk at Pouldon, and good eggs and bacon, and paddocks in plenty, and everything else that horse or man can desire, in an honest way."—"Well, madam," said I, "I shall desire nothing of you, you may depend on it, unbecoming the dignity of Pouldon or the pretty whiteness of these window-curtains."—"I dare say we shall agree very well, sir," said my good woman with a gracious smile. The curtains were very neat and white, the rest of the furniture corresponding. There was a small couch, and a long-backed arm-chair, looking as if it was made for me. "That settee," thought I, "I shall move into that other part of the room:—it will be snugger, and more away from the door. The arm-chair and the table shall go near the window, when I can sit up; so that I may have the trees at the corner of my eye, as I am writing. The table, a small mahogany one, was very good, and reflected the two candles very prettily, but it looked bald. There were no books on it. "Pray, Mrs. Wilson, have you any books?" "Oh, plenty of books. But won't you be afraid to study, sir, with that leg?" "I'll study without it, if you can undo it for me." "Dear me! sir, but won't it make you feverish?" "Yes, unless I can read all the while. I must study philosophy, Mrs. Wilson, in order to bear it: so if you have any novels or comedies—" "Why, for novels or comedies, sir, I can't say. But I'll show you what there is. When our lady was alive, rest her soul! eight months ago, the house was nothing but books. I dare say she had a matter of a hundred. But I've a good set too below; some of my poor dear husband's, and some of my own." "I see," said I, as she left the room, "that I shall be obliged to send to the clergyman: and that's a forlorn hope. If there's a philosopher in the village,—some Jacobinical carpenter or shoemaker,—there will be another chance. At all events, I shall behave in the most impudent manner, and send all round. '*Necessitas non habet* LEGS,' as Peter Pindar says. This is the worst of books. A habit of reading is like a habit of drinking. You cannot do without it, especially under misfortune. I wonder whether I could leave off reading, beginning with a paragraph less a day?"

Mrs. Wilson returned with an arm full. "This, sir," said she, giving me the top one, "our lady left me for a keep-sake." It was Mrs. Chapone's *Essays*. "Pray," said I, "Mrs. Wilson, who was the lady whom you designate as the Roman Catholics do the Virgin? Who was *Our lady?*" Mrs. Wilson looked very grave, but I thought there was a smile lurking under her gravity in spite of her. "Miss V., sir, was no Roman: and as to the Virgin, by which I suppose, sir, you mean the—but however—oh, she was an excellent woman, sir; her mother was a friend of the great Mr. Samuel Richardson." "Oh ho!" thought I, looking over the books, "then we shall have *Pamela.*"—There was the *Farrier's Guide*, some Treatises on Timber and the Cultivation of Wood (my hostess was a carpenter's widow), *Jachin and Boaz* (which she called a strange fantastic book), Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*, Wesley's *Receipts*, an old *Court Calendar*, the *Whole Duty of Man*, nine numbers of the *Calvinist's Magazine*, an odd volume of the

Newgate Calendar, the *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, and, sure as fate, at the bottom of the heap, *Pamela or Virtue Rewarded*. "Virtue Rewarded!" thought I: "I hate these *mercenary* virtues; these bills brought to Heaven for payment; these clinkings of cash in the white pockets of conscience." "You have one novel, at any rate, Mrs. Wilson." "Sure, sir, it is better than a novel. Oh, it is a book full of good fortune." "Of good fortune! What, to the maid-servant?" "To everybody that has to do with it. Miss V. was dubious, like, which of the cottages to live in; and she fancied ours because she found *Pamela* and *Colonel Gardiner* in the corner cupboard." "I dare say.—Now here," said I, when left to myself, "here is vanity at second hand. The old lady must take a cottage because she found a book in it, written by an old gentleman, who knew the old lady her mother. And what a book!" With all my admiration of Richardson, Pamela had ever been an object of my dislike. I hated her little canting ways, her egotism eternally protesting humility, and her readiness to make a prize of the man who, finding his endeavours vain to ruin her, reconciled her virtue and vanity together by proposing to make her his wife. Pamela's is the only female face to which I think I could ever have wished to give a good box on the ear. "And this," said I, "was the old maid's taste. It is a pity she was not a servant-maid. The rest of the appellation, somehow or other, might have been got rid of." While I was thus venting my spleen against a harmless old woman, in a condition of life which I had always treated with respect, and was beginning to regret that I had got into "methodistical" lodgings, my hostess comes back again, with three more books, to wit, *Paradise Lost*, *Thomson's Seasons*, and a volume containing the whole of the *Spectator* in double columns. "Head of my ancestors!" cried I, uttering (but internally) a Chinese oath: "here thou art at home again, Harry! *This* is sense. *This* is something like. The cottage is an excellent cottage; and, for aught I know, had the honour of being one of the many cottages in which my great grandfather's friend Sir Richard used to eschew the visits of the importunate."

There was a bed-room as neat as the sitting-room, and with more trees at the window. My leg was very painful, and I had feverish dreams. However, my horseback had made me nothing the worse for my dinner, and having taken no supper, my dreams, though disturbed, were not frightful. I dreamed of Pamela, and Dick Honeycomb, and my ancestor Nathaniel. I thought that my landlady was Mrs. Harlowe, and that Dick, being pressed to marry, said he would not have his cousin Pamela, but Nell Gwynn; which the serious Commonwealth officer approved, "because," said he, "of the other's immoral character." In one of my reveries, between sleep and awake, I hardly knew whether the rustling sounds I heard were those of the trees out-of-doors, or of old Mrs. Harlowe's petticoat.

In the morning, it was delightful to hear the sound of the birds. There is something exhilarating in the singing of birds, analogous to the brilliancy of sunshine. My leg was now worse, but not bad enough to hinder me from noticing the *chaney* shepherds and shepherdesses on the mantelpiece, or those others on the coloured bed-curtain; loving pairs with lambs, repeated in the same group at intervals all over the chintz, as if the beholder had a cut-glass eye. The window of the sitting-room has a little white curtain on a rod. This, of the bed-room, is a proper casement with diamond panes; and you can see nothing outside but green leaves. However ill I may be, I am always the worse for lying in bed. I contrived to get up and remove to the settee in the other room; at which the doctor, when he came, shook his head. But I did very well with the settee. It was brought near the window, with the table; and I had a very pretty look-out. Opposite the window you can see nothing but trees; but sitting on the left side, you have a view over a fine meadow to the village church, which is embowered in elms. There is a path and a style to the meadow, and luxuriant hedge-row trees. I was as well pleased with my situation as a man well could be, who had a leg perpetually reminding him of its existence; but Pouldon is at a good distance from town, and I was thinking how long it would take a messenger to fetch me some books, when I heard a shot from a fowling-piece. I recollected the month, and thought how well its name was adapted to these Septembrizers of the birds. Looking under the trees, I saw a stout fellow, in a jacket and gaiters and the rest of the costume of *avicide*, picking his way along the palings, with his gun re-prepared. "Aye," said I, "he has 'shot as he is used to do,' and laid up some poor devil with a broken thigh. There he goes, sneaking along, to qualify some others for the hospital, and they *have none*."

I threw up the window, to baffle his next shot with the noise. He turned round. It was Jack Tomkins. "Hallo! my boy," said

he, "why, where the devil have you got? D—n me, if I don't blow. You deserve it, Harry, for keeping so close. I'll tell Tom Neville and the rest; Snug's the word, eh? Is she pretty? Some delicate little devil, I warrant, fit for your verses and all that, eh?" "She's too delicate for you, Jack; you'd frighten her." "Oh, don't tell me. They're not frightened so easily. What the devil are you putting out of the way there? You may try to laugh as you please; but hang me, Harry—I mustn't come up, I suppose?" "Pray do; and (lowering my voice) I'll introduce you to a little friend of mine, of the name of Leg. Jack! Jack! say nothing at the door—Most respectable woman —You understand me."

Jack (who is a man of fortune, and was at Trinity, though the uninitiated would not suppose it), clapped a finger significantly on one side of his nose, and knocked very much like a gentleman. Presently he came into the room grinning and breathing like an ogre. "My dear Honeycomb, how are you?—an unexpected pleasure, eh? The good lady tells me you have hurt yourself: something about a horse—what, Bayardo the spotless, eh? (Here Mrs. Wilson left the room, and Jack burst out.) Oh, you devil! Well, where's Lalage? Where's Miss Leg—Fanny or Betty, or what the devil's her name?" "The poor thing has a very odd name, Jack. What think you of Bad Leg?" "Nonsense. Miss Bad Leg! impossible. I know of nobody of the name of Bad. Come, you're joking, and I can't stop long. I'll come back to dinner, if you like; but must be off now;—so introduce me. Is that the way there?" "No, this is the way, Jack. Little Bad Leg, my dear creature, allow me to introduce my friend John Tomkins, Esquire, of Galloping Hall. John Tomkins—Bad Leg." "Eh? pooh, pooh, Harry. This is one of your fetches. Come, come, I know your goes." "Egad, Jack, it's neither my fetch nor my go, at present, I assure you. There is an old epigram—

> "'I am unable,' yonder beggar cries,
> 'To stand or go.' If he says true, he lies:—

which is not true; for he may sit, as I am obliged to do at this present."

I had some difficulty in persuading my friend Tomkins that there was no other leg in the case than my own. "Well, Harry," says he, "I'm heartily sorry for it, upon my soul; for now as you have caught me with my Joe Manton, I suppose I'm to be had up for fetching down a few birds; whereas if I could have fairly found you out in your tricks with the cottagers, I could have read you a bit of a lecture myself, by way of a muffler." "Why, Jack, as you say, I have caught you in the fact, and I wonder at a fellow of your sense and spirit, that you're not above cutting up a parcel of tom-tits." "Grouse, Harry, grouse, and partridges and pheasants, and all that. Tom-tits! let the Cockneys try to cut up tom-tits." "Well, to be sure there's a good deal of difference between breaking the legs of partridges and tom-tits. The partridge, too, is a fierce bird, and can defend itself. It's a gallant thing, a fight with a partridge!" "Eh? Nonsense. Now you are at some of your banter. But it's no joke, I assure you, to me, having a fine morning's sport. You can read and all that; but every man to his taste. However, I can't stop at present. Here's Needle, poor fellow, wants to be off. Glorious morning—never saw such a morning—but I'll come back to dinner, if you like, instead of going to the Greyhound. I gave a brace of partridges just now to the good woman: and I say, Harry, if you get me some claret, I'll have it out with you—I will, upon my soul—I'll rub up my logic, and have a regular spar."

My friend Jack returned in good time, and had his birds well dressed. I was in despair about the claret, till the host of the Greyhound drew it out from a store which he kept against the month of September; and Jack being a good-humoured fellow, and having had a victorious morning, he did very well. Mrs. Wilson and the Doctor had equally protested against my having company to dinner, being afraid of the noise and the temptation to eat; but I promised them to abstain, and that I would talk as much as possible to hinder Jack from being obstreperous; which they thought a dangerous remedy. I got off very well, by dint of talking while Jack ate; and such is vanity, that I was not displeased to see that I rose greatly in my hostess's opinion by my defence of the bird-creation. It was curious to observe how Jack shattered her, as she came in and out, with his oaths and great voice, and how gratefully she seemed to take breath and substance again under the Paradisaical shelter of my arguments. But I believe I startled her too, with the pictures I was obliged to draw. This is the worst of such points of discussion. You are obliged to put new ideas of pain and trouble into innocent heads, in the hope of saving pain and trouble itself. But we must not hesitate for this. The one is a mere notion compared with the other. It is soon got rid of or set aside by minds in health; and the unhealthy ones are liable to

worse deductions, if the matter is not fairly laid open.

However, wishing to let Jack have his ease in perfection, as far as he could, I was for postponing the argument to another day, and seeing him relish his birds and claret in peace. But the more he drank, the less he would hear of it. "Besides," says he, "I've been talking about it to Bilson—you know Bilson, the Christ Church man,—and he's been putting me up to some prime good arguments, 'faith. I hope I shan't forget 'em. By the by, I'll tell you a good joke about Bilson—But you don't eat anything. What, is your leg so bad as that comes to? You don't pretend, I hope, not to eat partridge, because of your love of the birds?" "No, Jack, but I'd rather know that you had killed 'em than Bilson, because you are a jollier hand; you don't go to the sport with such reverend sophistry." "That's famous. Bilson, to be sure,—But stop, don't let me forget another thing, now I think of it. Bilson says you eat poultry. What do you say to that? You eat chicken." "I am not sure that I can apologize for eating grouse, except, as I said before, when you kill 'em. Evil communications corrupt good platters. I can only say that no grouse should be killed for me, unless a perfect Tomkins—an unerring shot—had the bringing of them down. I could give up poultry too; but death is common to all; a fowl is soon despatched; and many a fowl would not exist, if death for the dinner-table were not part of his charter. I confess I should not like to keep poultry. There is a violation of fellowship and domesticity in killing the sharers of our homestead, and especially in keeping them to kill. It would make me seem like an ogre. But this is one sentiment: that violated by making a sport of cruelty is another. But I will not argue this matter with you now, Jack. It would be a cruelty itself. It would be inhospitable, and a foppery. I wish to put wine down your throat, and not to thrust my arguments. Besides, as you say, I never shall convince you; so drink your claret, and tell me where you were yesterday." "Why at Bilson's, I tell you, and so I must talk while I think of it. We had a famous joke with Bilson. Since he went into orders, he is very anxious not to swear; and so he laid a wager he'd never swear again; and yesterday, in the middle of dinner, while he was champing his bird, and cutting up your argument about cruelty, all of a sudden what does our Vicar but clap his hand to his jaw as if he was going to give a view holla, and rap out the d—dest oath you ever heard. He had champed a shot, with an old tooth. Now that's meat and drink to you, Harry, for all your tenderness." "Why, it was only a shot in a black coat, Jack, instead of a black cock." "That's famous. I'll tell him of that. Oh, Hal, your laugh is savage. See—you enjoy the sport now yourself." "It ought to be a lesson to him." "Oh yes! mighty considerate persons you Tatler and Spectator men are, and would make fine havoc with our amusements." "Excuse me. It is you that make fine havoc. I would have you amuse yourself to your heart's content, if you would do it without breaking the bones and hearts of your fellow-creatures." "'Fellow-creatures!' and their 'hearts!' The hearts of woodcocks and partridges! Pooh, pooh! Bilson might have borne his pain better, I own, but what he says is very true;—he says, if you come to think of it, there must be pain in the world, and it would be unmanly to think of it in this light." "Very well. Then do you, Jack, who are so manly, and so willing to encourage one's sports, stand a little farther, and let me crack your shin with this poker." "Nonsense. That's a very different thing." "Perhaps you'd prefer a good crack on the skull?" "Nonsense." "Or a thrust-out of your eye?" "No, no; all that's very different." "Well, you know what you have been about this morning. Go and pick your way again along the palings there; and leave me your fowling-piece, and I'll endeavour to shoot you handsomely through the body." "Nonsense, nonsense. I'm a man, you know; and a bird's a bird. Besides, birds don't feel as we do. They're not Christians. They are not reasoning beings. They're not made of the same sort of stuff. In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things." "Just so. This is precisely the way I should argue if I had the winging of you. 'Here,' I should say, 'is Mr. John Tomkins.' Mind, I am standing with my manning-piece by a hedge." "With your what?" "With my manning-piece. You cannot say fowling-piece, when it is *men* that are to be brought down." "Oh, now you're joking." "I beg your pardon; you will find it no joke presently. 'Here,' says I, 'is Mr. John Tomkins coming;' or, 'Here is a Tomkins. Look at him. He's in fine coat and waistcoat (we can't say feather, you know:) keep close: now for my Joe Manton: you shall see how I'll pepper him.' 'Pray don't,' says my companion. 'A Tomkins is a Tomkins after all, and has his feelings as we have.' 'Stuff!' says I: 'Tomkinses don't feel as we do. They're not Christians, for they do

not do as they would be done by. They're not reasoning beings, for they do not see that a leg's a leg. They're not made of the same sort of stuff; and so if they bleed, it does not signify:—if they die of a torturing fracture, who cares? In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things. So here goes. Now if I hit him, he is killed outright, which is no harm to anybody; and if I wound him, why he only goes groaning and writhing for three or four days, and who cares for that?'" "Upon my soul, if I listen, you'll make a milk-sop of me. Consider—think of the advantages of fresh air and exercise; of getting up in the morning, and scouring the country, and all that." "Excellent: but, my dear Tomkins, the birds are not bound to suffer, because you want fresh air." "But it's the only time of the year, perhaps, that I can get out: and I must have something to do—something to occupy me and lead me about." "The birds, Tomkins, are not bound to have their legs and thighs broken, because you are in want of something to lead you about." "Well, you know what I mean. I mean that we must not look too nicely into these things, as somebody said about fish; or we should fret ourselves for nothing. The birds kill one another." "Yes, from necessity; for the want of a meal. But they do not torture—or if they did, that would be because they did not reason as well as you and I, Tomkins." "What I mean to say is, that there's pain in the world already: we cannot help it; and if we can turn it to pleasure, so much the better. This is manly, I think." "Well said, indeed. But to turn pain into pleasure, and to add to it by more pain, are two different things, are they not? To bear pain like a man, and to inflict it like a sportsman, are two different things." "A sportsman can bear pain as well as anybody." "Then why does he not begin by turning his own pain into a pleasure? As it is, he turns his own pleasure to another's pain. Why does he not begin with himself?" "How with himself?" "Why, you talk of the want of amusement and excitement. Now to say nothing of cricket, and golf, and boating, and other sports, are there no such things to be had as quarter-staves, single-stick, and broken heads? A good handsome pain there is a gallant thing, and strengthens the soul as well as the body. If there must be a certain portion of pain in the world, these were the ways to share it. But to sneak about, safe one's-self, with a gun and a dog, and inflict all sorts of wounds and torments upon a parcel of little helpless birds,—Tomkins, you know not what you are at, when you do it; or you are too much of a man to go on." "I cannot think that we inflict those tortures you speak of." "How many birds do you *wound* instead of kill? Say, upon an average, twenty to one, which is a generous computation. How many hundred birds would this make in the course of the day? How many thousands in the course of a season? To bring them down, and then be obliged to kill them, is butcherly enough: but to lame, and dislocate, and shatter the joints and bodies of so many that fly off, and leave them to die a lingering death in their agony,—I think it would not be unworthy of some philosophers and teachers, if they were to think a little of all this as they go, and not talk of the 'sport' and the 'amusement' like others; as if men were to be trained up at once into thought and want of thought, into humanity and cruelty. Really, men are not the only creatures in existence; and the laugh of mutual complacency and approbation is apt to contain very sorry and shallow things, even among the 'celebrated' and 'highly respectable.' I don't speak of you, Jack; but of those who make a profession of thinking, which you know you are not under the necessity of doing. But what's the matter?" "I've got the d—dest toothache come upon me. It's this cursed draught. Of all pains the toothache is the most horrible. I've no patience with it." "I'll shut the door. There—now never mind the toothache, for I'll bear it capitally." "*You* bear it! That's a good one. Very easy for you to bear it; but how the devil can I?—Hm! hm! (writhing about) it's the cursedest pain." "Stay—here's some oil of cloves Mrs. Wilson has brought you. How does it feel now?" "Wonderfully. The pain is quite gone. It was very bad, I assure you. You must not think I am wanting in proper courage as a man, because it hurt me so. You know, Harry, I can be as bold as most men, though I say it who shouldn't." "My dear Jack, you have as much right to speak the truth as I have. The boldest of men is not expected to be without feeling. An officer may go bravely into battle, and bear it bravely too, but he must feel it: he cannot be insensible to a shattered knee." "Certainly not."—"Or to a jaw blown away—" "By no means." "Or four of his ribs jammed in—" "Horrible!" "Or a face mashed, and his nose forced in—" "Don't speak of it!" "Or his two legs taken off by a cannon-ball, he being left to fester to death on a winter's night on a large plain." "Upon my soul, you make my flesh creep on my bones." "A gallant spirit is not bound to

feel all this, or even to hear of it, without shuddering, even though the battle may be necessary, and a great good produced by it to society." "Certainly, certainly, God knows." "It is only a woodcock or a snipe that ought to bear it without complaining: your partridge is the only piece of flesh and blood that we may put into such a state for no necessity, but purely for our sport and pleasure." "How? What's that you say?" "I say it is none but birds that we may, with a perfect conscience, lame, lacerate, mash, and blow their legs and beaks away, and leave, God knows where, to perish of neglect and torture, they being the only masculine creatures living, and not to be lowered into comparison with soldiers and gallant men." "Hey?—Why as to that?—Hey? What? 'Fore George, you bewilder me with your list of tortures. But how am I to be sure that a bird feels as you say?" "It is enough that you know nothing certain. As you are not sure, you have no right to hazard the injustice, especially as you cannot help being sure of one thing; which is, that birds have flesh and blood like ourselves, and that they afford similar evidences of feeling and suffering. Allow me to read you a passage that I cut the other day out of an old review. It is taken from Fothergill's *Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use of Natural History;* a book which I shall make acquaintance with as soon as I can. Here it is.

"'It may perhaps be said, that a discourse on the iniquity and evil consequences of murder would come with a bad grace from one who was himself a murderer, and so it would: but not if it came from the lips of a repentant murderer. Who can describe that which he has not seen, or give utterance to that which he has not felt? Never shall I forget the remembrance of a little incident which occured to me during my boyish days—an incident which many will deem trifling and unimportant, but which has been particularly interesting to my heart, as giving origin to sentiments, and rules of action, which have since been very dear to me.—Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eye of the common *lapwing* is peculiarly soft and expressive: it is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew. I had shot a bird of this beautiful species; but, on taking it up, I found that it was not dead. I had wounded its breast; and some big drops of blood stained the pure whiteness of its feathers. As I held the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered around my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan the fate of one to whom they were connected by ties of the most tender and interesting nature; whilst the poor wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish; and, ever and anon, it raised its drooping head, and turning towards the wound in its breast, touched it with its bill, and then looked up in my face with an expression that I have no wish to forget, for it had power to touch my heart, whilst yet a boy, when a thousand dry precepts in the academical closet would have been of no avail.'"

"Well now, Harry, that's touching. He's right about the precepts. You have saved 'em from being dry, eh, with your claret; but all that you have said hasn't touched me like that story. A lapwing! hang me if I shall have the heart to touch another lapwing." "But other birds, Jack, have feelings, as well as lapwings." "What do you say, though, about Providence? Bilson said some famous things about Providence. What do you say to that?" "Oh, ho! what! he

'Admits and leaves them *Providence's* care'—

Does he?—You remember the passage, Jack, in Pope:

"'God cannot love (cries Blunt with tearless eyes):
The wretch he starves; and piously denies.
The humbler bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, *and leaves them*, Providence's care.'

"But *we* are Providence, Jack—nay, don't start: I mean that our own feelings, our own regulated feelings and instructed benevolence, are a part of the general action of Providence, a consequence and furtherance of the Divine Spirit. You see I can preach as well as Bilson. Humanity is the most visible putting forth of the Deity's hand; the noblest tool it works with. Or if this theology doesn't serve, recollect the fable of Jupiter and the Waggoner. Are we content with abstract references to Providence, when we can work out any good for ourselves, or save ourselves from any evil? Did Bilson wait for Providence to induct him to his living? Did he not make a good stir about it himself? Push him into a ditch the next time you meet him, and see if he will not bustle to get out of it. Leave him to get out by himself, and see if he does not think you a hard-hearted fellow. Wing him, Jack, wing him; and see if he'll apply to Providence or a surgeon." "Eh? that would be famous. I say—I must be going though; it's getting dark, and I must be in town by nine. Well, Harry, my boy, good-by. I can't say you've convinced me; you know I told you I wasn't to be convinced; but I plainly confess I don't like the story of the lapwing; it makes the bird look like a sort of human creature; and that's not to be resisted. So I'm taken in about lapwings. Adieu." "Well, Jack, you shall say that in print, and perhaps do more good than you are aware. Have you any objection?" "Not I, 'faith; I'd say it any where, if it came into my head.—But how? In the Sporting Magazine?"

"Why I'm afraid we can hardly attain to such eminence as that, especially on such a subject."

"I was thinking so. Oh, I see:—you'll pull your hive about my ears. Well, so be it. Adieu, Harry; I'll send you the books."

"Adieu, honest Jack, jolliest of the myrmidons of 'young-eyed Massacre.'"

LEIGH HUNT.

LITTLE RACHEL.[1]

In one of the wild nooks of heath land, which are set so prettily amidst our richly timbered valleys, stands the cottage of Robert Ford, an industrious and substantial blacksmith. There is a striking appearance of dingy comfort about the whole demesne, forming as it does a sort of detached and isolated territory in the midst of the uninclosed common by which it is surrounded. The ample garden, whose thick, dusty, quickset hedge runs along the highroad; the snug cottage, whose gable-end abuts on the causeway; the neat court, which parts the house from the long, low-browed shop and forge; and the stable, cart-shed, and piggeries behind, have all an air of rustic opulence: even the clear, irregular pond, half covered with ducks and geese that adjoins, and the old pollard oak, with a milestone leaning against it, that overhangs the dwelling, seem in accordance with its consequence and character, and give finish and harmony to the picture.

The inhabitants were also in excellent keeping. Robert Ford, a stout, hearty middle-aged man, sooty and grim as a collier, paced backward and forward between the house and the forge with the step of a man of substance—his very leather apron had an air of importance; his wife Dinah, a merry, comely woman, sat at the open door, in an amplitude of cap and gown and handkerchief, darning an eternal worsted stocking, and hailed the passers-by with the cheerful freedom of one well to do in the world; and their three sons, well-grown lads from sixteen to twenty, were the pride of the village for industry and good humour—to say nothing of their hereditary love of cricket. On a Sunday, when they had on their best clothes and cleanest faces, they were the handsomest youths in the parish. Robert Ford was proud of his boys, as well he might be, and Dinah was still prouder.

Altogether it was a happy family and a pretty scene; especially of an evening, when the forge was at work, and when the bright firelight shone through the large unglazed window, illumining with its strange, red, unearthly light the group that stood round the anvil; showers of sparks flying from the heated iron, and the loud strokes of the sledge-hammer resounding over all the talking and laughing of the workmen, re-enforced by three or four idlers who were lounging about the shop. It formed a picture, which in a summer evening we could seldom pass without stopping to contemplate; beside, I had a roadside acquaintance with Mrs. Ford, had taken shelter in her cottage from thunder-storms and snow-storms, and even by daylight could not walk by without a friendly "How d'ye do?"

Late in last autumn we observed an addition to the family, in the person of a pretty little shy lass of some eight years old, a fair, slim, small-boned child, with delicate features, large blue eyes, a soft colour, light shining hair, and a remarkable neatness in her whole appearance. She seemed constantly busy, either sitting on a low stool by Dinah's side at needle-work, or gliding about the kitchen, engaged in some household employment—for the wide open door generally favoured the passengers with a full view of the interior, from the fully stored bacon-rack to the nicely swept hearth; and the little girl, if she perceived herself to be looked at, would slip behind the clock-case, or creep under the dresser to avoid notice. Mrs. Ford, when questioned as to her new inmate, said that she was her husband's niece, the daughter of a younger brother, who had worked somewhere London-way, and had died lately, leaving a widow with eleven children in distressed circumstances. She added, that having no girl of their own, they had taken little Rachel for good and all; and vaunted much of her handiness, her seamstresship, and her scholarship, how she could read a chapter with the parish clerk, or make a shirt with the schoolmistress. Hereupon she called her to display her work, which was indeed extraordinary for so young a needle-woman; and would fain have had her exhibit her other accomplishment of reading: but the poor little maid hung down her head, and blushed up to her white temples, and almost cried, and though too frightened to run away, shrank back, till she was fairly hidden behind her

[1] From *Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery*, by Mary Russell Mitford. As another illustration of the mistakes which the most able editors will sometimes make, it may be mentioned that the MS. of *Our Village* was offered to Thomas Campbell, then editing the *New Monthly Magazine*, and rejected by him.

portly aunt; so that that performance was perforce pretermitted. Mrs. Ford was rather scandalized at this shyness; and expostulated, coaxed, and scolded, after the customary fashion on such occasions. "Shamefacedness was," she said, "Rachel's only fault, and she believed the child could not help it. Her uncle and cousins were as fond of her as fond could be, but she was afraid of them all, and had never entered the shop since there she had been. Rachel," she added, "was singular in all her ways, and never spent a farthing on apples or gingerbread, though she had a bran new sixpence which her uncle had given her for hemming his cravats; she believed that she was saving it to send home."

A month passed away, during which time, from the mere habit of seeing us frequently, Rachel became so far tamed as to behold me and my usual walking companion without much dismay; would drop her little curtsey without colouring so very deeply, and was even won to accept a bun from that dear companion's pocket, and to answer yes or no to his questions.

At the end of that period, as we were returning home in the twilight from a round of morning visits, we perceived a sort of confusion in the forge, and heard loud sounds of scolding from within the shop, mixed with bitter lamentations from without. On a nearer approach, we discovered that the object in distress was an old acquaintance, a young Italian boy, such a wanderer from the Lake of Como as he whom Wordsworth has addressed so beautifully:—

> —"Or on thy head to poise a show
> Of plaster craft in seemly row;
> The graceful form of milk-white steed,
> Or bird that soared with Ganymede;
> Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
> The sightless Milton with his hair
> Around his placid temples curled,
> And Shakspeare at his side——a freight,
> If clay could think and mind were weight,
> For him who bore the world!"

He passed us almost every day, carrying his tray full of images into every quarter of the village. We had often wondered how he could find vent for his commodities; but our farmers' wives patronize that branch of art; and Stefano, with his light firm step, his upright carriage, his dancing eyes, and his broken English, was a universal favourite.

At present the poor boy's keen Italian features and bright dark eyes were disfigured by crying; and his loud wailings and southern gesticulations bore witness to the extremity of his distress. The cause of his grief was visible in the half empty tray that rested on the window of the forge, and the green parrot which lay in fragments on the footpath. The wrath of Robert Ford required some further explanation, which the presence of his worship instantly brought forth, although the enraged blacksmith was almost too angry to speak intelligibly.

It appeared that his youngest and favourite son, William, had been chaffering with Stefano for this identical green parrot, to present to Rachel, when a mischievous lad, running along the road, had knocked it from the window-sill, and reduced it to the state which we saw. So far was mere misfortune; and undoubtedly if left to himself our good neighbour would have indemnified the little merchant, but poor Stefano, startled at the suddenness of the accident, trembling at the anger of the severe master on whose account he travelled the country, and probably in the darkness really mistaking the offender, unluckily accused William Ford of the overthrow; which accusation, although the assertion was instantly and humbly retracted on William's denial, so aroused the English blood of the father, a complete John Bull, that he was raving, till black in the face, against cheats and foreigners, and threatening the young Italian with whipping, and the treadmill, and justices, and stocks, when we made our appearance, and the storm, having nearly exhausted its fury, gradually abated.

By this time, however, the clamour had attracted a little crowd of lookers-on from the house and the road, amongst the rest Mrs. Ford, and, peeping behind her aunt, little Rachel. Stefano continued to exclaim in his imperfect accent, "He will beat me!" and to sob and crouch and shiver, as if actually suffering under the impending chastisement. It was impossible not to sympathize with such a reality of distress, although we felt that an English boy, similarly situated, would have been too stout-hearted not to restrain its expression. "Sixpence!" and "my master will beat me," intermixed with fresh bursts of crying, were all his answers to the various inquiries as to the amount of his loss, with which he was assailed; and young William Ford, 'a lad of grace,' was approaching his hand to his pocket, and my dear companion had just drawn forth his purse, when the good intentions of the one were arrested by the stern commands of his father, and the other was stopped by the reappearance of Rachel, who had run back to the house, and now darted through the group holding out her own new sixpence—her hoarded sixpence—and put it into Stefano's hand!

It may be imagined that the dear child was no loser by her generosity; she was loaded with caresses by every one, which, too much excited to feel her bashfulness, she not only endured but returned. Her uncle, thus rebuked by an infant, was touched almost to tears. He folded her in his arms, kissed her, and blessed her; gave Stefano half a crown for the precious sixpence, and swore to keep it as a relic and a lesson as long as he lived.

MISS MITFORD.

THE THREE AGES.

CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sweet to look on a new-blown flower;
To watch the tints of the summer sky;
To lurk in the depths of a sylvan bower,
Lulled by the lone stream's lullaby.

'Tis sweet to view, at the opening day,
The pearls that gem the green-clad earth;
And hear the burst of the song-birds' lay—
The morning hymn of their love and mirth.

'Tis sweet to stand, at the dusky hour,
By the pebbly rim of a glassy lake,
While myriad stars, in a silent shower,
Drop calmly down as a silv'ry flake.

But where's the sight, on the earth or sky,
By the garden bower, or woodland wild,
Where aught so sweet as the heavenward eye,
And fervent look, of a praying child?

The cherub form seems not of this land,
No tenant of earthly mould or clay,
But a stranger—come from the seraph band
On Zion's hill, in the realms of day,

A dream of light,—a vision of might,—
A starbeam cased in a mortal urn,—
A soul of bliss from spheres of delight,—
An incense breath from the lamps that burn.

Around the throne of the Unseen Power
That ruleth beyond the depths of night,—
A sainted seer of the heavenly dower,
That waits the good in the land of light;

Come here to tell to the earthly mind
Of the hopes that spring where fears begin,
And rend in twain the fetters that bind
Poor man a slave to the ways of sin.

Then smile not thou at its lowly prayer,
Though short its cry for mercy appear;
An angel band is hovering there,
And He that bled still deigneth to hear.

Round childhood's day shines many a ray,
Of beauteous gleam and of nameless dye;
But the hour the young heart strives to pray
Brings brightest joy to a parent's eye.

YOUTH.

O fairest season in the life of man!
Sweet noontide of his short and chequered day!
Who would not wish to live again that span
Of radiant hopes and feelings, ever gay,
Which round the heart, like sunbeams in the stream,
In many a glad and glittering halo ran!—
Such as of old young poets used to dream
Begirt the brow of her that led the van
Of merry maids, who danced on vine-clad hills
To the soft tinkling music of old Grecian rills.

That morn! the young mind breaks its golden cell,
And finds its wings expand o'er trackless air;
Oh what a gush of towering fancies swell
In billowy madness, and a power that ne'er
Would seem to bend beneath misfortune's gale!
No new-fledged bird that roams the summer dell
Is half so fond of earth's rich flowery vale—
So vainly dreams in ceaseless joy to dwell
Amid its sunny haunts and smiling flowers,
Bathed in the blessed dew of heaven's balmy showers.

The song of birds—the lulling hum of bees—
The bleat of lambs—the evening waterfall—
The shepherd's pipe—the dulcet summer breeze—
The milkmaid's merry lay—commingled, all
In soft harmonious cadence charm the ear,
And make earth seem but one vast music-hall—
One choir of joy—this life a long career
Of sweets whereon the heart should never pall:
O happy time, O days of careless glee—
Of golden morning dreams—from pain and sorrow free!

But ah! what snares athwart its pathway lie,
What fraud is used to lure it from the way
Its fond heart seeks beyond yon spangled sky,
And chain it under sin's corrosive sway!
O youth, beware, for myriad unseen foes
By night, by day, their ruthless trick'ries try
Thy soul to rifle of its dower on high,
And rob thy young heart of its soft repose—
Its bed of peace—its hopes of high renown—
Then leave thee to the world's sneer and desolating frown.

But happy he! who, like that maiden fair,
Whom painter's art has reared before our eyes,
With willing heart receives a mother's care
To lead him wisdom's way, and gain that prize
So dearly won—so fraught with love and grace
For all to seek, which all may win and share:
O who would not this cold world's wiles efface,
And, with a will deep-fixed, for ever dare
To baffle all the snares that sin has wove,
And lose earth's fleeting joy for deathless bliss above?

OLD AGE.

A lonely hamlet, with its house of prayer,
To which a matron's guided on her way,
By one that shows a daughter's tender care,
And, by their side, a child that seems to pray,
Is all the scene—but, while we fondly gaze,
What thoughts of Life and Death these objects raise.

We leave weak childhood's morn of smiles and tears,
And youth's full tide of gaiety and glee,
To commune with the hoary man of years,
Who longs from out this vale of tears to be,
And find that rest he here has sought in vain,
Beyond the reach of vanity and pain.

Pilgrim of life! what though thy locks be gray,
Thine eye be dim, thy cheek be wan and pale—
Though gone the strength of youth's exulting day,
And e'en the mind itself begin to fail;
Ne'er let the tear of grief bedim thine eye,
Thy desert's crossed—thy Jordan's rolling nigh!

Though friends have dropped like brown leaves from the tree,
And hopes be dead that once bloomed fresh and fair;
Though all alone on earth thou seem'st to be,
No one so poor as with thy grief to share;
Lift up thine eyes in faith to Him that bled—
The cloud is past—thy solitude has fled.

A few more steps—thy weary feet at last,
With joy, shall tread that gorgeous sunny shore,
Where, nestled safe, the withering simoom blast
Of pangs and cares shall beat on thee no more—
No more along our earth a wanderer driven,
Thy panting breast has found a home in heaven.

JAMES MACDONALD.

THE LUTIST AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

[**John Ford**, born in Devonshire, 1586; died about 1640; a poet and dramatist. When seventeen years old he entered the Middle Temple, London, as a barrister; and three years after, published a poem entitled "Fame's Memorial," an elegy in honour of the deceased Earl of Devonshire. It is as a dramatist that he is remembered. His plays were published between the years 1629 and 1639, but they had been previously produced on the stage. The tragedy of the "Brother and Sister" contains many fine passages of poetry; but the subject renders it unsuitable for popular reading. In conjunction with Dekker, he dramatized the story of the "Witch of Edmonton." The following extract is from the play of the "Lover's Melancholly," played at the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres, Nov. 24, 1628, and of which Gifford says—"It has much of the grace and sweetness which distinguish the genius of Ford." He wrote eleven plays and part of five others. Seven of them were destroyed or lost.]

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.
A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge; and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang him down.
He could not run divisions with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught clefs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes; then sigh'd and cry'd,
"Alas! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

FRIENDS.

The two rarest things to be met with are good-sense and good-nature. For one man who judges right, there are twenty who can say good things; as there are numbers who will serve you or do friendly actions, for one who really wishes you well. It has been said, and often repeated, that "mere good-nature is a fool:" but I think that the dearth of sound sense, for the most part, proceeds from the want of a real unaffected interest in things, except as they react upon ourselves: or from a neglect of the maxim of that good old philanthropist who said, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" The narrowness of the heart warps the understanding, and makes us weigh objects in the scales of our self-love, instead of those of truth and justice. We consider not the merits of the case, or what is due to others, but the manner in which our own credit or consequence will be affected; and adapt our opinions and conduct to the last of these rather than to the first. The judgment is seldom wrong where the feelings are right; and they generally are so, provided they are warm and sincere. He who intends others well, is likely to advise them for the best: he who has any cause at heart, seldom ruins it by his imprudence. Those who play the public or their friends slippery tricks, have in secret no objection to betray them.

One finds out the folly and malice of mankind by the impertinence of friends—by their professions of service and tenders of advice—by their fears for your reputation and anticipations of what the world may say of you; by which means they suggest objections to your enemies, and at the same time absolve themselves from the task of justifying your errors, by having warned you of the consequences—by the care with which they tell you ill-news, and conceal from you any flattering circumstance—by their dread of your engaging in any creditable attempt, and mortification if you succeed—by the difficulties and hindrances they throw in your way—by their satisfaction when you happen to make a slip or get into a scrape, and their determination to tie your hands behind you, lest you should get out of it—by their panic-terrors at your entering into a vindication of yourself, lest in the course of it you should call upon them for a certificate to your character—by their lukewarmness in defending, by their readiness in betraying you—by the high standard by which they try you, and to which you can hardly ever come up—by their forwardness to partake your triumphs, by their backwardness to share your disgrace—by their acknowledgment of your errors out of candour, and suppression of your good qualities out of envy—by their not contradicting, or by their joining in the cry against you, lest they too should become objects of the same abuse—by their playing the game into your adversaries' hands, by always letting their imaginations take part with their cowardice, their vanity, and selfishness against you; and thus realizing or hastening all the ill consequences they affect to deplore, by spreading abroad that very spirit of distrust, obloquy, and hatred, which they predict will be excited against you!

I like real good-nature and good-will better than I do any offers of patronage, or plausible rules for my conduct in life. I may suspect the soundness of the last, and I may not be quite sure of the motives of the first. People complain of ingratitude for benefits, and of the neglect of wholesome advice. In the first place, we pay little attention to advice, because we are seldom thought of in it. The person who gives it either contents himself to lay down (*ex cathedra*) certain vague, general maxims, and "wise saws," which we knew before; or, instead of considering what we *ought to do*, recommends what he himself *would do*. He merely substitutes his own will, caprice, and prejudices for ours, and expects us to be guided by them. Instead of changing places with us (to see what is best to be done in the given circumstances), he insists on our looking at the question from his point of view, and acting in such a manner as to please him. This is not at all reasonable; for *one man's meat*, according to the old adage, *is another man's poison*. And it is not strange, that starting from such opposite premises, we should seldom jump in a conclusion, and that the art of giving and taking advice is little better than a game at cross-purposes. I have observed that those who are the most inclined to assist others are the least forward or peremptory with their advice; for having our interest really at heart, they consider what can, rather than what *cannot* be done, and aid our views and endeavour to avert ill consequences by moderating our impatience and allaying irritations, instead of thwarting our main design, which only tends to make us more extravagant and violent than ever. In the second place, benefits are often conferred out of ostentation or pride, rather than from true regard; and the person obliged is too apt to perceive this. People who are fond of appearing in the light of patrons will perhaps go through fire and water to serve you, who yet would be sorry to find you no longer

wanted their assistance, and whose friendship cools and their good-will slackens, as you are relieved by their active zeal from the necessity of being further beholden to it. Compassion and generosity are their favourite virtues; and they countenance you, as you afford them opportunities for exercising them. The instant you can go alone, or can stand upon your own ground, you are discarded as unfit for their purpose.

This is something more than mere good-nature or humanity. A thoroughly good-natured man, a real friend, is one who is pleased at our good-fortune, as well as prompt to seize every occasion of relieving our distress. We apportion our gratitude accordingly. We are thankful for good-will rather than for services, for the motive than the *quantum* of favour received—a kind word or look is never forgotten, while we cancel prouder and weightier obligations; and those who esteem us or evince a partiality to us are those whom we still consider as our best friends. Nay, so strong is this feeling, that we extend it even to those counterfeits in friendship, flatterers and sycophants. Our self-love, rather than our self-interest, is the master-key to our affections.

There are different modes of obligation, and different avenues to our gratitude and favour. A man may lend his countenance who will not part with his money, and open his mind to us who will not draw out his purse. How many ways are there in which our peace may be assailed, besides actual want! How many comforts do we stand in need of, besides meat and drink and clothing! Is it nothing to "administer to a mind diseased"—to heal a wounded spirit? After all other difficulties are removed, we still want some one to bear with our infirmities, to impart our confidence to, to encourage us in our *hobbies* (nay, to get up and ride behind us), and to like us with all our faults. True friendship is self-love at second-hand; where, as in a flattering mirror, we may see our virtues magnified and our errors softened, and where we may fancy our opinion of ourselves confirmed by an impartial and faithful witness. He (of all the world) creeps the closest in our bosoms, into our favour and esteem, who thinks of us most nearly as we do of ourselves. Such a one is indeed the pattern of a friend, another self—and our gratitude for the blessing is as sincere, as it is hollow in most other cases! This is one reason why entire friendship is scarcely to be found, except in love. There is a hardness and severity in our judgments of one another; the spirit of competition also intervenes, unless where there is too great an inequality of pretension or difference of taste to admit of mutual sympathy and respect; but a woman's vanity is interested in making the object of her choice the god of her idolatry; and in the intercourse with that sex, there is the finest balance and reflection of opposite and answering excellences imaginable! It is in the highest spirit of the religion of love in the female breast, that Lord Byron has put that beautiful apostrophe into the mouth of Anah, in speaking of her angel-lover (alas! are not the sons of men too, when they are deified in the hearts of women, only "a little lower than the angels?")

> "And when I think that his immortal wings
> Shall one day hover o'er the sepulchre
> Of the poor child of clay, that so adored him,
> As he adored the Highest, death becomes
> Less terrible!"

This is a dangerous string, which I ought never to touch upon; but the shattered cords vibrate of themselves!

Few things tend more to alienate friendship than a want of punctuality in our engagements. I have known the breach of a promise to dine or sup break up more than one intimacy. A disappointment of this kind rankles in the mind—it cuts up our pleasures (those rare events in human life, which ought not to be wantonly sported with!)—it not only deprives us of the expected gratification, but it renders us unfit for, and out of humour with, every other; it makes us think our society not worth having, which is not the way to make us delighted with our own thoughts; it lessens our self-esteem, and destroys our confidence in others; and having leisure on our hands (by being thus left alone) and sufficient provocation withal, we employ it in ripping up the faults of the acquaintance who has played us this slippery trick, and in forming resolutions to pick a quarrel with him the very first opportunity we can find. I myself once declined an invitation to meet Talma, who was an admirer of Shakspeare, and who idolized Bonaparte, to keep an appointment with a person who had *forgot* it! One great art of women who pretend to manage their husbands and keep them to themselves, is to contrive some excuse for breaking their engagements with friends for whom they entertain any respect, or who are likely to have any influence over them.

There is, however, a class of persons who have a particular satisfaction in falsifying your expectations of pleasure in their society, who make appointments for no other ostensible purpose than *not to keep them;* who think their ill-behaviour gives them an air of superiority

over you, instead of placing them at your mercy; and who, in fact, in all their overtures of condescending kindness towards you, treat you exactly as if there was no such person in the world. Friendship is with them a *monodrama*, in which they play the principal and sole part. They must needs be very imposing or amusing characters to surround themselves with a circle of friends, who find that they are to be mere ciphers. The egotism would in such instances be offensive and intolerable, if its very excess did not render it entertaining. Some individuals carry this hard, unprincipled, reckless unconsciousness of everything but themselves and their own purposes to such a pitch, that they may be compared to *automata*, whom you never expect to consult your feelings or alter their movements out of complaisance to others. They are wound up to a certain point by an internal machinery which you do not very well comprehend; but if they perform their accustomed evolutions so as to excite your wonder or laughter, it is all very well, you do not quarrel with them, but look on at the *pantomime* of friendship while it lasts or is agreeable.

Only one other reflection occurs to me on this subject. I used to think better of the world than I do. I thought its great fault, its original sin, was barbarous ignorance and want, which would be cured by the diffusion of civilization and letters. But I find (or fancy I do) that as selfishness is the vice of unlettered periods and nations, envy is the bane of more refined and intellectual ones. Vanity springs out of the grave of sordid self-interest. Men were formerly ready to cut one another's throats about the gross means of subsistence, and now they are ready to do it about reputation. The worst is, you are no better off if you fail than if you succeed. You are despised if you do not excel others, and hated if you do. Abuse or praise equally weans your friends from you. We cannot bear eminence in our own department or pursuit, and think it an impertinence in any other. Instead of being delighted with the proofs of excellence and the admiration paid to it, we are mortified with it, thrive only by the defeat of others, and live on the carcass of mangled reputation. By being tried by an *ideal* standard of vanity and affectation, real objects and common people become odious or insipid. Instead of being raised, all is prostituted, degraded, vile. Everything is reduced to this feverish, importunate, harassing state. I'm heartily sick of it, and I'm sure I have reason if any one has.

HAZLITT.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

[Percy Bysshe Shelley, born at Field Place, Horsham, Sussex, August 4, 1792; drowned by the capsizing of his boat in the Mediterranean, between Leghorn and the Bay of Spezia, July, 1822. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. His first published compositions were two romances, *Zastrozzi*, and *St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian*. These were completed when he was only sixteen (1808) and were published anonymously; but they failed to obtain any measure of success. Whilst at Oxford he published a volume of poems entitled *Posthumous Poems of my Aunt Margaret Nicholson*. He next issued a pamphlet entitled *A Defence of Atheism*, on account of which he was, in March, 1811, expelled from the University. The poet, whatever he may have felt under his disgrace, consoled himself by writing *Queen Mab;* and in the same year he married, at Gretna Green, Harriet Westbrooke, the daughter of a retired hotel-keeper. The union appears to have been a most unhappy one, and three months after they had been formally re-married, Mrs. Shelley returned to her father, and Shelley left England for the Continent, accompanied by Mary Wollstonecraft, daughter of William Godwin, to whom he was subsequently married (1816) on the death of Mrs. Shelley. His chief poetical works were *Queen Mab; The Revolt of Islam; Prometheus Unbound;* and the *Cenci*.[1]]

A glorious people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations: Liberty,
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleamed. My Soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
And, in the rapid plumes of song,
Clothed itself, sublime and strong;
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey:
Till from its station in the heaven of fame
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
A voice out of the deep: I will record the same.

The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth:
The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,
That island in the ocean of the world,

[1] These and his other works are so well known that it is unnecessary to refer to them here; but it will be interesting to quote the estimates of his genius given by two potent critics. Prof. Wilson, *Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1826, says: "He had many of the faculties of a great poet. He was, however, we verily believe it now, scarcely in his right mind." Lord Macaulay, *Edinburgh Review*, 1831, says: "He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been an art but an inspiration. Had he lived to the full age of man, he might not improbably have given to the world some great work of the very highest rank in design and execution."

Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air.
But this divinest universe
Was yet a chaos and a curse,
For thou wert not: but power from worst producing worse,
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
And there was war among them, and despair
Within them raging without truce or terms:
The bosom of their violated nurse
Groan'd, for beasts warr'd on beasts, and worms on worms,
And men on men; each heart was as a hell of storms.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
His generations under the pavilion
Of the Sun's throne: palace and pyramid,
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million
Were as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
This human living multitude
Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,
Hung tyranny; beneath, sate deified
The sister-pest, congregator of slaves
Into the shadow of her pinions wide,
Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,
Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
Of favouring heaven: from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody
On the unapprehensive wild.
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

Athens arose; a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zoned winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,
A divine work! Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay,
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
With an earth-awakening blast
Through the caverns of the past;
Religion veils her eyes; Oppression shrinks aghast:
A winged sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
Which soars where Expectation never flew,
Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew,
One sun illumines heaven; one spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever new,
As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
From that Elysian food was yet unweaned;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified;
And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Saintly Camillus lived and firm Atilius died.
But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-winged lightness,
The senate of the tyrants: they sunk prone,
Slaves of one tyrant: Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou?
And then the shadow of thy coming fell
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:
And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
Arose in sacred Italy,
Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty;
That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,
With divine wand traced on our earthly home
Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror
Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,
Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-winged Error,
As light may pierce the clouds when they dissever
In the calm regions of the orient day!
Luther caught thy wakening glance,
Like lightning, from his leaden lance
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,
In songs whose music cannot pass away,

Though it must flow for ever: not unseen
Before the spirit-sighted countenance
Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

The eager hours and unreluctant years
As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
Darkening each other with their multitude,
And cried aloud, Liberty! Indignation
Answered Pity from her cave:
Death grew pale within the grave,
And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!
When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
Like shadows: as if day had cloven the skies
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
Men started staggering with a glad surprise,
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

Thou heaven of earth! what spells could pall thee then,
In ominous eclipse? a thousand years
Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den,
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away;
How like Bacchanals of blood
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood!
When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers,
Rose: armies mingled in obscure array,
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers.

England yet sleeps: was she not called of old?
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold
Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder:
O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle
From Pithecusa to Pelorus
Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus:
They cry, Be dim; ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er us.
Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile
And they dissolve; but Spain's were links of steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
Twins of a single destiny! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us,
In the dim West; impress us from a seal,
All ye have thought and done! Time cannot dare conceal.

Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead,
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head;
Thy victory shall be his epitaph!
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,
King-deluded Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee.
Why do we fear or hope? thou art already free!
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world! thou flowery wilderness!
Thou island of eternity! thou shrine
Where desolation clothed with loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
Can be between the cradle and the grave
Crowned him the King of Life. O vain endeavour!
If on his own high will a willing slave,
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
And cries: Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth? if Life can breed
New wants, and Wealth from those who toil and groan
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousand fold for one?

Come Thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;
Comes she not, and come ye not,
Rulers of eternal thought,
To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot?
Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?
O, Liberty! if such could be thy name
Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee:
If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
Wept tears, and blood-like tears? The solemn harmony

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing
To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;
Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light
On the heavy sounding plain,
When the bolt has pierced its brain;
As summer clouds dissolve, unburthened of their rain;
As a far taper fades with fading night,
As a brief insect dies with dying day,
My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far away
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
As waves which lately paved his watery way
Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

[Mrs. Margaret Oliphant is one of the most successful as well as one of the most prolific of our lady novelists. Her literary career commenced with the publication of "Katie Stewart, a True Story," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1853–54. Since that date she has produced in rapid succession more than a dozen novels, besides other works, of which the most notable is the *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.* Her fame and popularity, however, rest in a great measure on *The Chronicles of Carlingford*, a series of domestic stories descriptive of life in a quiet country town. The series includes: *The Rector*, *The Doctor's Family*, *Salem Chapel*, *The Perpetual Curate*, and *Miss Marjoribanks*.[1] Our extract is from *The Doctor's Family*, and that the situation may be properly understood it is necessary to mention that Edward Rider is a young doctor struggling hard to gain a practice in Carlingford. His brother, Fred —a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow—has been drowned. He has left a widow and three children dependent, as they had been all along, on the widow's sister, Nettie Underwood. The sisters are of Australian birth and of widely different characters. Susan (Mrs. Fred) is weak and selfish, and obtains her own way in everything by persistently crying for it. Nettie is a shrewd, energetic, self-denying creature, who sacrifices her heart and life to provide for her sister and the children. She has stubbornly refused Dr. Rider's hand for their sakes, and she sees little in the future for herself but hard work for others who repay her with little gratitude. The widow wishes to return to Australia, and she gains her object in the usual way, aided by the appearance of a colonial friend, Mr. Chatham. This stalwart bushman is supposed to be paying his addresses to Nettie, to the bitter annoyance of the doctor.]

When tea was over, Nettie sent her children out of the way with peremptory distinctness, and stayed behind them to make her communication. If she noticed vaguely a certain confused impatience and desire to get rid of her in the looks of her sister and the Australian, she attached no distinct meaning to it, but spoke out with all the simplicity of an independent power, knowing all authority and executive force to lie in her own hands alone.

"When do you think you can be ready to start? My mind is made up. I shall set to work immediately to prepare," said Nettie. "Now, look here, Susan: you have been thinking of it for months, so it is not like taking you by surprise. There is a ship that sails on the 24th. If everything is packed and ready, will you consent to go on that day?"

Mrs. Fred started with unfeigned surprise, and, not without a little consternation, turned her eyes towards her friend before answering her sister. "It is just Nettie's way," cried Susan—"just how she always does—holds out against you to the very last, and then turns round and darts off before you can draw your breath. The 24th! and this is the 19th! Of course we can't do it, Nettie. I shall want quantities of things, and Mr. Chatham, you know, is not used to your ways, and can't be whisked off in a moment whenever you please."

"I daresay it's very kind of Mr. Chatham," said Nettie; "but I can take you out very well by myself—just as well as I brought you here. And I can't afford to get you quantities of things, Susan. So please to understand I am going off to pack up, and on the 24th we shall go."

Once more, under Nettie's impatient eyes, a look and a smile passed between her sister and the Australian. Never very patient at any time, the girl was entirely aggravated out of all toleration now.

"I can't tell what you may have to smile to each other about," said Nettie. "It is no very smiling business to me. But since I am driven to it, I shall go at once or not at all. And so that you understand me, that is all I want to say."

With which words she disappeared suddenly to the multitudinous work that lay before her, thinking as little of Susan's opposition as of the clamour raised by the children, when the hard sentence of going half an hour earlier to bed was pronounced upon them. Nettie's haste and peremptoriness were mixed, if it must be told, with a little resentment against the world in general. She had ceased being sad —she was roused and indignant. By the time she had subdued the refractory children, and disposed of them for the night, those vast Australian boxes, which they had brought with them across the seas, were placed in the little hall, under the pale light of the lamp, ready for the process of packing, into which Nettie plunged without a moment's interval.

. . . . . .

Nettie did not hear the footstep which she might have recognized ringing rapidly down the frosty road. She was too busy rustling about with perpetual motion, folding and refolding, and smoothing into miraculous compactness all the heterogeneous elements of that mass. When a sudden knock came to the door she started, struck with alarm, then paused a moment, looking round her, and perceiving at one hasty glance that nobody could

[1] The "Chronicles" appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and several separate editions of them have been published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons. A cheap edition in four volumes was issued in 1869.

possibly enter without seeing both herself and her occupation, made one prompt step to the door, which nobody appeared to open. It was Mrs. Smith, no doubt; but the sudden breathless flutter which came upon Nettie cast doubts upon that rapid conclusion. She opened it quickly, with a certain breathless, sudden promptitude, and looked out pale and dauntless, understanding by instinct that some new trial to her fortitude was there. On the other hand, Edward Rider pressed in suddenly, almost without perceiving it was Nettie. They were both standing in the hall together, before they fully recognized each other. Then the doctor, gazing round him at the unusual confusion, gave an involuntary groan out of the depths of his heart. "Then it is true!" said Dr. Rider. He stood among the chaos, and saw all his own dreams broken up and shattered in pieces. Even passion failed him in that first bitterness of conviction. Nettie stood opposite, with the sleeves of her black dress turned up from her little white nimble wrists, her hair pushed back from her cheeks, pushed quite behind one delicate ear, her eyes shining with all those lights of energy and purpose which came to them as soon as she took up her own character again. She met his eye with a little air of defiance, involuntary, and almost unconscious. "It is quite true," said Nettie, bursting forth in sudden self-justification; "I have my work to do, and I must do it as best I can. I cannot keep considering you all, and losing my life. I must do what God has given me to do, or I must die."

Never had Nettie been so near breaking down, and falling into sudden womanish tears and despair. She would not yield to the overpowering momentary passion. She clutched at the bundle of frocks again, and made room for them spasmodically in the box which she had already packed. Edward Rider stood silent, gazing at her as in her sudden anguish Nettie pulled down and reconstructed that curious honey-comb. But he had not come here merely to gaze, while the catastrophe was preparing. He went up and seized her busy hands, raised her up in spite of her resistance, and thrust away, with an exclamation of disgust, that great box in which all his hopes were being packed away. "There is first a question to settle between you and me," cried the doctor: you shall not do it. No; I forbid it, Nettie. Because you are wilful," cried Edward Rider, hoarse and violent, grasping the hands tighter, with a strain in which other passions than love mingled, "am I to give up all the rights of a man? You are going away without even giving me just warning—without a word, without a sign; and you think I will permit it, Nettie? Never—by heaven!"

"Dr. Edward," said Nettie, trembling, half with terror, half with resolution, "you have no authority over me. We are two people—we are not one. I should not have gone away without a word or a sign. I should have said good-bye to you, whatever had happened; but that is different from permitting or forbidding. Let us say good-bye now and get it over, if that will please you better," she cried, drawing her hands from his grasp; "but I do not interfere with your business, and I must do mine my own way."

The doctor was in no mood to argue. He thrust the big box she had packed away into a corner, and closed it with a vindictive clang. It gave him a little room to move in that little commonplace hall, with its dim lamp, which had witnessed so many of the most memorable scenes of his life. "Look here," cried Dr. Rider; "authority has little to do with it. If you had been my wife, Nettie, to be sure you could not have deserted me. It is as great a cruelty—it is as hard upon me, this you are trying to do. I have submitted hitherto, and Heaven knows it has been bitter enough; and you scorn me for my submission," said the doctor, making the discovery by instinct. "When a fellow obeys you, it is only contempt you feel for him; but I tell you, Nettie, I will bear it no longer. You shall not go away. This is not to be. I will neither say good-bye, nor think of it. What is your business is my business; and I declare to you, you shall not go unless I go too. Ah—I forgot. They tell me there is a fellow, an Australian, who ventures to pretend—I don't mean to say I believe it. You think *he* will not object to your burdens! Nettie! Don't let us kill each other. Let us take all the world on our shoulders," cried the doctor, drawing near again, with passionate looks, "rather than part!"

There was a pause—neither of them could speak at that moment. Nettie, who felt her resolution going, her heart melting, yet knew she dared not give way, clasped her hands tight in each other and stood trembling, yet refusing to tremble; collecting her voice and thoughts. The doctor occupied that moment of suspense in a way which might have looked ludicrous in other circumstances, but was a relief to the passion that possessed him. He dragged the other vast Australian box to the same corner where he had set the first, and piled them one above the other. Then he collected with awkward care all the heaps of garments which lay

about, and carried them off in the other direction to the stairs, where he laid them carefully with a clumsy tenderness. When he had swept away all these encumbrances, as by a sudden gust of wind, he came back to Nettie, and once more clasped the firm hands which held each other fast. She broke away from him with a sudden cry—

"You acknowledged it was impossible!" cried Nettie. "It is not my doing, or anybody's; no one shall take the world on his shoulders for my sake—I ask nobody to bear my burdens. Thank you for not believing it—that is a comfort at least. Never, surely, any one else—and not you, not you! Dr. Edward, let us make an end of it. I will never consent to put my yoke upon your shoulders, but I—I will never forget you or blame you—any more. It is all hard, but we cannot help it. Good-bye—don't make it harder, you, who are the only one that——; good-bye,—no more—don't say any more."

At this moment the parlour door opened suddenly; Nettie's trembling mouth and frame, and the wild protest and contradiction which were bursting from the lips of the doctor, were lost upon the spectator, absorbed in her own affairs, and full of excitement on her own account, who looked out. "Perhaps Mr. Edward will walk in," said Mrs. Fred. "Now he is here to witness what I mean, I should like to speak to you, please, Nettie. I did not think I should ever appeal to you, Mr. Edward, against Nettie's wilfulness—but, really now, we, none of us can put up with it any longer. Please to walk in and hear what I've got to say."

The big Bushman stood before the little fire in the parlour, extinguishing its tiny glow with his vast shadow. The lamp burned dimly upon the table. A certain air of confusion was in the room. Perhaps it was because Nettie had already swept her own particular belongings out of that apartment, which once, to the doctor's eyes, had breathed of her presence in every corner—but it did not look like Nettie's parlour to-night. Mrs. Fred, with the broad white bands of her cap streaming over her black dress, had just assumed her place on the sofa, which was her domestic throne. Nettie, much startled and taken by surprise, stood by the table, waiting with a certain air of wondering impatience what was to be said to her—with still the sleeves turned up from her tiny wrists, and her fingers unconsciously busy expressing her restless intolerance of this delay by a hundred involuntary tricks and movements. The doctor stood close by her, looking only at Nettie, watching her with eyes intent as if she might suddenly disappear from under his very gaze. As for the Australian, he stood uneasy under Nettie's rapid investigating glance, and the slower survey which Dr. Rider made on entering. He plucked at his big beard, and spread out his large person with a confusion and embarrassment rather more than merely belonged to the stranger in a family party; while Mrs. Fred, upon her sofa, took up her handkerchief and once more began to fan her pink cheeks. What was coming? After a moment's pause, upon which Nettie could scarcely keep herself from breaking, Susan spoke.

"Nettie has always had the upper hand so much that she thinks I am always to do exactly as she pleases," burst forth Mrs. Fred; "and I don't doubt poor Fred encouraged her in it, because he felt he was obliged to my family, and always gave in to her; but now I have somebody to stand by me," added Susan, fanning still more violently, and with a sound in her voice which betrayed a possibility of tears—"now I have somebody to stand by me—I tell you once for all, Nettie, I will not go on the 24th."

Nettie gazed at her sister in silence without attempting to say anything. Then she lifted her eyes inquiringly to the Australian, in his uneasy spectator position before the fire. She was not much discomposed, evidently, by that sudden assertion of will—possibly Nettie was used to it—but she looked curious and roused, and rather eager to know what was it now?

"I will not go on the 24th," cried Mrs. Fred, with a hysterical toss of her head. "I will not be treated like a child, and told to get ready whenever Nettie pleases. She pretends it is all for our sake, but it is for the sake of having her own will, and because she has taken a sudden disgust at something. I asked you in, Mr. Edward, because you are her friend, and because you are the children's uncle, and ought to know how they are provided for. Mr. Chatham and I," said Susan, overcome by her feelings, and agitating the handkerchief violently, "have settled—to be—married first before we set out."

If a shell had fallen in the peaceful apartment, the effect could not have been more startling. The two who had been called in to receive that intimation, and who up to this moment had been standing together listening languidly enough, too much absorbed in the matter between themselves to be very deeply concerned about anything Mrs. Fred could say or do, fell suddenly apart with the wildest amazement in their looks. "Susan, you are

mad!" cried Nettie, gazing aghast at her sister, with an air of mingled astonishment and incredulity. The doctor, too much excited to receive with ordinary decorum information so important, made a sudden step up to the big embarrassed Australian, who stood before the fire gazing into vacancy, and looking the very embodiment of conscious awkwardness. Dr. Rider stretched out both his hands and grasped the gigantic fist of the Bushman with an effusion which took that worthy altogether by surprise. "My dear fellow, I wish you joy—I wish you joy. Anything I can be of use to you in, command me!" cried the doctor, with a suppressed shout of half-incredulous triumph. Then he returned restlessly towards Nettie—they all turned to her with instinctive curiosity. Never in all her troubles had Nettie been so pale; she looked in her sister's face with a kind of despair.

"Is this *true*, Susan?" she said, with a sorrowful wonder as different as possible from the doctor's joyful surprise—"not something said to vex us—really true? And this has been going on, and I knew nothing of it; and all this time you have been urging me to go back to the colony—*me*—as if you had no other thoughts. If you had made up your mind to this, what was the use of driving me desperate?" cried Nettie, in a sudden outburst of that incomprehension which aches in generous hearts. Then she stopped suddenly and looked from her sister, uttering suppressed sobs, and hiding her face in her handkerchief on the sofa, to the Australian before the fire. "What is the good of talking?" said Nettie, with a certain indignant impatient indulgence, coming to an abrupt conclusion. Nobody knew so well as she did how utterly useless it was to remonstrate or complain. She dropped into the nearest chair, and began with hasty tremulous hands to smooth down the cuffs of her black sleeves. In the bitterness of the moment it was not the sudden deliverance, but the heartlessness and domestic treachery that struck Nettie. She, the champion and defender of this helpless family for years—who had given them bread, and served it to them with her own cheerful unwearied hands—who had protected as well as provided for them in her dauntless innocence and youth. When she was thus cast off on the brink of the costliest sacrifice of all, it was not the delightful sensation of freedom which occurred to Nettie. She fell back with a silent pang of injury swelling in her heart, and, all tremulous and hasty, gave her agitated attention to the simple act of smoothing down her sleeves—a simple but symbolical act, which conveyed a world of meaning to the mind of the doctor as he stood watching her. The work she had meant to do was over. Nettie's occupation was gone. With the next act of the domestic drama she had nothing to do. For the first time in her life utterly vanquished, with silent promptitude she abdicated on the instant. She seemed unable to strike a blow for the leadership thus snatched from her hands. With proud surprise and magnanimity she withdrew, forbearing even the useless reproaches of which she had impatiently asked, "What was the good?" Never abdicated emperor laid aside his robes with more ominous significance, than Nettie, with fingers trembling between haste and agitation, smoothed down round her shapely wrists those turned-up sleeves.

The doctor's better genius saved him from driving the indignant Titania desperate at that critical moment by any ill-advised rejoicings; and the sight of Nettie's agitation so far calmed Dr. Rider that he made the most sober and decorous congratulations to the sister-in-law, whom for the first time he felt grateful to. Perhaps, had he been less absorbed in his own affairs, he could scarcely have failed to remember how, not yet a year ago, the shabby form of Fred lay on that same sofa from which Susan had announced her new prospects; but in this unexampled revolution of affairs no thought of Fred disturbed his brother, whose mind was thoroughly occupied with the sudden tumult of his own hopes. "Oh yes, I hope I shall be happy at last. After all my troubles, I have to look to myself, Mr. Edward; and your poor brother would have been the last to blame me," sobbed Mrs. Fred, with involuntary self-vindication. Then followed a pause. The change was too sudden and extraordinary, and involved results too deeply important to every individual present, to make words possible. Mrs. Fred, with her face buried in her handkerchief, and Nettie, her whole frame thrilling with mortification and failure, tremulously trying to button her sleeves, and bestowing her whole mind upon that operation, were discouraging interlocutors; and after the doctor and the Bushman had shaken hands, their powers of communication were exhausted. The silence was at length broken by the Australian, who, clearing his voice between every three words, delivered his embarrassed sentiments as follow:—

"I trust, Miss Nettie, you'll not think you've been unfairly dealt by, or that any change is necessary so far as you are concerned. Of course," said Mr. Chatham, growing red, and plucking at his beard, "neither your sister nor I—found out—till quite lately—how things were going to be; and as for you making any

change in consequence, or thinking we could be anything but glad to have you with us——."

Here the alarming countenance of Nettie, who had left off buttoning her sleeves, brought her new relation to a sudden stop. Under the blaze of her inquiring eyes the Bushman could go no farther. He looked at Susan for assistance, but Susan was still absorbed in her handkerchief; and while he paused for expression, the little abdicated monarch took up the broken thread.

"Thank you," said Nettie, rising suddenly; "I knew you were honest. It is very good of you, too, to be glad to have me with you. You don't know any better. I'm abdicated, Mr. Chatham; but because it's rather startling to have one's business taken out of one's hands like this, it will be very kind of everybody not to say anything more to-night. I don't quite understand it all just at this moment. Good-night, Dr. Edward. We can talk to-morrow, please; not to-night. You surely understand me, don't you? When one's life is changed all in a moment, one does not exactly see where one is standing just at once. Good-night. I mean what I say," she continued, holding her head high with restrained excitement, and trying to conceal the nervous agitation which possessed her as the doctor hastened before her to open the door. "Don't come after me, please; don't say anything; I cannot bear any more to-night."

"But to-morrow," said the doctor, holding fast the trembling hand. Nettie was too much overstrained and excited to speak more. A single sudden sob burst from her as she drew her hand out of his, and disappeared like a flying sprite. The doctor saw the heaving of her breast, the height of self-restraint which could go no further. He went back into the parlour like a true lover, and spied no more upon Nettie's hour of weakness. Without her, it looked a vulgar scene enough in that little sitting-room, from which the smoke of Fred's pipe had never fairly disappeared, and where Fred himself had lain in dismal state. Dr. Rider said a hasty good-night to Fred's successor, and went off hurriedly into the changed world which surrounded that unconscious cottage. Though the frost had not relaxed, and the air breathed no balm, no sudden leap from December to June could have changed the atmosphere so entirely to the excited wayfarer who traced back the joyful path towards the lights of Carlingford twinkling brilliant through the Christmas frost. As he paused to look back upon that house which now contained all his hopes, a sudden shadow appeared at a lighted window, looking out. Nettie could not see the owner of the footsteps which moved her to that sudden involuntary expression of what was in her thoughts, but he could see her standing full in the light, and the sight went to the doctor's heart. He took off his hat insanely in the darkness and waved his hand to her, though she could not see him; and, after the shadow had disappeared, continued to stand watching with tender folly if perhaps some indication of Nettie's presence might again reveal itself. He walked upon air as he went back, at last, cold but joyful, through the blank solitude of Grange Lane.

THE SISTERS.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush, and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,
And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbour-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On the pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee-shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried:

"O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him for ever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE SCOTCH NOVELS.[1]

We think, with the late excellent and much lamented Mrs. Brunton, that "single pages of these works are worth whole volumes of common inventions." Without taking upon us directly to affirm that their author is the greatest writer of the present day, we may be permitted to say for ourselves, that there is no living author whom we would so much wish to be. We give him this preference, because none of his contemporaries seem to us to have so universal and exquisite a relish for all the immense variety of natural objects that present themselves to the faculty of observation; or so quick and sound a feeling of their essential qualities and distinct characters:—but principally, because his mind appears to possess, in a degree peculiar to itself, the admirable property of digesting all its food into *healthy chyle.* More than any other writer, except Shakspeare, and not less than Shakspeare himself, he renders the reading of his works encouraging to human nature, by putting us in good humour with whatever he offers to our attention: and this beautiful result, in consequence of the power and comprehension of his genius, and the truth and vigour of his moral constitution, he effects without ever shocking the principles of conscience, or violating any one rule of civil or sacred authority. We join the course of his lively and rapid narative in the true spirit of the *chase:* we there find men and animals all at full cry, displaying their natural instincts and dispositions in the ardour of cheerful exercise; the scenery around is fresh and invigorating; health and manliness are made to circulate through our frames; in the meantime, the creatures which in their natures are noxious and dangerous, are ultimately run down and destroyed, but without the sportsman having been once provoked into a sentiment of hostility or ill-will—still less seduced into a false sympathy with their actions, or exposed to any contagious influence from their propensities.

This delightful and salutary property of the writings in question we owe to the philosophical knowledge of human nature which their author so eminently possesses, and which necessarily takes the shape of urbanity in his disposition, while it produces a corresponding frame in the breast of the reader. His nice discernment of the real springs of actions, and his sensibility to their true play, give him the power of placing before us all the varieties of conduct and incident in the vivid light of natural phenomena: while they strike upon our fancies with all the force of experience, we seem to be let into the secret of the inevitable causes which produce what are usually called the hazards of life. Our author goes to the very germ of all:—the fountain-head—the well-spring from which the stream of each individual's existence takes its course and colour, is discovered by him, and this is almost always found to be placed deep in the natural order of things; "Now," says Madame de Sevigne, "I am never either astonished or offended by what is in the natural order of things."

Another consequence of this intense feeling for natural truth, enjoyed by the extraordinary author of the Scotch Novels, is that, more than any other writer of the day, he gives to

[1] From an article by the late JOHN SCOTT in the *London Magazine* for January, 1820. This is generally allowed to be one of the finest estimations of the Waverley Novels that has been laid before the public.

his productions an impress which secures them a permanently current acceptation. The most ardent admirers of his most celebrated companions in literary exertion will admit, that there is a possibility of posterity's not sustaining their decision on the merits of their favourites; and the reason of this doubtfulness is, that they all distinguish themselves in certain *modes* peculiar to themselves: each of them has set a fashion of his own, and in it only is he regarded as pre-eminent. Now we never can be sure of the real worth of any fashion, nor calculate with certainty the period of its duration; circumstances, not principles, cause it to be warmly supported or bitterly decried: it constitutes the distinction of a sect, and the creed of a sect is no rule for mankind at large. But the author whom we are now endeavouring to characterize, bears this second resemblance and mark of affinity to Shakspeare, that he is as general in his tastes as nature is multifarious in her appearances; while his style runs evenly but loosely on, in unpretending submission to what the occasion requires him to say. His compositions are not marked by particular *veins* of thought or language: he is not studiously moody, like Lord Byron; nor involuntarily mystical, like Wordsworth; nor laboriously gay, like Moore: his mind, in fact, presents no obstacles in the shape of pre-conceptions or pre-dispositions, to the free and fair development of his story and its characters. He speaks just what is set down for him in the book of nature, and we know that its pages are always open before his eyes, and we feel assured that what we read in his has been faithfully transcribed from them. In the works of almost all other writers we find the disposition of their author reflected on their surface; and the peculiarities of this disposition form at once the principle of their power and beauty, and the source of their objectionable qualities. Thus, to refer again to the authors we have already named, Byron is impassioned, and grandly sombre, but too frequently false and theatrically pretending; Wordsworth is sublime and pathetic, but he is also sometimes trifling, and often prosing and unwieldy: Moore has a sparkling fancy, but occasionally overpowers his readers with conceits, betrays the pains he has taken to be tender, and the labour with which he is gay. The writer of the Scotch Novels betrays nothing of himself, but the vivid impression which the genuine features of his subject have made on his mind: he is personally lost in the idea of the characters which he represents; and, whatever fault we may have to find with his descriptions, or whatever merit we may see in them, they all pass as more or less lucky seizures of the actual lineaments of nature. Shakspeare has been almost reproached with the universality of his feeling of character,—not on good grounds however, as it appears to us; and we certainly do not mean to raise the subject of these remarks to anything like an equality with the prince of our island's literature: in the power of the imaginative faculty he is far inferior,—not only to him, to whom all are inferior,—but to several who might be mentioned: yet, in the ready reception of nature's impressions, in the power of vividly reflecting them back to others, in strong taste, and high relish for the natural properties of things however dissimilar, we do consider that our author suggests a direct comparison between himself and Shakspeare, and that no other name in modern literature, however distinguished, will bear any comparison with him in these respects. It is this power and sagacity of perception which render it certain that his honours will perpetuate themselves, that his popularity will not pass by, that the numerous volumes which have streamed, as it were, from his pen, will give as much pleasure to readers hereafter as they give to us to-day. They are, as has before been said, the only modern works of which this can be safely predicted. It is very possible that some of the productions of his contemporaries may rise in estimation as they advance in age: there are some which, in our opinion, well deserve to do so; but as particular systems of criticism, and moods of one's own mind, are concerned in the judgments passed upon them, we cannot be sure that it will be sustained by the solemn ratification of posterity.

Let us give an example tending to prove the justice of this description of the author's literary character and constitution, before going further in general observation on his works. The parting of Jarvie, the manufacturing Glasgow Bailie, from Rob Roy, his cousin, the Highland robber, is one of the most beautiful scenes painted by this writer's irresistible and universal pen. It is very droll, but, at the same time, its truth renders it deeply pathetic; and in this respect it affords an excellent illustration, to the shame of French criticism, how intimately the comic and the affecting are connected in the nature of things, and how closely they may be brought together in representation, without hurting the effect of either, but, in fact, to heighten the effect of both. Those who can go deep into human nature find where their roots entwine; it is only the superficial and heartless who fancy them essentially dis-

severed. The Bailie assured his kinsman, that if ever *a hundred pound*, or even TWA! would put him, or his family, in a *settled way*, he need but just send a line to the Sautmarket. Rob returned the compliment by squeezing hard the magistrate's hand, grasping the basket hilt at his side, and protesting that, should any ambitious or intriguing rival affront his kinsman, Mr. Jarvie had only to let him know, *and he would stow his lugs out of his head, were he the best man in Glasgow!* How exquisite is all this! The citizen, in a moment of enthusiasm, offering a hundred pound—or even *twa!* The Highlander, in the warmth of friendly feeling, tendering his services to crop the ears of any corporation or manufacturing opponent! The Bailie overcome by the tenderness of a farewell—with the tide of consanguinity becoming riotous in his veins, the memory of his departed father the deacon giving elevation to his sentiments, and thankful, beyond measure, that he was at length likely to leave the Highlands in a whole skin, with nothing lost but the tail of his coat—waxes nobly generous on the very strength of his intense consciousness of the value of money. A careless prodigal fellow would not have gone half so far in his offer of assistance. The Bailie's liberality bursts out with impetuosity, like a dam of water when the sluice is raised. His '*one hundred*, or even *twa*,' is like the spring of a cripple, who, not being able to walk a moderate pace, throws himself four feet forward at a time! Such touches as these are not the fruit of study; the giving of them is not probably accompanied with a preconception of their effect when given: they escape, as it were, like natural oozings from a mind gifted with a wonderfully quick and true feeling of what is picturesque in the operation of the principles of character; and which is thus guided, with infallible certainty, to the seat of the principles themselves. About the immortality of such transcripts there is no doubt; for he who runs may read them. To give them up would be to resign human nature; to root out from our souls the sympathies which make of us a *kind*—which give us a possession in the past, and an interest in the future. Bailie Jarvie, then, and Mucklebarns, and Mr. Macwheeble, and Volunteer Gilfillan, and Lawyer Pleydell, and Captain Dalgetty, will endure; these gentlemen will continue in the perpetual enjoyment of health and spirits, and, by means of our intimacy with them, we, the tenants of to-day, may be said to shake hands cordially with our predecessors in the motley game of human life, and to share the interest of it even with those who are to take up our cards after we have dropped them. But our admiration of the lowering brows, sinewy limbs, sweeping swords, daring hearts, and dark fancies of the Conrads, Alps, and Laras, does not lead us to be equally sure of their longevity. The Oroonates and Amadis of the old French romances delighted readers of that time, and even gained an empire over sensibilities of the most native kind: they have lost their power over such, however, while the touching pathos, the tenderness, and comic force of Clement Marot, still present themselves with an air of pleasing familiarity, and retain over the heart their gentle but commanding influence.

The picture which we have just taken from one of these novels, affords also a striking example of the moral sweetness, the genial, cordial spirit, which we have affirmed to predominate in these compositions. It presents one of the truest and most useful of moral lessons. A writer, such as some we have amongst us, would put down Bailie Jarvie, seeing him in his ordinary habits, and with his every-day look on, as an incurably wretched, grovelling, muck-hearted creature; a Presbyterian ass, as intolerant as stupid; a servile politician; one who spent his Sundays in gloom, and his week-days in attending to business; a piece of corporation pomposity and folly, who worshipped God and honoured the king—in short, a poor, ignorant, money-getting, debt-paying creature! But our author is no such vulgar, shallow, insincere observer: he sees the Bailie in his counting-house, and afterwards of an evening, with his favourite servant setting his arm-chair for him, and he instantly enters into his soul; the consequence of which is, that he puts the Glasgow magistrate before us in kindly, pleasing, and even noble points of view. Shrewd, strict, and cautious, it is true, but considerate also towards others; firm to his friend in a broil, as well as with a dealer in a bargain; anxious to turn a penny, but making generous sacrifices of pounds; punctual in his performances, as well as in his demands; regular in kirk-going, but not the less moved to make of Mattie Mrs. Jarvie:—in fine, in the midst of hereditary prejudices and limited ideas, giving a romantic and solemn character to his daily consciousness, by cherishing the memory of his father, as if his spirit were a superior presence ever with him,—rendering it, at the same time, august and imposing to his imagination, by clothing it in perpetuity with the constituted and coveted dignity that emanates from the office of a Glasgow deacon! How lean on the caul would one of the intellectual

and elegant characters, formed on the new system of scepticism and universal suffrage, turn out to be, on dissection of its qualities, in comparison with Bailie Jarvie!

Again, the worthy Bailie, in company with his very different kinsman, illustrates, in a forcible manner, the folly and falsehood of sweeping denunciations and party condemnations. This, however, is almost invariably the effect of the scenes in which characters are concerned, in the whole of these novels. Take, for instance, Colonel Talbot's description of the chiefs in the Jacobite cause, and his criticism on the Highland ladies; and then refer, as *per contra*, to MacIvor's ideas of the Hanoverian ministers, and contempt for English manners. The children of the mist, hunted as wild beasts amidst their dens and barren rocks, whose name was an abomination in the ears of men, are found by one who is introduced to their retreat, and experiences their protection, to be faithful and enthusiastic; they are only terrible in the intense consciousness and devout belief of the wrongs they have suffered, and the right of revenge which they possess. Who shall decide between the English judge at Carlisle, offering his solemn, and, at the same time, compassionate exhortations to repentance of deadly crime, and the chief of Glennaquoich thus apostrophizing him from the prisoner's bar:—"Proceed, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water—spare not mine—were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have perilled it in this quarrel!" And when the same judge, his heart overflowing with commiseration for the humble but faithful follower of this staunch and fearless chief, offers him his life if he can make up his mind to petition for grace; while the other replies—"Grace me no grace, since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood:"—Who does not feel that human nature is, after all, a sublime and admirable thing, even in its inconsistencies, weaknesses, and uncertainties? The sentiments of the heart of man seem to be essentially true and noble, however conflicting their manifestations may be in different individuals; and, once convinced of this, charity for what clashes with our own opinions and interests, sympathy with others in their misfortunes, and a sense of consolation when we struggle with affliction ourselves, grow up in the mind. The influence of this conviction it is scarcely possible to resist in reading these works: it is forced upon us by the writer's beautiful art to put forward prominently what may be called the redeeming points of character[1]—which are, in fact, as we have already said, nothing but the natural points; and it is this fact which it is worth so much to know. The knowledge of it, however, is never suffered to hurt the soundness or safety of the practical effect. We see each thing as it really is, and this hinders us from being very angry with it;[2] yet we always perceive the best to be the best, and entertain a sense of the justice and necessity of the various common preservatives of the order of society. At the same time, a single unkindly, egotistic, worldly feeling, is not provoked from the beginning of these works to the end: yet they are as far from being tame or mawkish as possible. They are full of action, and the action is as various as it can be: they teem with drollery, enthusiasm, ambition, hardihood, passion, and in short, excitement of every kind. Is the feeling of this author for the darker features of nature, external and internal, less lively than that of Lord Byron? Has he a less quick sense of the heroic and ambitious in character? of the reckless and misanthropical in heart? Is he less alive to the clash of arms? less knowing in the ways of fierce, rapacious, and gloomy natures? less intimately acquainted with the

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[1] Even Dirk Hatteraik, just before his death, shows "the soul of goodness in things evil." He says, in answer to the reproach that he had crowned a life, spent without a single virtue, with the murder of his accomplice; "Virtue, donner! I was always faithful to my shipowners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver!" And, accordingly, he spends his last hour in writing to the house at Flushing on business matters, and giving information of the loss of their vessel; this done, he went and hanged himself. Dalgetty's love for his horse leading him to overcome his natural selfishness in so affecting a manner, in favour of the noble animal, is another instance: but the motherly and daughterly attachment between the murderess Margaret Murdockson, and her mad child Madge Wildfire, is one of the most extraordinary we can quote.

[2] Witness the fine reply of the fisherman's wife, when Monkbarns hopes that the distilleries will never be permitted to work again:—"Ay, ay, it's easy for your honour, and the like of you gentle folks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deein' o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava, wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper, and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning." Her account of the daily occupation of her husband affords a touching set-off to the haggling for the price of the haddocks which immediately preceded it:—"He was awa this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit cobble dancing in't like a cork." Well might poor Meggie say to the antiquary—"It's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives."

workings of the darker passions? A negative may be given to all these questions. His descriptions of glens, and lochs, and mountain-heads, have a sternness apparent in the midst of their beauty and graphical exactness, which animates with the spirit of the eagle the scenery of the eagle's dwelling-place. His portraits of Balfour of Burleigh, of Rob Roy, of his wife Helen, of Meg Merrilies,[1] speak his sympathy for that depravity of strong and high natures, the result of mortification produced by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" and, above all, by the "oppressor's wrong, and proud man's contumely," met by the fierce reaction of a contumelious, proud disposition within. None of those desperate and daring spirits who have enlisted in the world's forlorn hope; no Jacobin or other malcontent, breasting the breakers where the shipwrecked state lies pitching herself to pieces, in the desire to ride above them to the shore on the fragments—ever gave to their dispositions so grand an air of resolute philosophy, as distinguishes Macgregor's reply to Osbaldistone, when the latter expresses regret for the scene of promiscuous confusion and distress likely to arise from any general exertion in favour of the exiled royal family:—"Let it come, man—let it come! ye never saw dull weather clear without a shower, and if the world is turned upside down, why honest men will have the better chance to cut bread out of it." Yet with all this deep feeling for the vindictive, the guilty, the remorseful, the terror-struck, the condemned, the hopeless, the withered in heart, the dying, and the despairing, what a sympathizing, honourable, bland impression of his own character does this author leave on the minds of his readers! No one would ever suspect him, as some have been suspected, of sitting for his own ruffians; yet they are as natural as life. He must have found them somewhere, for they all and each bear witness of their identity, but that somewhere, it is clear, has never been his own heart.

The general name of these works, "The Scotch Novels," will always indicate an era in our literary history, for they add a new species to the catalogue of our native literary productions, and nothing of the same nature has been produced anywhere else. They are as valuable as history and descriptive travels for the qualities which render these valuable; while they derive a bewitching animation from the soul of poetry, and captivate the attention by the interest of romantic story. As pictures of national manners they are inestimable: as views of human nature, influenced by local circumstances, they are extremely curious; as enthusiastic appeals to the passions and the imagination, they supply a strong stimulus to these faculties; and, by running the course of the story through the most touching incidents, and within sight of the grandest events, they carry the reader's sympathy perpetually with them. One great cause of their absorbing and irresistible power of fascination, is the astonishing variety of the author's hand, guided by a sensibility co-extensive, as we have already said, with nature herself. His feeling is universal in its enjoyments—and this enables him to supply inexhaustible enjoyment to others. How complete is his sense of the majesty and force of Scripture language—and what a relish he has for the slang of smugglers and jailers, phraseology of gamekeepers and Border cudgel-players, and the law-jargon of a Canongate lawyer of seventy years back! He enters, with the most delicate perception, into the sensitive, genteel, well-dressed character of a modern English captain, displays with gusto the pedantry of an old French musquetaire, or high German martinet; draws his broadsword with the irregular fury of a Highland clansman; preaches with the ultra-eloquence of a hunted sectarian; raves sublime madness with those wonderful creatures whom he seems to have emancipated from the common obligations of reason, only to enable them to hover on the brink of the ordinary world, looking into the supernatural;—to see with more rapid glance into the secrets of things, and to startle their hearers with a more vivid, searching, electrifying language than falls from the lips of the common children of men! Are these gifts such as many possess? Could many, like him, run so truly over all the notes in the human *gamut*, if we may so speak, from the extremest *alto* of chivalry, down to the commonest details of a Fenchurch Street counting-house? It is not mere truth, however, that forms all the merit of these astonishingly varied representations; he enters into each with delight; is at home everywhere, as well in regard to his feelings as his knowledge; and goes on, illustrating richly through his whole course, manifesting, for that purpose, treasures of appropriate terms and anecdotes, which surprise us by proving a *learning* equal to his natural faculties. He seems to have lived everywhere and

[1] What sublimity there is in the reply of this extraordinary creature to some one who calls her by the familiar appellation of *good woman*. "I'm nae good woman—a' the country kens I am bad eneugh, an' may be sorry eneugh that I am nae better; *but I can do what good women canna and darena do.*"

with everybody; to have fought under Gustavus, and taken several trips with Dirk Hatteraik;—but then the wonder is, when he could have copied in the office under Mr. Pleydell, and served his apprenticeship to a Glasgow weaver, both of which, it is quite clear, he has done, as well as stood precentor under a field-preacher's tent, and performed the duty of rough-rider to his majesty's horse-guards. That he has acquired his technical expertness by actual experience, is impressed on our belief by the air of freedom which never forsakes him.

We really believe, though it may seem much to say, that the Scotch Novels, as they are the first of their class, so they are inimitable—perfectly, hopelessly inimitable, for the time to come. How long their author may continue their repetitions we shall not attempt to decide, for as their source is a natural, not an artificial one, "age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety;" but, all circumstances considered, it seems too much to expect that another person with equal gifts, and another opportunity with equal advantages, for seizing the real facts of history, the homely incidents of life, and genuine features of character, and throwing over them all the garb and air of romance, and enlivening them with the spirit of lofty poetry, will ever again appear. The peculiar gifts required are so widely distinct from the common ingredients of what is called talent, or, at least, their perfect union forms a character so rare amongst men of talent, that we dare not speculate on the reappearance of the phenomenon. We admit that it is very possible a man may arise again amongst us with a devoted attachment to terriers and stag-hounds, with a keen appetite for pony-riding over the Cheviot Hills, philanthropically inclined to institute foot-ball and single-stick matches, and proud of seeing a piper, arrayed in the garb of old Gaul, enter amongst his company after dinner to "lap them in Elysium." Such a man may arise again amongst us; and such a man must arise, before we could hope for a reproduction of the Scotch Novels: but is it probable that this endued person will be at the same time deeply read in genealogical Latin, troubadour poetry, the writings of the prophets, and the history of the Thirty Years' War? If he be deficient in any one of these particulars, he is useless for our purpose. It certainly is possible that, even in this late day, more persons than one may yet manifest tastes and talents fitting them to be armourers to knights-errant—to dress John of Gaunt, or instruct the Baron of Bradwardine how he should stoop to take off his prince's boot: and such lore, and such accomplishments, would be wanted before any second author could hope to rival our first;—but supposing all these possessed by some future individual, is it to be imagined that he would at the same time be fond of getting into "his altitudes" at Clerighugh's—and have also a particularly acute relish for the system of book-keeping, by double and single entry, as practised by the worthy Mr. Owen, in the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham? Lastly—not to be tedious on one that is never so—we do not absolutely despair of the existence of some as warm and successful lovers of nature in her sublimest seats and wildest recesses; as often honoured with her rarest revelations; nay, as enthusiastic admirers of the ardent, disinterested, imaginative character, which was fostered by persecution, and fashioned and endowed by a theology as gloomy and as sublime as the caves and the mountains that gave refuge to its conscientious adepts; but the insurmountable difficulty lies in supposing that to these feelings and faculties will be added an intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of the dog-kennel, an off-hand familiarity with the forms of court-etiquette and the smartest customs of town-life.

Such a combination constitutes the literary character of the author of the Scotch Novels; and we confess we do not think that it has ever before occurred, or that it ever will occur again: but if it did, we want still more to the reproduction of such works. A high degree of personal respectability; a situation in life commanding intimacy with men and manners; practical habits of business,—all evidently conspire to lend a finishing charm to these compositions, by bestowing freedom and firmness on their style, giving them a clear complexion, a decorous carriage, stripping them entirely of professional rust, leaving nothing forced or awkward about their familiarity, and repressing altogether the air of authorship, and the affected graces of writing. Then, supposing that we have again found one as *able*, is it within the range of chances that he would be as *willing?* That, to the same miraculous powers, he would add the equally miraculous industry? That he would possess the same resolution of will; the same shrewdness in an honourable pursuit; and add as much worldly sagacity to an equal portion of intellectual strength and refinement? We reply, certainly not: therefore, for all these reasons together,—and the reader will think we have given enough of them,—we pronounce that the Scotch Novels

must remain alone, forming their own class, which is a new one in literature, and which they may be considered to have both commenced and finished. We should much sooner expect another author equal to the *Paradise Lost* than another equal to *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy;* though in saying this we do not mean to intimate that the writer of the latter is a greater man than Milton. Such a comparison would be impertinent; but certainly we would extend to this anonymous author the reply which we once heard made by a lady to one who expressed a wish for another Shakspeare: "Another Shakspeare! nonsense! Shakspeare *has* been!"

We might ask also—if another author, equally gifted and favourably circumstanced, were found, where could be found such another subject? or what possibility is there of recurring again to the same after the present writer shall have done with it? It may be affirmed, we believe, that no people but the Scotch ever have afforded so great a *variety* of materials to construct historical and characteristic fictions as that of the collection which the author of these novels has extracted and employed; and that no people, not even the Scotch, will ever be so rich again. If we are wrong we shall be glad to be corrected; but to us it appears that the records of no time or nation supply so much of the picturesque in quality and incident—in local scenery, public affairs, personal character, social manners, and religious creeds, all combined—as the people from amongst whom this writer has taken his subjects, during the period through which he has, in the course of their long series, completely ranged. Eloquence, thought, information, enthusiasm, superstition, patriotism, simplicity, rural habits, courage, persecution, devotion, constancy, poetical taste, robbery, murder, rebellion, executions; these form but part of the catalogue of the circumstances and qualities which crowd on the surface of the Scottish history at the period in question! When and where has there been another people so deeply and thoroughly imbued with an habitual inspiration of lofty thoughts and lofty conduct as the Scottish nation was, when its whole soul and language, throughout all its classes, were full, even to saturation, of the majesty, efficacy, and eloquence of the Hebrew Scriptures?[1] Nothing can be quoted from any other page in the world's annals to match, for imposing effect, the demure and frowning Presbyterian hero, with his sword girt round his loins, and his hope set on the Rock of Ages—proud, and obstinate, and intrepid as Achilles—but with an imagination full of things *not made with hands*, and therefore more nobly occupied than that of Achilles. The sensual part of man was entirely rooted out of his being; the *beauty of holiness* took the place of all other beauty in his eyes; he saw the towers of Zion always rising before him, and for ever had in his ears the sound of the archangel's trumpet, calling him to the *good fight*, either as martyr or warrior. Such were the men "who looked not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture for their directions." It was then, says Jeanie Deans, that the chosen of the Lord had the privilege given to them to see *far into eternity*, as a compensation from their Master for the pains and trials to which he called them to expose themselves for his sake. Individuals, at various times and in various places, have been thus lifted up into the third heaven, under the influence of excitements or temperaments peculiar to themselves; but a vast national sentiment of this nature, causing the babe to lisp the language of Hebron, and the young woman to coquet in oriental metaphor, while she avoided promiscuous and vain dancing, even as a bird avoids the snare of the fowler, cannot be paralleled. Is there any feature in the ancient sybil finer than Mause Headrigg, "that precious woman," can match? She who "lifted up her voice to confound the Man of Sin—even the scarlet man;" who told Sergeant Bothwell to his teeth that he was "allied to the great dragon—Revelations, twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses;" who was proud of her son when she saw him "going to testify with his mouth at the council, as he had testified with his weapon in the field;" and who, in despite of a mother's affection, implored him to "remain faithful even until death, and not to sully his bridal garment." Then there are Macbriar, with his sublime sermon to the victorious Covenanters, and his still more sublime reply to Dalzell and Lauderdale when they were sending him from torture to death; and the terrible Balfour of Burleigh, in his "cave of Adullam"—with his sword with three *notches*, each notch "testifying to a deliverance wrought for the church;" a man "zealous even to slaying!" Truly, as well as beautifully, does our author say of such scenes and characters, that they "formed a picture of which the lights might have been given by Rembrandt, but the outline would

[1] It is to be observed that the Covenanters and Cameronians almost always quoted from the Old Testament: their tastes, gloomy yet grand, and their habits, severe and hardy though devout, sufficiently account for this preference.

have required the force and vigour of Michael Angelo." We must not forget the more tender, yet equally pious Elizabeth Maclure, "dwelling alone like the widow of Zarephath:" she whose sight gradually faded away, after her aged eyes had been dazzled by the flash of the shots that were the death of her last son; but who was comforted, nevertheless, in the thought that he and his brother fell for a broken covenant! For steady, manly, consistent, quiet keeping, however, there is perhaps nothing finer than the character of David Deans: he who had "features far from handsome, and rather harsh and severe, but which, from their indication of habitual gravity and contempt for earthly things, had an expression of stoical dignity amidst their sternness." Hear him exclaiming, "How proud was I o' bein' made a spectacle to men and angels, having stood on the pillory at the Canongate afore I was fifteen years old for the cause of a national covenant." But in moral dignity far beyond this exultation in his exclamation when they bring him news of his ruined daughter's misfortune: "Leave me, sirs—leave me! I maun warstle with this trial in privacy and on my knees." As for his eldest daughter and comfort, Jeanie Deans, and her super-heroic refusal to save even her beloved sister from death by a falsehood; while, under a quiet exterior, she was struggling in her pious soul with agonies such as dispositions generally called more susceptible are not capable of experiencing—how much is she above Brutus condemning his son for a breach of military discipline! Nor would any one, who has witnessed true religious feeling exemplified in the practice of humble and holy families in this part of the nation, doubt for a moment that many broken but unfailing hearts might be found to realize, in needful circumstances, poor Jeanie's hard but successful trial, and come, like her, through the furnace unsinged. Her journey to London, to beg her sister's pardon of the king and queen, confident of a ready introduction through the interest of her cousin, Mrs. Glass, who kept the snuff-shop, is as touching, and seriously beautiful, and at the same time as comic, as the adventures of Don Quixote. Here Jeanie shows herself as romantic and enthusiastic as she usually appears quiet, steady, and industrious—as intrepid in emergencies as she is humble in her ordinary habits. It seems at first a pity that the author did not send her lover, the silent laird Dumbiedikes, to keep her company, during her long journey, on his pony; but, on consideration, we find a good and substantial reason for omitting the squire—the pony would only go one road, and that road was not the London one, but lay between St. Leonard's farm and the mansion-house of Dumbiedikes. The possessor of this place is as rich in absolute nothingness as Slender himself; and Calummore hits him off, with Shakspearian felicity, at one touch—"I have seen Dumbiedikes three times fou, and have only heard him speak once."

Against the devout Presbyterian oppose the proud, licentious Highland chief, and his romantic, faithful, but rapacious and cruel followers! What a leap in an instant, and yet not beyond the limits of the national manners, nor beyond our author's power of representation! The haughtiness of MacIvor, the enthusiastic vengeance of Helen MacGregor, the hasty blood of the guests at M'Aulay's castle, are qualities which, added to the desperation of the causes into which these men rushed, as if danger increased their alacrity—and the gloomy grandeur of the scenery around them, demand the hand of a master to arrange and group them in composition, but of which our master makes pictures of a sublimer gloom than any of Salvator Rosa or Caravaggio. Yet touches of cheerfulness, gentleness, and soft beauty are constantly introduced into these, which remove all the stiffness of studied effect, and throw the freshness of nature, as well as an agreeable light, over their surface.

But the most peculiar feature in the Scottish character, which is precisely what our author has caught and given with the greatest power, remains to be noticed. The superstitious belief of certain supernatural revelations to the persecuted saints of the covenant we have hinted at; but, besides this, there belongs to the nation a more general and remarkable superstition, more poetical in its effects, and more extensive in its combinations with the social manners of the people. This superstition is of a most remarkable character, for a mystery and uncertainty hover about the supernatural principle which render it impossible to be classed either with good or bad influences. Those supposed to be gifted with it might move in the common affairs of life like other persons, exciting a sort of vague feeling of awe, but by no means supposed to have broken the bond of brotherhood with their fellow-men. The second-sight of Scotland cannot be regarded, like astrology, as partaking of the nature of scientific or learned deduction: it was not considered, like witchcraft, as a branded and hateful league with the enemy: at the same time, it received no sanction from the Christian religion, and exemplary devotion seems to have had no

necessary connection with its possession. Those to whom this sensibility was understood to belong seemed to feel it to be a fearful burden, and were distinguished among others by their deep melancholy. The spirit of the mountains and rivers appears to have been their chief master; but it is impossible to describe exactly the nature of the spell, its attributes and effects are so vague, shifting, and even contradictory. The character of those to whom it was imputed appears to have wavered between superior natural acuteness and mental derangement; to which may be added, as the general basis, a highly susceptible taste for the poetical and the picturesque. There were, however, many different degrees of the gift; and numbers there were who could not be said to possess it at all, yet who might be considered as forming lay brothers of the order. Some of these had dreams that never failed to be fulfilled, and others were afflicted with an insanity which led them to denounce judgments and hazard prophecies. Our author has made excellent use of these materials: there is not a single variety of the character which he has not exhibited; nor scarcely a combination into which it was possible to join their separate properties, which he has not made. The most perfect specimen of the second-sighted seer is Alan M'Aulay: and his unfortunate birth and unfortunate love supply the philosophy and the pathos of the phenomenon. Meg Merrilies is of a more composite order; she is the gipsy and the weird-wife, the vagrant, the thief, and in part the maniac. It has been thought that some of her introductions into the story bear too theatrical an air; but we apprehend this objection to be founded in mistake. Striking effect—even studied artful effect—always attends the actions and appearances of these wild creatures; their language is figured and poetical, their costume extravagant, and advantage is carefully taken by them of all the accidents of nature. Davie Gellatly and the Gaberlunzie man are all varieties of the same species. The former we think an excellent representation. He is "a crack-brained knave, who can execute very well any commission which jumps with his own humour." His memory is charged with old songs, verses of which he applies for satire, petition, and also warning: but the affecting touch is never wholly wanting from this author's hand:—Davie had learned his poetry from a dying brother, whom, in his decline, he followed like a shadow.

We wish we could proceed farther amongst our friends and acquaintances of these novels, for Major (afterwards Sir Dugald) Dalgetty has not yet been noticed by us; and we owe him respect because his horse was better than himself, and he knew it. There are, moreover, the Baron of Bradwardine, Mr. Mucklebarns, Dandie Dinmont, Cuddie; but to specify names, when all are meritorious, would, as the despatches after battles say, be invidious. Suffice it to declare, that they are all genuine children of their native land; and that while her name shall continue Scotland, she will owe gratitude to the author for having fixed and delineated the remarkable features of a national character, such as no other people can parallel, at the very moment before it was too late.

NORA'S VOW.

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of Nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows, (old Callum spoke,)
Are lightly made and lightly broke:
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good-wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!); and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, with lattice-windows, gable fronts surmounted with weather-cocks, and built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbour and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good-wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be for the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never even refuse to assist a neighbour in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, it was impossible.

In fact, he declared it was no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do. So that though his patrimonial estate

had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would flee to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, call the members all to nought, nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would some-

times seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on in its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene, evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys, he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked down anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cockstail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout, old

gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt, and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On awaking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dozed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He however made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew,

which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted—"The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the elec-

tion with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stoney-Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know, he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stoney-Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows!" exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I am changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper also about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort at least in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it;

some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn-door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George III., he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

WASHINGTON IRVING.[1]

[1] This tale first appeared in England in the *Sketch Book*, 1820. It has been repeatedly dramatized, and lately it has furnished a popular American actor, Mr. Jefferson, with a play which he has been performing constantly for about two years, realizing a considerable fortune by its success. This is curious in contrast with the amusing sketch which Washington Irving gives, in the preface to the edition of 1848, of the difficulties he encountered in the search for a London publisher. He issued the book at his own risk; the house he had intrusted with the management of it became bankrupt; and it was only then, by the intercession of Sir Walter Scott, that Mr. Murray took up the work. "Thus," he says, "under the kind and cordial auspices of Sir Walter Scott, I began my literary career in Europe."

ON TAKING A MAN'S MEASURE.

[Thomas Purnell, born in South Pembrokeshire, 1834. He is distinguished as an essayist and critic. The principal works to which he has attached his name are: "Herd's Metrical History of Four English Reigns," published by the Roxburgh Club; the new edition of Charles Lamb's works; and "Literature and its Professors." The latter, which may be regarded as the most important work he has yet published, comprises a series of pungent essays on Men of Letters, Criticism, the Province of the Anonymous, Literary Men in Parliament, Literary Hero-Worship, On Taking a Man's Measure (from which we quote below), Descriptive Literature, and Studies of the Man of Letters in Mediæval Times, and as a Statesman, Essayist, Satirist, and Patriot, illustrated respectively by the lives of Giraldus Cambrensis and Montaigne, Roger Williams, Steele and Sterne, Swift, Mazzini. A reviewer of Mr. Purnell's writings says—"In all his literary works he seems to have the highest principles of art in view."]

What country linen-draper, or pot-house politician, when the merits of a statesman are discussed, but will undertake to estimate his ability to a T? What young templar, as yet inexperienced in the sensation derived from the touch of a confiding client's handsel-guinea, but will exactly tell you the capabilities and deficiencies of the several judges, assign to each of them his relative merits at law and equity, and supplement his information, if you will, by cataloguing every silk gown according to its worth? We might find examples of this arrogance in every profession. In literature it is offensively prominent; but whether he confesses it or not, almost every human being fancies himself able to measure, if only by rule of thumb, those with whom he is brought in contact, or to whom he thinks it worth while to apply his attention. Every one may be candid enough to own his practical inferiority to him whom he thus unhesitatingly criticizes. He is free to confess he cannot write poems like A, or novels like B, or paint like C, or lead the House of Commons like D; yet, by some peculiar process, inexplicable, I believe, even to himself, he is firmly convinced that whatever judgment he has formed of the intellectual rank of these persons, and consequently of their performances, is invariably and unassailably correct. Indeed, the very readiness with which he recognizes his own inferiority is an incentive to self-esteem, and tends to make him set a higher value on the discrimination he has exhibited in thus discovering their superiority to himself. Strange as it may appear, he possesses a sort of inner judgment which applauds the insight he has displayed in the decision. His favourite axiom is slightly varied from that of the elder Shandy's—"An ounce of one man's judgment is worth a ton of other people's."

Notwithstanding this reliance commonly placed by a man on his own judgment, innumerable instances of false verdicts are well known. Some of these have been pronounced by men from whom better things were to be expected. We all remember Coleridge meeting at table one of noble brow and sober demeanour, and immediately concluding that his *vis-à-vis* was a man of parts. Afterwards when the gravely-comported diner expressed his delight at the appearance on the table of apple-dumplings, he forfeited the good opinion of the illustrious opium-eater, who thereupon pronounced the man to be a fool. Can anything be imagined more unjust? Coleridge in both instances judged on insufficient evidence; and in both instances he was undoubtedly wrong. In the first place for judging a man to be wise from his outward behaviour and personal appearance, and next for suddenly abandoning his first impression and considering him a fool because he exhibited a liking for apple-dumplings. In reality nothing had occurred by which the man's intellect could be measured. From what had happened only his taste could fairly be ascertained.

Such verdicts, however, founded as this by Coleridge was, on insufficient evidence, are the rule and not the exception. Men are prone to form their judgments of each other by the cut of their coat or the fold of their shirt-collar, and to gauge one's capacity by the manner in which one enters a drawing-room or carries one's head in the street. But such a test is almost invariably found to be defective. The mental and moral character of a man seldom exhibits itself in such form. The external signs from which the inference is drawn frequently depend in no degree upon natural disposition, but upon habit—*i.e.* the external force to which a man has been subjected—or upon the position, perhaps accidental and only temporary, he happened to occupy at the time when the judgment was formed. I need not waste the page by enumerating examples. You may to-morrow see half a dozen guardsmen, all unhesitatingly bold fellows, all self-contained, all equally steady; yet had you seen any one of them twelve months ago, you would, probably, have seen a waddling, loutish plough-boy, as indecisive in his movements as the most timid country maiden when walking along the streets on her first visit to London. Nor is this unsatisfactory way of judging followed

only by ordinary men and confined in its application to the concerns of every-day life. It pervades our literature; and the recorded instances of men who have suffered from its effects are too numerous to be mentioned. *Ex ungue leonem* appears to be the favourite maxim of an Englishman's criticism.

As we have seen, there is a general tendency to make a man a hero for the successful exhibition of some one desirable quality. If he has acquired celebrity as a poet, his opinion of a great-coat is likely to be taken in preference to that of an unknown writer; or, if he is renowned as a general, his testimony concerning a pianoforte is more highly prized than that of an obscure subaltern, although the latter may be a connoisseur in musical instruments, and the general be ignorant of the difference between a bassoon and a cornet-à-pistons. So, for the possession of some undesirable quality, or the absence of what is conceived to be an element of greatness, there is a disposition to credit him with being a fool. Such inferences are usually erroneous. On the other hand, there are occasions when the process—this drawing a general conclusion from a partial examination—may, to some extent, be legitimately employed. If, for instance, a friend assured us of his belief that twice seven makes fifteen, we want no further proof of his ignorance of figures, but are justified in saying he is no arithmetician. It would, however, be very unfair were we to infer anything more. If, again, our friend confessed he derived pleasure from the discourses of Boanerges, all we could legitimately conclude would be that he was deficient in good taste; or if he thought his tailor an authority in political economy, that his political education had been neglected. A man may like Boanerges, and be a first-rate cook; and he may admire his tailor, and yet be an excellent market-gardener. A certain portion of the public, however, and their representatives in the press, do not acknowledge this limitation.

I recollect, some years ago, a member of parliament for one of the metropolitan boroughs made a sad slip in his history. Honourable gentlemen smiled at the error, as was natural. But outside of the House the blunder became a matter of serious importance to the unfortunate member. Mr. Punch, especially, was very severe upon him. That gentleman (who himself, probably, would have failed to answer five out of every nine historical questions that one might easily put to him) reminded us week after week of the gravity of the offence. From this *lapsus linguæ* he deduced that the unlucky culprit was—I won't say a pickpocket—but almost anything as bad; and whenever, under emergencies, fun was wanted, he took down his telescope, peered into it the wrong way, and then proceeded to give us his representation of the member for Finsbury with his queer notions of English history.

We must look to the same source for this undue appreciation as for undue exaltation or literary hero-worship. Men instinctively like the exercise of power, especially in intellectual subjects; and, having in their nature a fixed amount of praise and blame, they must expend it with risk of consequences. Most frequently they do this capriciously, or are guided in making their decision by some accidental fact; but they must expend it, and it is fortunate for him who wishes to earn their applause if some lucky accident should occur to dispose them in his favour. It is proverbial that human nature, after too highly praising a man, revolts against its own verdict, ignores its favourite, and in time comes to depreciate him in the proportion it previously exalted him. Examples in our literary history will occur to everybody. The popular treatment of Byron is a case in point. Instead, however, of depreciating the idol they have set up, it occasionally happens that men console themselves with vilifying some would-be idol that comes before them. But whether exercised upon one person or upon two, this duality of passion —co-existing simultaneously at all times— must inevitably be expended. It happens, however, that, instead of applying the wrong end of the telescope at one time to one man and the right end at another, they content themselves with directing the right end towards the one man and the wrong to another. In the latter case their feelings of praise and blame are excited and exhibited contemporaneously.

One might fancy there is no room in literary matters for the display of these feelings; but literature here, as in most other respects, is a faithful reflex of the society in which it is produced and to which it is addressed: and the way in which literary verdicts are returned is notoriously and disgracefully wrong. The cardinal fault seems to be that of estimating a writer and ranking him according to the idea formed of him as a man; or, if he is dead, from what his contemporaries said of him personally whilst he was alive. This judging an author from the man, or, what is as unjust, the judging the man from the supposed revelations of himself in his works, is obviously a defective way of judging. Few men are the same in books as they are in conversation. A friend of the late John Sterling tells me that promising

author's works are infinitely inferior to his conversation, and we, therefore, who are acquainted with him only through his published writings, are surprised to find so much said of him, and so high a rank assigned to him, by those to whom he was intimately known. His physical debility and want of robust temperament stood in the way of his performance. The younger Hallam will readily occur to the reader as another, who, like Sterling, was greater in capacity than in energy. The clear insight of these men, known to friends, was conspicuously absent in their books. On the other hand, excellent literary performance does not insure adequate recognition of merit when personal greatness is absent. If, for example, one man's writings were ever superior to another's in wisdom and in form, in intellect and in art, they are those of Goldsmith to what were produced by Johnson. And yet what is the result? We know the one was through life—and the echo of that eighteenth century applause still lingers in our ears—universally regarded as Dr. Minor, whilst the other, seen through the right end of the telescope, was everywhere hailed as Dr. Major. The idea men formed of Goldsmith's work was perhaps insensibly influenced by what they had heard or knew of Goldsmith's life. Volatility or stupidity being considered to be the mark of a fool, it is thought the volatile man, or the stupid man, must manifest himself in all he undertakes, and that his peculiar failings and virtues will unconsciously betray themselves in his writings. The public look for homogeneity in a man, and consistency between his character and opinions. They conceive it possible, not only to determine a man's mental ability from his deportment, but to infer his moral character from his literary productions. They will not see that the literary character and the personal character may be antipodal, and should be judged apart. A man must practise what he preaches, or his gospel will be disbelieved and his sincerity questioned as well by the upper vulgar as by the lower. This was so well known to Steele, that upon relinquishing the publication of the *Tatler*, he gave as the true cause for the discontinuance of its publication, the discovery by the public of its author. "I considered," said he, on taking leave of his readers, "that severity of manners is absolutely necessary to him who would censure others; and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask." Steele might have discontinued his publication from prudential motives; but in recognizing the illogical disposition of his readers, he appears to have himself acted illogically. The public he addressed resemble those ladies who fear to be introduced to their favourite author, lest a personal knowledge of the man may spoil the high opinion they have formed of his works. They would probably consider a man insincere who argued against drunkenness, whilst he himself was a confirmed drunkard, and fancy what he said to be less true than if uttered by a teetotaller.

A man's nature is composed of so many various and often conflicting elements, that it is impossible to deduce his true character from the revelation of a single phase. We shall be puzzled to discover which is the predominant that colours and modifies the rest. The popular mind, shared in to a great degree by men of letters, is disposed to infer a man's character, not from his ordinary action and every-day conduct, but from some unusual and extraordinary exhibition, altogether at variance with his usual behaviour. If he exhibits himself in some exceptional way, it is supposed that thereby he has shown his true nature. Should he once in a lifetime act in a manner contrary to his usual custom—treat his neighbour ungenerously, or behave meanly—his friends at once, and with no further evidence in support of their view, conclude that they obtain a glimpse of his true character, when in reality he was only acting under altered circumstances. The discordancy which results from his nature meeting the unfamiliar conditions, and unsuccessfully attempting to adjust itself, is only temporary; but it is taken to be indicative of the whole man—a particular circumstance is thus regarded as the index of a complete nature.

Books are even a less safe criterion than exceptional variation in conduct. In works produced by the exercise of the art-faculty, the author displays only his intellectual power, and sometimes merely the æsthetic side of it. In proportion as he progresses as an artist will he be enabled skilfully to conceal even this from his reader. If his sympathy is wide and deep, and easily aroused, he can portray what is foreign to him with as much accuracy as if he were describing his individual nature. His greatness and his success will, indeed, be in the ratio of the ability he possesses to make his representations strictly objective. Accurate resemblance, then, between the man and his book is missing. Intellectual sincerity is exhibited; but we search in vain for that conformity between practice and precept which we have been usually taught to expect. In forming our estimate of a man's character, were we strictly to confine ourselves to a consideration of his literary productions, we should be under the

necessity of re-writing the lives of most of our great authors. Luckily, external materials exist which enable us to gain a much more trustworthy portraiture of them, than it is possible to obtain from their works. Horace wrote verses we esteem licentious; and the author of *The Christian Hero* produced a work in which the virtues are admirably set before us in their true light. Did we know no more of these worthies than is to be derived from their several productions, our opinion of the two men would, I presume, be different from what it is now. We find that the little Roman satirist, although he had a big paunch, and his hair was gray before its time, was no *roué*, and was the last man to go out at midnight and whistle at the door of a deceitful mistress. Nor, unhappily, was the author of *The Christian Hero* a perfect model of the virtues he sets up in that work for our imitation. We cannot take the measure of either by what he himself has furnished. In the case of Horace, all that we can safely infer is, that he writes as if he were what he pretends to be; and in the case of Steele, that he aspired to what he was unable to be.

I conclude, then, that a clear and broad distinction should be made in any estimate we have to form of a man, between his life and his opinions. If I have to criticize a book, it does not concern me what its author was. I have to do with his precepts, and not with his practice. If he has aided my culture, and given me advanced views of life which he himself was unhappily unable to exemplify in his own person, my thanks are equally due to him for the benefit and the discovery; and I credit him with being a wise man. If, on the other hand, I concern myself about his life, my estimate should not be modified by the value of what he has produced. If he was a bad man, I must not ignore or extenuate his faults because his works are of highest excellence. The Ayrshire ploughman was a very great poet, but a very unwise man. Goethe was a very wise man, but a very mean artist.

THOMAS PURNELL.

SPIRIT OF SONG.

Sweet Spirit of delicious Song,
To whom, as of true right, belong
The myriad music notes that swell
From the poet's breathing shell;
We name thy name, and the heart springs
Up to the lip, as if with wings,
As if thy very mention brought
Snatches of inspired thought.

Is it war? At once are borne
Words like notes of martial horn.
Is it love? Comes some sweet tale
Like that of the nightingale.
Is it Nature's lovely face?
Rise lines touch'd with her own grace.
Is it some bright garden scene?
There, too, hath the minstrel been,
Linking words of charmed power
With the green leaf and the flower.
Is it woman's loveliness?
He hath revell'd to excess,
Caught all spells that can beguile
In dark eye or rosy smile.
Is it deed that hath its claim
Upon earth's most holy fame,
Or those kindly feelings sent
But for hearth and home content?
Lofty thought, or counsel sage,
Seek them in the poet's page;
Laurel, laud, and love belong
To thee, thou Spirit sweet of Song.

MISS L. E. LANDON.

THE CRIMINAL.

A TRUE STORY.

[**Johann Christoph Friedrich Von Schiller**, born in Marbach, 10th November, 1759; died in Weimar, 9th May, 1805. An eminent dramatic poet, critic, and essayist. He was some time physician to the army of Würtemberg, and afterwards professor of history at Jena. His most notable works are *The Robbers*, *Wallenstein*, *Maria Stuart*, and *William Tell*. He also wrote a valuable *History of the Thirty Years' War*.]

In the whole history of man there is no chapter, perhaps, more fraught with instruction, both for his heart and his intellect, than the annals of his errors and excesses. On the commission of every grave offence, a proportionally strong power is brought into action. Inasmuch as the secret play of ambition, and all self-aspirations, are checked only by the feebler light of common feeling, they, in fact, become more powerful and vigorous, more gigantic, and louder in their demands. An exact observer, who has calculated how far the usual power of free-will may really be relied upon, and how far it may be correct to decide by analogy, will acquire much experience in the province of psychology, which might be applied with advantage to the rules of moral life.

There is something at once so uniform, and

yet so compounded, in the human heart! One simple habit, or desire, may display itself in such a variety of forms and directions; produce so many opposite phenomena; and disguise itself under so many characters; while so many dissimilar actions and characters may spring out of the same bias of mind, even when the being who is the subject of it suspects nothing of such connection between them.

Grant us only a Linnæus for the classification of the impulses and passions of man, as in the other kingdoms of nature, and what would be our surprise to find many, whose criminal career is confined to the narrow sphere of a little town, hedged in by local laws, connected with the monster Borgia in one and the same order?

Viewed in this light, there is much objection to the usual method of treating history; and here too, I conjecture, lies the difficulty in regard to turning its perusal to advantage, among the class of commoners, and other general readers, in social and moral life. There exists so direct a contrast between the mental exercise of the man of business, and the quiet position of the reader; so wide a space may be said to intervene, that it is difficult, if not impossible, for the latter to detect, or even to conjecture, any connection. There remains a chasm, as it were, between the historical subject and the reader, which no effort of comparison or application can fill up; and its perusal, in place of inspiring a wholesome alarm, which might put the proud and confident upon their guard, merely excites a feeling of strangeness and indifference. We view the unhappy culprit as a being of foreign species, no less in the commission, than during the punishment of his crime; one whose blood circulates differently, whose will is obedient to other rules and impulses. Though human like ourselves, his fate excites little emotion; for sympathy is founded upon a vague sense of similar danger, and we are very far from indulging any idea of common danger, any degree of resemblance between ourselves and him. The instruction passes with the event away, and history, instead of becoming a school of education, must rest satisfied with the praise of having gratified our curiosity. To attain higher objects, and produce better results, it must necessarily make choice between two methods; either the reader ought to be animated like the hero, or the hero appear cold as the reader.

I am aware that among the best histories of ancient and modern times, a number are restricted to the first method, and appeal to the reader's heart by attractive pictures, and incidents of the same kind. Such a style, however, is an encroachment upon the province of other writers, and injurious to the republican freedom of the reading classes, whose place it is to sit in judgment; while it, moreover, exceeds the due limits assigned to that species of composition; intruding more especially, as it does, upon the characteristics of the orator and the poet. The latter method alone, then, remains open to the writer of history.

The hero must become cold, like his reader, or what amounts to as much, we must grow familiar before he proceeds to action; we must not merely pursue him through his whole career, but we ought to feel gratified in doing this. What he thinks is of still more importance to us than what he does; and the sources of his thoughts and actions, than the results of these actions themselves. The earth of Mount Vesuvius has been analyzed, in order to ascertain the source of its fires; and why should more attentive observation be bestowed upon a physical than upon a moral phenomenon? Why should we not equally inquire into the qualities and situation of things which surround such a character, even till we detect the concentrated embers which first awoke the internal fire that slumbered? To the dreamer who loves the wonderful, all that is strange and adventurous in such an appearance will have charms, while the friend of truth seeks to find a mother for these deserted children. He seeks her in the unalterable structure of the human soul, and in the changeable conditions to which it is outwardly subject, in both of which he finds them invariably true. He is no longer surprised to discover in the same soil where once only wholesome herbs appeared, the poisonous hemlock spread its baneful leaves; wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, nourished, as it were, in the same cradle.

Even if I should here illustrate none of the advantages to be derived from a knowledge of motives, in such a mode of treating history, the attempt will at least serve to soften that cruel mockery, and that proud security, with which, in general, untempted virtue is apt to look down upon the fallen; while it may serve to promote the gentler spirit of toleration, without which no wanderer can be brought back—the law find no reconciliation with an offender—no smitten member of society saved from the general conflagration.

Whether the offender, of whom I prepare to treat, still reserved a right to appeal to the tolerant spirit above-mentioned; or whether he were only a worthless limb cast off from the body of society,—I shall not here presume to

anticipate for the reader. Our compassion can no longer avail him; he died by the fiat of the law; but perhaps a dissection of the criminal body may afford some instruction to humanity, and possibly also to the course of justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of a publican in the district of ·—— (the name, for reasons which will be explained in the sequel, being suppressed), who, after his father's death, assisted his mother in the affairs of the hostelry until he reached his twentieth year. There was not much business, and Wolf had many leisure hours: even from school he brought back with him the character of a wilful lad. Grown-up maidens were known to make complaints against his pertness; while the youngsters all paid homage, throughout the village, to his inventive spirit. Nature had denied him the fair proportions bestowed on the rest of her children: he was short and plain, had thick curly hair of an ugly blackness; his nose appeared indented, as if flattened upon his face; his upper lip jutted out, which the kick of a horse had served farther to displace; altogether giving to his visage a revolting appearance, which held the women at a distance, and afforded an object of merriment to his rivals, or the stouter companions of his sports.

He determined to obtain by perseverance what was thus refused him; as he found too feelingly that he could never hope to please and appear amiable. The girl whom he selected treated him vilely enough, to be sure; though it was only animal impulse which he felt: he knew nothing of love. He had good grounds for suspecting that his rivals were more fortunate than himself; yet the girl was poor. A heart that remained proof against his attentions, might, perhaps, he thought, become softened by his presents; but penury stared him too in the face, and the rash effort he made to better his condition deprived him, on the contrary, of the little which he had saved from his services. Too indolent and inexperienced to increase the business of his inn; too proud, and, at the same time, too effeminate to exchange the free life he had hitherto led for that of a labouring boor, he saw only one career lying open to him; one which thousands before, and thousands after him, have trod with better fortune—that of genteel and spirited thieving. It so happened that his native place bordered upon the preserved woods of a neighbouring lord, and he became a deer-stealer. His quarry, of course, passed faithfully into the hands of the lady of his choice.

Among the lovers of Johanna was a young huntsman of the forest named Robert. He soon observed the advantage which the free life of his rival Wolf had acquired over him, and with jealous suspicion he began to inquire into the change. He showed himself more frequently at the Sun—such was the sign of the hostelry;—his keen eye, sharpened by jealousy, in a short time discovered the source of the newly acquired wealth. Not long before, a severe edict had been published against poachers, which condemned the offender to punishment, a pretty long discipline in the house of correction. Robert became eager and persevering in watching the secret motions of his enemy, and at length he succeeded, even in surprising the unsuspicious culprit in the act. Wolf was secured, and it was only by expending the whole of his little remaining property, that he was enabled to escape the punishment prepared for him.

Robert triumphed; his rival was driven from the field; Johanna dismissed him, for he was a beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and that enemy was now the happy undisputed possessor of his lady's favours. A deep sense of poverty, united to injured pride, desertion, and jealousy, all took possession of his soul: necessity drove him forth into the wide world, but revenge and passion seemed to rivet him to the spot. A second time he betook himself to deer-stealing; a second time Robert redoubled his vigilance and activity, and betrayed him into the hands of justice. He now experienced the full severity of the law; had no more to give, and in a few weeks he was delivered up to the work-master, in the house of discipline.

A year of severe hardship followed, at the end of which his evil passions had increased, and his pride remained unsubdued under the pressure of his fate. The moment he became free, he resumed his way to his native place, to appear before his Johanna, who had grown up into a fine woman. He approached, but all shunned him. This he had not anticipated; he shed tears; cruel want stared him in the face, and his pride was broken. He besought the great land-owner of the place to permit him to toil daily for his pittance of bread; but the steward shrugged up his shoulders, and stouter competitors soon deprived him of all chance of success, and thrust him off the scene. He made a last effort; it was to obtain the poor vacant post of village herdsman; the only honest occupation remaining for him: but the steward declared that he would intrust the service to no such good-for-nothing fellow. Deceived in all his hopes, all his honest proposals rejected, he was at length compelled a third time to become a poacher, and was again

unlucky enough to fall into the hands of his more powerful enemy.

This repeated backsliding greatly aggravated his offence in the eyes of the judge, who consulted only the tenor of the statute, not any of the mitigating circumstances under which it had been violated. The law called for a solemn and exemplary punishment, and Wolf was condemned to be branded with the sign of the gallows upon the back, and to three years' hard labour in prison.

This term also expired; Wolf survived it, and was set at liberty; but he was a different being; it seemed like a new epoch of his life. Let us hear how he himself explains his internal feelings, as appeared upon one of his trials. "I entered its walls only a misguided being, but I left them a complete villain. I had before something in the world which was dear to me, and my pride was broken under a sense of shame. When brought into the fortress, I was placed among three-and-twenty other prisoners, of whom three were murderers, and the rest some of the most abandoned and inveterate robbers and thieves. They mocked if I uttered the name of the Deity; and invited me, by their example, to pronounce the most terrific blasphemies against our Redeemer. They sang the most vile and licentious songs, which, abandoned as I was, I could not hear without a feeling of disgust. Yet this was nothing compared with what I saw transacted, which carried my feelings of shame and abhorrence to a still higher pitch. No day passed without some repetition of such scenes, some piece of villany or stratagem worse than the last. At first I shunned their society, and stopped my ears as much as possible at the horrid sounds I heard: but I stood in need of some living being, and the cruelty of my keepers had destroyed even my dog. The labour was hard, and inflicted tyrannically; I was ill,—I wanted support; and when I openly declared how much I stood in need of compassion, I was compelled to purchase it at the price of my last remaining scruples of conscience. It was thus I gradually accustomed myself to the most revolting deeds, and by the last quarter of the year I had actually outstripped my instructor.

"From this period I sighed for the day of freedom; for I was burning for vengeance. All mankind had injured me, because all were better and happier than I—I, who viewed myself as a martyr to natural right, an innocent victim of the law. Gnashing my teeth, I cursed my chains as I saw the sun rising from behind the mountain beyond our prison; for a distant prospect is double purgatory to a close prisoner. The free wind, as it whistled through the air-holes, and the swallow which flew from the iron trellis of my grating, seemed to mock my captivity, and rendered its contrast with the idea of freedom still more afflicting. Then it was I vowed hatred, deep and irreconcilable hatred, against everything which bore the human form, and, horrid as it was, this fatal vow I fulfilled.

"Again, the first thought which struck me on my recovered liberty, was to revisit my native place. In proportion as there was little to promise myself in the view of subsistence, my hunger for revenge seemed to increase. My heart throbbed wildly as I first caught a glimpse of the church steeple, which rose above the woods. It no longer sprung from a feeling of satisfaction, as on my first return. The recollection of my ruined affairs, with all their fatal consequences, rushed fresh upon my soul: I woke as out of the sleep of death; my wounds bled anew; and I hastened my steps in order to confront and alarm my enemies with my sudden appearance; for I felt that I now rather coveted farther degradation, instead of trembling at the prospect as before.

"The hour tolled to vespers just as I reached the middle of the market-place. The crowd was going thence towards the church. I was quickly recognized, and every one I met drew back. Hitherto I had ever been kind and friendly to the children; and a little urchin whom I saw playing near skipped towards me, and entreated me to bestow on him a farthing's worth. He took it; then looked at me a moment in the face and flung it back again. Had my blood been calmer I might have recalled to mind that I wore an enormous beard, which I brought from prison, and which gave me a very frightful appearance; but the wickedness of my heart had begun to obscure my reason, and I shed tears of rage, such as I had never shed before.

"The boy neither knew who I was nor whence I came; yet I cried, half audibly, 'What, does he shun me as if I were worse than a wild beast? Do I everywhere bear a mark upon my forehead, or is it my lot to bear only some resemblance to man, feeling, as I do, that I can never love a human being more?'—The contempt of a young boy cut me deeper than three years' labour at the galleys, for I had done him a favour, and was guilty of no personal hatred, at least against him.

"I threw myself upon a piece of timber that lay opposite the church: I knew not exactly what it was I wished; but I well knew, and

felt it bitterly, that none of the passers-by, many of them my former acquaintance, would once greet me—no, not a single one! I was at length, unwillingly compelled to leave my station in order to seek a night's lodging; and as I was turning the corner of a street, I all at once fell in with the girl who had deserted me —with my Johanna. 'My young host,' she exclaimed, and was going to fling her arms round me. 'Are you here again, my dear host of the Sun? Heaven be praised you are come back!' Hunger and disease were visible in her whole dress and appearance; from her countenance she was evidently labouring under a loathsome disease; a single glance betrayed what a vile abandoned creature she was become.

"I speedily conjectured what had happened. A party of the prince's dragoons, which I had just met in the streets, convinced me that there was a garrison in the place. 'Soldier's trull!' I cried as I turned my back upon her, and felt gratified that there was yet a creature lower than myself in the scale of being: in fact I had never loved her.

"I found my mother was dead. With the remnants of my little property our creditors had paid themselves during my absence. I had no one, and nothing left me. The world cast me off like a poisonous weed, but I had now learned how to despise shame. Formerly I had wished to avoid the face of man, for contempt was intolerable to me; now I was eager to confront, and rejoiced to alarm, them. It was so far well with me, that I had nothing more to lose, nothing to preserve. I was no longer in need of any good quality, because no one gave me credit, no one employment.

"The world lay before me, and in foreign parts I might, perhaps, have acquired some respectability, but I had lost even the courage to affect much more to attempt it. Punishment and despair had deprived me of this temper of mind. It was the last lesson to learn to dispense with honour, as I no longer ventured to boast any title to it. Had I had sufficient vanity and pride to make me quite sensible of my degradation, I should have delivered myself by self-destruction.

"In fact, I was myself still a stranger to the resolution which I had actually adopted. I wished to do evil, although it yet appeared in dark and uncertain shapes before me. I wished to deserve the destiny to which I had been consigned. I believed that laws were so many blessings to the world, and for this reason longed to violate them. I had formerly fallen into crime from error and misfortune; now it appeared more matter of free choice, for my own satisfaction.

"With unsubdued obstinacy, my first resolve was again to turn poacher. The habit had become a passion in me; and I was, moreover, compelled to subsist. Still more than this, I took pleasure in deriding the prince's edict, and injuring the property of our great landowner in every way I could. I no longer trembled at the idea of being apprehended, for I had a bullet ready to discharge at my informant, and I was confident in the certainty of my aim. I dropped every deer at which I fired; though I turned very little to account, leaving by far the largest share to rot upon the ground. I lived economically, only for the purpose of laying out my savings in powder and shot. My devastations upon the large game made much noise; but my existence was wholly forgotten; no suspicion attached to me.

"This mode of life I continued during several months. Early one morning I had, as usual, penetrated through the furthest woods in search of a deer, whose traces I had got; two hours I had pursued in vain, and was just giving it up for lost, when I again espied it at a distance. I was about to fire, when, only a few steps from me, I perceived a hat lying upon the ground. Looking more sharply round me, I recognized the huntsman Robert concealed behind an oak, in the art of firing at the same deer. A deathlike chill ran through my veins at the sight of him. There stood the being whom of all living creatures upon the wide earth I most utterly detested; and that being was within reach of my fire. At that instant it appeared as if the fate of the whole world depended upon the goodness of my flint; the deep concentrated hatred of a whole life was felt at my finger-ends, which were preparing to level the murderous weapon. A dread invisible hand appeared hovering over me; the time-piece of my destiny pointed irrevocably to this dark and terrific minute. My hand trembled as it obeyed the fearful impulse; my teeth rattled, as if in an ague-fit; and my breath stopped, and laboured at my breast.

"During a full minute my aim wavered between the man and the deer; but the next, and the next, revenge and conscience were at bitter strife, doubtful long—till sudden passion fired my soul, and the huntsman lay dying upon the ground!

"The fatal instrument fell from my hand. 'Murderer!' I stammered out. The woods were still as a churchyard, and I heard myself plainly pronounce that word. As I drew nigh, the huntsman gave a last gasp. I saw him die.

I stood speechless over his body for some time; and then suddenly burst into a loud, loud laugh—'Will you keep a clean tongue now, good friend, and cease accusing your neighbours?'—and I then stepped boldly up to him, and turned the face of the dead man upwards. His eyes were wide open; and I stopped suddenly as I was going to speak, and felt anxious. A sense of strangeness and wonder took possession of me, and I did not like to leave the spot.

"Until now I calculated I had more than expiated my crimes; but something had here happened for which I had yet to pay. An hour before it would have been impossible for any one to have convinced me that I was not the vilest of human beings; now I began to suspect that, give me back an hour, and I should be in fact an enviable man.

"It was not the wrath of Heaven—I know not exactly what it was—that alarmed me. It was a confused recollection of corporeal penalty and pain, along with the execution of a child murder which I once witnessed when a schoolboy. There was something particularly frightful in the idea of the prospect that lay before me; I felt that I had forfeited my life. I cannot here recall anything farther: only that I was frequently wishing that he could be restored to life. I attempted to recall more forcibly all the insults and injuries the deceased, while living, had heaped upon me; yet, strange to say, my memory seemed to have forsaken me. From amidst all I could not collect anything which at all accounted for the rage which I had felt only a quarter of an hour before. I could in no way ascertain, or satisfy myself, how I had come to commit the murder.

"I still stood before the body—stood and lingered. The cracking of a whip, and the sound of a waggon proceeding through the wood, first recalled me to myself. It was scarcely a quarter of a mile distant from the highroad, where the deed was perpetrated. It was full time to look to my own safety. Involuntarily I threw myself deeper into the woods. On the way I bethought me that the deceased had been possessed of a watch; I wanted money to reach the boundaries, yet I had not courage to return to the place where he lay. Here I was startled at the idea of a devil and an omnipresent God. I madly summoned all my resolution; determined to cope with all the infernal powers, and ran back to the spot. I found what I had expected, and more than a dollar contained in a green purse. Just as I was about to secure both, I suddenly stopped, and thrust the money aside: not from any fear or shame at adding robbery to my crime; but rather from a feeling of pride. I left the watch and took only part of the money; for I wished to pass for the personal enemy of the deceased, not as his robber.

"Again I flew through the woods; I knew that they extended four German miles northward, and there joined the boundaries. I ran almost breathless until noon; the rapidity of my flight dissipated my thoughts, though the pangs of conscience returned with double force in proportion as my strength deserted me. Dreadful shapes seemed to swim before my eyes, and threatened and struck at me, while I seemed to feel sharp knives in my breast. There was only a fearful choice left me, and choose I must —between a life of restless agony, or laying violent hands upon myself. For this last, however, I had not the necessary courage, and soon adopted the fixed resolution of remaining where I was. Hemmed in between the certain sufferings of life, and the nameless dread of eternity, equally unfit to live as to die, I had now continued my flight during six hours, the last full of agonizing pain, such as no living being can describe.

"Buried in my own thoughts, with my hat involuntarily slouched over my countenance, as if to conceal myself from the eye of surrounding nature, I slowly wound my way up a narrow footpath, leading through the darkest part of the thicket. Suddenly I heard a hoarse, commanding voice, that cried out, 'Halt!' It was close to me; my slouched hat and confusion having prevented me from looking around me. I looked up, and beheld a man of a wild aspect hastening towards me. He held a large, knotty club in his hand; his figure approached, or appeared, in my eyes, to approach the gigantic: his skin was of a yellowish black, which, contrasted with the large white of his oblique eye, gave him a truly horrible appearance. Instead of a girdle, he wore a thick rope doubled round a green woollen coat, to which hung a large butcher's knife and a pistol. The call was repeated, and the next moment I felt the grasp of a strong arm. The voice of a man had thrown me into alarm, but the sight of a villain reassured me. In my condition, I had cause to tremble in the presence of an honest man—not in that of a robber.

"'Who goes there?' he said, as he grasped me fast. 'One like thyself,' was my reply, 'if thou be truly what thou seemest to be!' 'There was no way for thee here. What art seeking?' 'What need of the question here?' I replied ironically. The man measured me twice earnestly from head to foot, as if he were comparing my figure with his, and my answer with

my appearance. 'Thou speakest as boldly as a beggar,' he added. 'That may be; a beggar I was but yesterday.' The man laughed: 'One would swear,' he cried, 'that thou wouldst not pass for aught better now!' 'For something worse, I hope then,' continued I. 'Softly, friend! why are you in such haste? have you no time to spare?' I considered a moment: I know not how the words escaped my lips: 'Life is short,' said I earnestly, 'and hell endures for ever.'

"He looked at me amazed: 'May I be d——d,' cried he, at length, 'but I think that thou art very nearly related to the family of the Gallows.' 'Not very far wide, perhaps; so welcome, brother!' 'Done, comrade,' he added, as he took my hand, and then pulled out a tin flask from his large game pocket, drained it pretty deeply, and then gave it to me. My flight and my terrors had nearly exhausted my strength: during the whole of this wretched day I had never once broken my fast. I was afraid of dying a lingering death in the desert; for the space of three miles round no refreshment was to be found. Imagine how eagerly I snatched at the proffered cup, and drank my comrade's health. Fresh strength inspired me; I felt reviving courage at my heart; hope and love of life glowed warmly in my breast, and I began to think I was not altogether so wretched; such was the efficacy of a single draught. I confess, on the contrary, that my situation seemed to border on the happy; for at last, after a thousand disappointments, I had met with a being who resembled me. In the lost condition in which I found myself, I should have claimed companionship and drank with the evil spirit, in order to have some one in whom to confide.

"The man threw himself carelessly upon the grass, and I did the same. 'Your liquor has done me good,' I observed; 'we must become better acquainted.' He now struck fire, in order to light his pipe. 'Have you driven this trade long?' inquired I. He gave me a keen look;—'What do you mean by that?' 'Has this often been bloody?' I continued, as I chucked the knife at his girdle. 'What are you?' he cried, rather alarmed, and laid down his pipe. 'A murderer, like yourself, only I am but a beginner.' The man glanced wildly at me for a moment, and then resumed his pipe. 'You do not live near here?' he observed. 'Three miles hence, mine host of the Sun. Should you happen to have heard of me?' The man sprang to his feet like one possessed.—'What! the deer-stealer, Wolf!' he cried, eagerly. 'The same.' 'Welcome, comrade! thrice welcome!' and he shook me heartily by the hand. 'Have I at last got you with me, mine host of the Sun? I have long bethought me, both by day and night, to have a catch at you. I know you well;—yes; I know all; and I have for some time counted upon you.' 'Counted upon me! in what way, comrade?' 'Why, the whole country rings with thy name. Thou hast enemies; a place-man has trampled thee in the dust. Wolf! their deeds against thee cried unto Heaven for justice—for revenge.' The robber grew warm:—'Because you shot a deer, or a swine or two, which the prince feeds upon the acorns of our fields, they consigned thee for years to the work-house, to the fortress, the galleys; they deprived thee of house and credit, and made thee a beggar. Is it indeed come to this—that a man is to be reckoned no higher than a deer, no better than the beasts of the fields,—and a lad of thy spirit could put up with this?' 'Could I help it?' 'That we will look to now. But say, whence come you, and what are your designs?'

"I directly related my whole history. The robber, before I had completed it, sprang from the ground impatiently, and drew me after him. 'Come, brother,—comrade,—brave host of the Sun,—now thou art ripe for action; now thou art come in time for what I wanted thee. I will show thee the road to honour; trust me, I will; and follow me.' 'Whither wend you then?' 'Inquire no more. Follow.' And he pulled me forcibly along.

"We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when the wood became deeper and darker. There was no longer any path; its aspect was wild and dreary; neither of us spoke a word; until at last my guide's whistle roused me from my reflections.

"I looked up—we stood on the rugged edge of a rocky eminence, which opened as we proceeded lower into a deep cavern. A second whistle replied to the former, from the interior; and a ladder rose slowly, as if of its own accord, from the cave below us. My guide first descended, bidding me to wait there until he should return. 'I must first chain our great dog,' he observed; 'thou art strange, and the beast would tear thee.' He then crept down. It simply required a bold heart to have drawn the ladder up, and become again free. My flight was secure. I confess that this struck me. I looked down into the cavern, that seemed yawning to receive me; something reminded me of the bottomless pit, whence there is no deliverance more. I shuddered at the career I was about to tread, and sudden flight alone could redeem me. I resolved to fly. My hand was already on the ladder; when all at

once there thundered in my ears, and it seemed to resound like the mocking laughter of hell—'What has a murderer to lose?' and my arm fell palsied by my side. My reckoning was made; the hour of remorse was concluded; my murder lay behind me, like a tower of rock, and severed my return for ever.

"My guide likewise returned and informed me that I might go down. There no longer remained any choice: I crept into the yawning abyss. We had proceeded only a few steps below the wall of rock, when the entrance grew wider, and a number of heads became visible. Middle way between, a round green plat opened upon us, where we found from eighteen to twenty men thrown carelessly round a large fire. 'Here, my brave boys,' cried my conductor, thrusting me into the midst of them; 'here is mine host of the Sun!' and bid him welcome!'

"'Mine host of the Sun!' cried each and every one, as he sprang up, and gathered round me, while the women followed their example. Shall I confess it! the joy was loud and boundless; confidence and esteem were pictured in every face: one pressed my hands, another took me by my garment, and my whole reception was like that of a man who meets an old friend of known worth and hearty feelings. My arrival interrupted the carousal which had already begun; but it was speedily revived: a cup was handed me, and I drank a welcome to my new friends.

"Wild fowl and game of every kind formed our feast; and the cups went speedily round. Good cheer and harmony seemed to reign over the whole assembly, and all seemed to vie with each other in displaying their delight in celebrating the day of my arrival.

"I was placed between two women at the head of the table as a mark of honour. I anticipated the reproach of all the rest of their sex; but how pleasingly was I surprised at their kind treatment. Under the rude weeds they wore, I recognized a female form, lovely as I had ever beheld it.

"Margaret, the oldest and the most beautiful of the two, went by the name of maiden, and was not more than five-and-twenty years of age. Her language was very bold, and her features expressed more than she said. Maria, the younger, had been married, but had absconded from her husband, on account of his ill treatment of her. She had a lighter figure, but looked pale and sickly; and she failed to excite the glow of pleasure inspired by her brighter neighbour. Both, however, became rivals for my notice; the beautiful Margaret tried to vanquish my diffidence by her barefaced jokes; but the whole woman revolted me, and my heart became a prey to the more coy Maria.

"'You see, my good host of the Sun,' cried my conductor, 'how we live together, and every day resembles the foregoing. Is it true, comrades?' 'Every day like the last!' echoed the whole circle. 'Now if our mode of life be to your fancy, host—and why should it not?—say the word boldly, and thou shalt be our chief. As yet I am he; but I will resign in thy favour: so rejoice with us, comrade!'

"A willing *yes* burst from the whole circle. My brain was on fire; wine and ambition tingled in my veins. The world had cast me out like an infected thing; here I found the reception of a brother, good cheer and honour. Whatever choice I made, death still awaited me: here, at least, I might sell my life for the highest and brightest prize it was worth. Sensuality was my besetting sin; the sex had hitherto treated me only with contempt; all favour, and boundless indulgence here invited my embrace. 'I remain with you, comrades,' I cried out with a loud decision, and stepped into the midst of the band: 'Yes, I remain with you, if ye will yield me my fair neighbour for a mate.' All assented, not a single murmur met my ear: I became the undisputed master of a courtezan, and the captain of banditti."

The subsequent portion of this history I omit: the horrible and the revolting can have no claim —can afford no instruction to the reader.

An unhappy wretch, sunk into so deep an abyss, must commit everything permitted to human nature: yet that no second murder ever stained his hands, formed part of his confession at the rack.

The robber Wolf's reputation speedily spread throughout the whole district. The highways became unsafe: nightly excursions alarmed the citizens; the name of the host of the Sun was the terror of the peasantry; justice long pursued him, and a price was set upon his head. He was always lucky enough to escape the snares, and he soon availed himself of the superstition of the people to add to his security. His connections might well spread, they said, when he had entered into a bond with the devil, and could bewitch whom he pleased. The district in which he played his part then belonged, even less than now, to the more intelligent portion of Germany: the peasantry gave full credit to the report, and his person was safe. No one showed any inclination to meddle with a wretch employed in the service of the devil.

He had already continued this lamentable career during a whole year, when it so happened, that he began to find it insupportable. The band at whose head he was placed deceived his expectations. A seductive appearance had, in the first instance, inflamed his imagination, heated as it was with wine; but now he saw, with alarm, that hunger and privations of all kind succeeded to abundance, and his life not unfrequently depended on a single meal. He was hourly in dread of perishing of want; while under such pressure, fraternal harmony disappeared; envy, suspicion, and hatred began to work the ruin of the abandoned crew.

Justice held out a reward to any person who would deliver him alive into its hands; even though he were an accomplice, his pardon would be granted. The wretched Wolf was aware of his danger; the honour of those who had betrayed both God and man was small security for him.

His sleep forsook him: incessant deadly terror and anxiety banished all rest; the dreadful spectre of suspicion dogged his footsteps, pursued him in his dreams, and tortured his waking hours. His conscience, too, under these fears and privations, began to make itself heard, while the slumbering embers of remorse were roused into flames by the gathering storm. His former abhorrence of mankind changed its object, and fixed deadlier fangs upon himself. He cast his eye over all animated nature, and found nothing deserving his bitter curse—except himself.

Vice had exhausted the whole of its bitter lessons upon him: his natural strong sense vanquished the lamentable delusion under which he had so long laboured. He now felt to what a depth he had fallen; and the most cutting grief occupied the place of callous indifference and despair. He wept for the recovery of past days, for he felt too keenly to what different purposes he would apply them. He at length began to hope that he might recover some degree of uprightness, while he longed so much to do so. At the highest pitch of his iniquities, he was in fact nearer attached to virtue than he had perhaps been previous to his first offence.

About this period the Seven Years' war had broken out, and the levy made of soldiers was very great. This unhappy being hoped to take advantage of such a circumstance, and addressed a letter to his former native prince, from which I extract what follows:—

"Should your princely patronage not refuse to stoop so low as to a wretch of my character —should afford compassion to the most unhappy of mankind, oh, most gracious lord, give ear unto my prayer! Assassin and robber, as I am; proscribed by law, and pursued by justice on all sides, I pray for strength to deliver myself into its hands: at the same time I offer up a particular prayer; a suppliant at your throne. I abhor my life, and fear death no more; but it is dreadful to me to think of dying without having deserved to live. Surely I might be allowed to repair some portion of my past life; to expiate my crimes, and reconcile myself by serving the state which I have injured. If my destruction would afford an example to the world, it would make no reparation for my deeds. I now abhor vice, and long most ardently to follow in the paths of virtue and integrity. Bold deeds have I done: exploits that terrified my native land; yet bolder let me achieve in the eye of my prince and country, in a cause that may confer benefit.

"It is true that I here entreat something very unusual. My life is forfeited, and Justice will not listen to my voice. Still I am not a bondsman, not a convicted captive; I am free, and fear has the least part in the prayer I am addressing to you.

"It is an act of grace which I seek for. My claims of justice, were I to enforce them, would avail me nothing. Yet I would remind my judges of one thing:—the hand of law first impelled me into my present career, it deprived me of respect and honour for ever. If I had then been treated with more reason, justice, lenity, I should not now have been in the act of soliciting your royal mercy.

"Permit grace, instead of justice, for once, my noble prince, to have its course. If it, indeed, be in your princely power to soften the harshness of the law, oh! grant me the boon of life. It shall be devoted heart and soul to your service. May this be:—so permit me to receive the notification of your gracious pleasure in an open letter, and upon your royal word I will instantly repair to fulfil my duty in the city. Should it, alas! be decided against me, justice that will run its stern career, must permit me to run mine."

There was no answer returned to this prayer, nor to a second and third, in which the wretched suppliant solicited for the post of common trooper in the prince's service. His hopes of pardon being thus extinguished, he determined to abandon his native state, in order to enter the King of Prussia's service, and die like a brave soldier.

He withdrew secretly from his band, and began his journey. His way lay through a small country town, where he intended to pass

the night. Shortly before, strict mandates had been issued for the examination of all travellers, the prince having taken part in the war. The governor of this little city happened to be employed in giving directions when mine host of the Sun rode up to the place. His appearance was something of a courier, with the addition of rather a wild and revolting aspect. The hungry-looking animal he rode, with the burlesque cut of his attire, in which the time of its service was more conspicuous than its taste, was strangely contrasted with a countenance on which were impressed all the ferocious traces of passion perceptible in that of a soldier lying dead upon the field. The gate-clerk actually started at the sight of his features, though he had grown gray in his office, which, during a period of forty years, had brought him acquainted with all the vagabonds in the surrounding district.

The keen eye of the gate-inquisitor could not easily be deceived. He closed the bar behind Wolf, and inquired for his pass as he laid his hand upon his horse's rein. Wolf, however, was prepared: he handed him his pass, one of which he had plundered a poor merchant. Still the man hesitated; a single paper was not enough to satisfy our forty years' toll-keeper, and he referred the matter to the governor. This last gave more credit to his eyes than to Wolf's passport, and begged he would follow him to the townhouse.

There the head of the police examined the pass, and declared it to be correct. He was an avowed admirer of novelty, and was fond of chatting the latest news over his bottle. The pass informed him that the party had just left the scene of action where the war had broken out. Here the man in office hoped to glean some private intelligence, and despatched his secretary to invite the traveller to come and take a glass of wine with him. Meanwhile our host of the Sun was standing opposite the townhouse: his odd appearance had collected the rabble around him. A murmur reached his ears: doubts and guesses were hazarded as to the character both of the rider and his steed, and the insolence of the wretches at length broke out into open tumult. Unluckily for Wolf, the horse which everybody seemed to be pointing at, had been stolen; and he now imagined that it was recognized as such. The unexpected invitation of the police officer seemed to confirm his suspicions. He now held it certain that his false pass had been detected, and that the whole was a feint to betray him alive and defenceless into their hands. A bad conscience betrayed him into an error: he gave his horse the spur, and rode off without returning any answer.

This sudden flight became the signal for a riot: "A thief! a thief!" they all cried with one accord; and hastened after him. It was for life or death, and Wolf kept the advantage. He is on the point of rescue, but an invisible hand is over him; the hour of destiny had arrived—the Nemesis;—justice was only to be propitiated with the blood of her debtor. The last street he turned into, to effect his escape, had no thoroughfare; he was compelled to turn round and face his pursuers. The report of this occurrence threw the whole place into an uproar; crowd collects upon crowd; all the streets are stopped up, and an army of enemies cut off his retreat. He draws a pistol from his holster; the throng recoils, and he attempts to cut his way through.

"The first man," he cried, "who dares me, dies!" He proceeds; there is a long pause; till at length, an old jailer approaching him behind, seized him by the arm, and wrested the pistol from his hand, just as he was in the act of firing. It fell to the ground, and the wretched man is next torn from his horse, and borne in brutal triumph back into the townhouse.

"Who are you?" inquired the magistrate, in the same brutal tone, as if triumphing in his woes. "One who is resolved to answer no questions, until he be tried more civilly!" "Who are you, I say?" "Who should I be, but the man I have already represented myself? I have travelled far and wide, and traversed all Germany without once meeting with such an insulting reception as this!" "Your sudden flight, however, looks very ugly, very suspicious indeed. Wherefore did you make off?" "I was weary of the mockery and insults of your rabble!" "But you threatened to fire, sir!" "True, but my pistol contained only powder." They tried the weapon, and there was no ball. "Then why did you carry arms at all?" "Because I have articles of value with me, and because I was informed of a certain robber, who infested these parts, named host of the Sun." "Your answers at least prove your courage, but your innocence is another affair. I give you time, from this until to-morrow, to recollect and discover the truth." "I shall return the same answers; no others." "Jailer! take your prisoner to the tower!" "To the tower! How, my lord! justice is banished, then, from your state? I shall require satisfaction, sir." "You shall have it, when you have fully cleared yourself."

On the following morning, it was suggested

by the head of the police that, perhaps, being innocent, a harsh examination was not calculated to conquer the prisoner's obstinacy; that it might be more politic to treat him with civility and moderation. A sworn jury was assembled, and the prisoner conducted into their presence.

"You must excuse the somewhat harsh style in which we began to examine you yesterday, sir." "Certainly, when you please to apprehend me aright." "Our laws are severe, and your affair made much noise. I cannot venture to discharge you without a violation of my duty: appearances are against you. I am anxious that you should state something which may remove this impression." "True! had I anything to allege." "In such case, I shall be compelled to communicate the affair to government, and await its directions." "And what then?" "Then you encounter the risk of having attempted to pass the boundaries, and if you obtain mercy, you will be subject to the levy."

Wolf remained silent during some minutes, as if struggling with some deep internal feeling. Then turning suddenly towards the magistrate, he inquired, "May I be permitted a quarter of an hour's audience with you?"

The jury looked very suspiciously at him; but at a sign from the magistrate, they instantly withdrew.

"Now what is it you wish to say to me?" "Your deportment towards me yesterday, my lord, would never have brought me to confession. I laugh at compulsion. The difference, the kindness, of your conduct to-day inspires me with a feeling of confidence and esteem. I believe you to be a worthy man." "What do you wish to say to me?" "I find, I say, you are a worthy man. I have long wished to meet with such a one! let me for once shake hands with an honest man." "What is your object, sir, in this?" "Your hair is grown gray with years; you look respectable; you must have seen much of the world. And you must have known what it is to suffer—is it not true?—and are since grown more humane!" "Good sir, why do you talk thus?" "Yes, you are just standing on the brink of eternity: soon you will stand in need of the Almighty's mercy. Will you deny it to one of his creatures? No, you will not. Do you not yet suspect? Cannot you conjecture with whom you speak?" "What is it you mean? you alarm me." "Still don't you suspect me? Write, sir, to the prince; state in what manner I was found, and how I became my own accuser. Impress upon him that God will at the last day so be merciful unto him, as he shall now show mercy unto me! Oh, entreat hard for me, worthy old man! and shed a tear over what you write: for I—— I am the host of the Sun!"

SCHILLER.

THE DYING WIFE

TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

Theodric, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle: bear it then, my love!
And though you're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasp'd hands, in blessing you, now join;
Shape not imagin'd horrors in my fate—
Even now my sufferings are not very great;
And when your grief's first transport shall subside
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret:
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pardoning angel, at the gates of heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?
No! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts, at rest;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine:
For if you war not proudly with your pain
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit—not despair;
I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss—
The latest from my living lips for yours.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE TOWN DRUMMER.

For many a year one Robin Boss had been town drummer;—he was a relic of some American war fencibles, and was, to say the God's truth of him, a divor bodie, with no manner of conduct, saving a very earnest endeavour to fill himself fou as often as he could get the means; the consequence of which was, that his face was as plooky as a curran bun, and his nose as red as a partan's tae.

One afternoon there was a need to send out

a proclamation to abolish a practice that was growing a custom, in some of the by-parts of the town, of keeping swine at large—ordering them to be confined in proper styes, and other suitable places. As on all occasions when the matter to be proclaimed was from the magistrates, Robin, on this, was attended by the town officers in their Sunday garbs, and with their halberts in their hand; but the abominable and irreverent creature was so drunk, that he wamblet to and fro over the drum, as if there had not been a bane in his body. He was seemingly as soople and as senseless as a bolster. Still, as this was no new thing with him, it might have passed; for James Hound, the senior officer, was in the practice, when Robin was in that state, of reading the proclamation himself. On this occasion, however, James happened to be absent on some hue-and-cry quest, and another of the officers (I forget which) was appointed to perform for him. Robin, accustomed to James, no sooner heard the other man begin to read, than he began to curse and swear at him as an incapable nincompoop—an impertinent term that he was much addicted to. The grammar-school was at the time skayling, and the boys, seeing the stramash, gathered round the officer, and yelling and shouting, encouraged Robin more and more into rebellion, till at last they worked up his corruption to such a pitch, that he took the drum from about his neck, and made it fly like a bombshell at the officer's head.

The officers behaved very well, for they dragged Robin by the lug and the horn to the tolbooth, and then came with their complaint to me. Seeing how the authorities had been set at nought, and the necessity there was of making an example, I forthwith ordered Robin to be cashiered from the service of the town, and, as so important a concern as a proclamation ought not to be delayed, I likewise, upon the spot, ordered the officers to take a lad that had been also a drummer in a marching regiment, and go with him to make the proclamation.

Nothing could be done in a more earnest and zealous public spirit than this was done by me. But habit had begot in the town a partiality for the drunken ne'er-do-weel Robin, and this just act of mine was immediately condemned as a daring stretch of arbitrary power; and the consequence was, that when the council met next day, some sharp words flew among us, as to my usurping an undue authority, and the thank I got for my pains was the mortification to see the worthless bodie restored to full power and dignity with no other reward than an admonition to behave better for the future. Now, I leave it to the unbiassed judgment of posterity to determine if any public man could be more ungraciously treated by his colleagues than I was on this occasion.

JOHN GALT.

AMELIA WENTWORTH.

[Bryan Waller Procter, born 1790; died in London, 4th October, 1874. Under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall, Mr. Procter obtained general recognition as one of the first rank of modern poets. In 1819 he published *Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems*, and in 1822 his collected poetical works in three volumes. One of his tragedies, *Mirandola*, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, and was received with much favour. He was a barrister, and for many years held an appointment as one of the commissioners of lunacy. A volume of poems by his daughter, Miss Procter, was published in 1868, with a preface written by Charles Dickens.]

SCENE I. *A Room.*

WENTWORTH, AMELIA.

Amel. You have determined then on sending Charles
To India?
Went. Yes.
Amel. Poor boy! he looks so sad and pale,
He'll never live there. 'Tis a cruel lot
At best, to leave the land that gave us birth,
And sheltered us for many a pleasant year;
The friends that loved us and the spots we loved,
For such a distant country. He will die.
Remember,—'tis Amelia's prophecy.
Oh! do not be so harsh to the poor youth.
Do not desert your better nature. Nay—
You will not send him, Wentworth?
Went. He will sail
In twenty days.
Amel. How can you be so cruel?
He shall not go.
Went. Madam, you interest
Yourself too much, methinks, for this young man.
His doom is settled; that be sure of.
Amel. Sir!
Went. I say your tenderness, your—folly for
This boy becomes you not.
Amel. Away, away.
Went. Madam, while you are Godfrey Wentworth's wife,
These tender—friendships must be laid aside.
Oh! you can smile. By——
Amel. Mr. Wentworth, you
(I must believe it) jest: you jest with me.
Went. Go on, go on: you think me quite a fool.
Woman, my eyes are open; wide awake,
To you, and all my infamy. By Heaven,
I will not be a by-word and a mock

In all the mouths of men, for any——Pshaw!
I still respect your ears, you see; I——
Amel. You
Insult me, sir.
Went. Forgive me: I indeed
Am somewhat of a prude; you'll scorn me for it.
I still think women modest—in the mass.
Amel. Sir—Mr. Wentworth—you have used me ill.
Yourself you have used ill. You have forgot
All—what is due to me—what to your wife.
You have forgot—forgot—can *I* forget
All that I sacrificed for you?—my youth,
My home, my heart—(you know—you knew it then)
In sad obedience to my father's word?
You promised to that father (how you kept
That promise, now remember) you would save
His age from poverty: he had been bred
In splendour, and he could not bow him down,
Like men who never felt the warmth of fortune.
He gave me up, a victim; and I saw
Myself (ah! how I shuddered) borne away
By you, the Evil Angel of my life,
To a portentous splendour. I became
A pining bride, a wretch,—a slave to all
Your host of passions; but I swore (may God
Forgive me!) to love you—you, when I loved
Another, and you knew it: yes, you knew
My heart was given away, and yet you wed me.
Leave me, sir!
Went. Have you done? Woman, do you think
This mummery is to work me from my purpose—
My settled will? Mistress, I leave you now:
But this remember, that your minion—Oh!
I do not heed your frowning—your boy-love
Will visit India shortly, or, it may be,
(You are his guide) a prison here, in England.
Farewell.
Amel. Yet stay—a word more ere we quit.
I do beseech you (though my wrongs are great,
And my proud spirit ill can stoop to this,)
You take your malediction from this youth.
He is as innocent—I *think* he's innocent
Of the least ill toward you. For me, I am
Too innocent to sue; yet let me say,
Since the sad hour I wed you, I have been
As faithful to our cold communion
As though my heart had from the first been yours,
Or you been generous after. Once more, sir,
I would implore you—for your comfort—for
Your honour, and my name, to spare this boy.
In the calm tone of one who has not erred
I do require this of you.
Went. You but steel
My heart against him. Woman, is your pleading
Always as warm as now? By earth and heaven,
Had I but wavered in his destiny,
This would have fixed me. Seek your chamber now,
And in your meditations think how well
Your name may sound (my name!) held up to scorn.
It may be worth your care. Thus long I've hid
My wrath, and let you wander at your will.
You have grown bold in guilt; be prudent now:
Save a fair name, or I must tell the world
How ill you keep your secrets. [*Exit* WENT.
Amel. He is gone.
And I am here—oh! such a weary wretch.
Oh! father, father, what a heart had you
To cast me on the wide and bitter world,
With such a friend as this! I would have toiled
From the pale morning 'til the dusk of night,
And lived as poorly, and smiled cheerfully,
Keeping out sorrow from our cottage home.
And there was one who would have loved you too,
And aided with his all our wreck of fortune.
You would not hear him;—and,—and did *I* hear
His passionate petitioning, and see
His scalding tears, and fling myself away
Upon a wintry bosom, that held years
Doubling my own! What matters it?—'tis past.
I will be still myself: who's there?
[CHARLES *enters.*]
Ch. 'Tis I.
You are in tears?
Amel. Away. Draw down the blinds;
The summer evenings now come warmly on us.
Go, pluck me yonder flower.
Ch. This rose—mean you?
It fills the room with perfume: 'tis as red,
And rich, and almost too, as beautiful,
As——
Amel. As Aurora's blushes, or my own.
I see you want a simile.
Ch. You are gay.
Too gay for earnest talk. Who has been here?
Amel. No one; I will not tell; I've made a vow,
And will not break it, 'til—until I'm pressed.
Ch. Then let me press you.
Amel. Silly boy, away,
Go gather me more flowers, violets.
Ch. Here let me place them in your hair.
Amel. No, no.
The violet is for poets: they are yours.
O rare! I like to see you bosom them.
Had they been golden, such as poets earned,
You might have treasured them.
Ch. They are far more
To me,—for they were yours, Amelia.
Amel. Give me the rose.
Ch. But where shall it be placed?
Amel. Why, in my hand—my hair. Look! how it blushes,
To see us both so idle. Give it me.
Where? where do ladies hide their favourite flowers,
But in their bosoms, foolish youth. Away—
'Tis I must do it. Pshaw! how sad you look,
And how you tremble.
Ch. Dear Amelia.
Amel. Call me your mother, Charles.
Ch. My Guardian——
Amel. Ah! name him not to me. Charles, I have been
Jesting awhile; but my dark husband's frown

Comes like a cloud upon me. You must go
Far, my dear Charles, from the one friend who loves you;
To Hindostan.
Ch. I know it.
Amel. For myself,
I shall think of you often, my dear Charles.
Think of me sometimes. When your trumpet sounds,
You'll recollect the coward you knew once,
Over the seas in England?
Ch. Spare my heart.
Amel. I do not think you have a heart: 'tis buried.
Ch. Amelia, Oh! Amelia, will you never
Know the poor heart that breaks and bursts for you?
Oh! do not take it ill; but now believe
How fond, and true, and faithful——
Amel. Is this jest?
You act well, sir; or—but if it be true,
Then what am I?
Ch. Oh! by these burning tears;
By all my haunted days and wakeful nights,
Oh! by yourself I swear, dearest of all,
I love—love you, my own Amelia!
Once I *will* call you so. Do—do not scorn me,
And blight my youth—I do not ask for love;
I dare not. Trample not upon my heart,
My untouched heart—I gave it all to you,
Without a spot of care or sorrow on it.
My spirit became yours—I worshipped you,
And for your sake in silence. Say but once
You hate me not, for this—Speak, speak!
Amel. Alas!
Ch. Weep not for me, my gentle love. You said
Your husband threatened you. Come, then, to me
I have a shelter and a heart for you,
Where, ever and for ever you shall reign.
Amelia, dear Amelia! speak a word
Of kindness and consenting to me—Speak!
If but a word, or though it be not kindness:
Speak hope, doubt, fear,—but not despair. Or say
That some day you *may* love, or that if ever
Your cruel husband dies, you'll think of me;
Or that you wish me happy,—or that perhaps
Your heart—nay, speak to me, Amelia.
Amel. Is then your love so deep?
Ch. So deep? It is
Twined with my life: it *is* my life—my food—
The natural element wherein I breathe—
My madness—my heart's madness—it is all
—Oh! what a picture have I raised upon
My sandy wishes. I have thought at times
That you and I in some far distant country
Might live together, blessing and beloved;
And I have shaped such plans of happiness
For us and all around us (you indeed
Ever the sweet superior spirit there),
That were you always—Fair Amelia,
You listen with a melancholy smile?
Amel. Let me hear all: 'tis fit I should hear all.
Alas, Alas!
Ch. Weep not for me, my love.
I—I am nought: not worth a single tear:
I will depart—or may I kiss away
Those drops of rain? Well, well, I will not pain you.
And yet—Oh! what a paradise is love:
Secure, requited love. I will not go:
Or we will go together. There are haunts
For young and happy spirits: You and I
Will thither fly, and dwell beside some stream
That runs in music 'neath the Indian suns,
Aye, some sweet island still shall be our home,
Where fruits and flowers are born through all the year,
And Summer, Autumn, Spring, are ever young,
Where Winter comes not, and where nought abides
But Nature in her beauty revelling.
You shall be happy, sweet Amelia,
At last; and I—it is too much to think of.
Forgive me while I look upon thee now,
And swear to thee by Love, and Night, and all
The gliding hours of soft and starry Night,
How much—how absolutely I am thine.
My pale and gentle beauty—what a heart
Had he to wrong thee, or upbraid thee! He
Was guilty—nay, nay: look not so.
Amel. I have
Been guilty of a cruel act toward you.
Charles, I indeed am guilty. When to-day
My husband menaced me, and told me of
Public and broad disgrace, it met my scorn:
But have I, my poor youth, been so unkind
To you, as not to see this—love before?
Charles, I have driven you from your early home,
I see it now: I only—hate me for it.
Ch. I'll love you, like bright heaven. The fixed stars
Shall never be so constant. I am all
Your own. Not sin, nor sorrow, nor the grave—
Not the cold hollow grave, shall chill my love;
It will survive beyond the bounds of death,
The spirit of the shadow which may there
Perhaps do penance for my deeds of ill.
Amel. Stay this wild talk.
Ch. Men have been known to love
Through years of absence, aye, in pain and peril,
And one did cast life and a world away
For a loose woman's smile: nay, Love has dwelt,
A sweet inhabitant, in a demon's breast,
Lonely, amidst bad passions; burning there,
Like a most holy and sepulchral light,
And almost hallowing its dark tenement.
Why may not I——
Amel. I thought I heard a step.
How strangely you speak now—again, again.
Leave me; quick, leave me.
Ch. 'Tis your tyrant coming:
Fly rather you.
Amel. If you have pity, go.
Ch. Farewell, then: yet, should he repulse you——
Amel. Then
I will—but go: you torture me.
Ch. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Amel. Farewell, farewell, poor youth; so desolate
That even I can spare a tear for you.
—My husband comes not: I will meet him, then,

Armed in my innocence and wrongs. Alas!
'Tis hard to suffer where we ought to judge,
And pray to those who should petition us.
'Tis a brave world, I see. Power and wrong
Go hand in hand resistless and abhorred,
And patient virtue and pale modesty,
Like the sad flowers of the too early spring,
Are cropped before they blossom—or trod down,
Or by the fierce winds withered. Is it so?—
But *I* have flaunted in the sun, and cast
My smiles in prodigality away:
And now, and now—no matter. I have done.
Whether I live scorned or beloved—Beloved!
Better be hated, could my pride abate,
And I consent to fly. It may be thus.

SCENE II. *A Chamber. Night.*

A considerable period of time is supposed to have elapsed between this and the preceding Scene.

AMELIA, MARIAN.

Mar. Are you awake, dear lady?
Amel. Wide awake.
There are the stars abroad, I see.—I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?
Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.
Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?
Mar. Oh! yes: but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.
Amel. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look! above: the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had Hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing. "They said his eye"—
No, that's not it: the words are hard to hit.
"His eye like the mid-day sun was bright"—
Mar. 'Tis so.
You've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.
Amel. I hearken. Now.

SONG.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far;
And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn:—he fled, and died.

Mar. There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening. Thus it runs:—

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow:
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth Time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue Hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world,
As though I were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!

[CHARLES *enters.*]

Ch. I am here.
Did you not call?
Amel. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother (now
I take that title) in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There's one thing pains me; and I would be calm.
—My husband has been harsh unto me,—yet
He *is* my husband; and you'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago—more, more: and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
But I am weary now.
Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady; nay—
Ch. Indeed you must not.
Amel. Well, then, I will be silent; yet, not so.

For ere we journey ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you,—ever; so as might
Become a mother's tender love,—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.
Ch. I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me.
Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: These eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour—
Ch. Oh! no.
No, no: oh! say not so. I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?
Amel. No: I would caution it against a change,
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead—
Ch. Alas! Alas!
Amel. This is
Not as I wish: you had a braver spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah!—

[WENTWORTH *enters.*]

Mar. She's pale—speak, speak.
Ch. Oh! my lost mother.—How!—You here?
Went. I am come,
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia! she faints: Amelia! [*She dies.*
Poor faded girl! I was too harsh—unjust.
Ch. Look!
Mar. She has left us.
Ch. It is false. Revive!
Mother, revive, revive!
Mar. It is in vain.
Ch. Is it then so?—My soul is sick and faint.
Oh! mother, mother. I—I cannot weep.
Oh! for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her.—And has Death
Indeed, indeed struck *her*,—so beautiful?
So wronged, and never erring; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love.
Oh! thou bright Heaven, if thou art calling now
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom,—rest,
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed,—and the earth is dark below.
—And now—I'll wander far and far away
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say "I have no friend in all the world,"
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness; and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.
—From land to land I'll roam; in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past.—And now—for Hindostan.

BARRY CORNWALL.

DREAM-CHILDREN.

A REVERIE.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the *Children in the Wood*. Certain it is, that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in the wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall—the whole story down to the Robin Red-breasts—till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not, indeed, the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion, which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's

other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood, for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman—so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart, aye, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted —the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop; but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept; but she said, "Those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she, and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slily deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet, in an especial manner, she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how, in after-life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and I knew not till then

how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens, when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes, with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name" ——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.

CHARLES LAMB.

A SCOTTISH SHEPHERD BOY.

["... Here I ranne some Risk of loseing my Way, for these Moorland Places present few Lande-marks to the Eye of the Traveller, but I was so fortunate as to Discover ane Herd-boy sitting with his Dog on ane Knowll, who furnished me with all necessarie Directions, and whom I found to be govern'd by a spirit of Urbanitie and Intelligence, which was worthy of commendation in a country so wild and salvage."—*Melvin's Journal*, an. 1709.]

The moorland stretch'd around him,
The deep and silent sky
In a dreamy spell have bound him,
And his fancy-laden eye
Revels luxuriously.

At dawn of morn he started
From his easy rest,—and there
He sits, still sunny-hearted,
Feeling the gentle air
Breathe through his auburn hair.

He wearies not while o'er him
The hours of summer glide;
His fleecy flock before him,
His faithful dog beside,
And thoughts that wander wide.

Bidding farewell to sadness,
Would now that I might be
A denizen of gladness,
My Shepherd boy! like thee,
Lull'd by that flowery sea!

Oh! pleasant is thy meeting
With friends at close of day!
The smile—the fireside seating—
The tales that pass away—
The kneeling down to pray!

THOMAS BRYDSON.

STORMING OF ST. SEBASTIAN'S.

[Rev. George Robert Gleig, born 1796. His father was the Right Rev. George Gleig, LL.D., Bishop of Brechin, and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. He was educated at Glasgow and Oxford. He became chaplain of Chelsea Hospital in 1844, and was subsequently appointed chaplain-general of the army, a prebendary of St. Paul's, and inspector-general of military schools. Mr. Gleig has distinguished himself as a writer of fiction, biography, and history. The *Subaltern*, from which the following narrative is extracted, was one of his most spirited productions. He died in 1888.]

St. Sebastian's occupies a neck of land which juts into the sea, being washed on two sides by the waters of the Bay of Biscay, and on the third by the river Gurumea. This stream, though inconsiderable in respect of width, cannot be forded, at least near the town, except at the time of low tide; it therefore adds not a little to the general strength of the place. But the strength of the place consists far more in the great regularity and solidity of its fortifications than in its natural situation. Across the isthmus, from the river to the bay, is erected a chain of stupendous masonry, consisting of several bastions and towers, connected by a well-sheltered curtain, and covered by a ditch and glacis, whilst the castle, built upon a high hill, completely commands the whole, and seems to hold the town, and everything in it,

entirely at its mercy. The scenery around St. Sebastian's is, in the highest degree, interesting and fine. As has been already mentioned, the ground, beginning to rise on all sides about a mile and a half from the glacis, is soon broken into hill and valley, mountain and ravine. Numerous orchards are, moreover, planted upon the lowest of these heights, with here and there a vineyard, a chateau, and a farm-house; whilst far off, in the background, are seen the rugged tops of the Quatracone, and the other gigantic mountains which overhang the Bidassoa, and divide Spain from France. The tents of the besiegers were placed upon the lower range of hills, about two miles and a half distant from the town. Of course, they were so pitched as that they should be, as far as possible, hidden from the enemy, and for this purpose the uneven nature of the country happily sufficed. They stood for the most part among the orchards just alluded to, and in the valleys and ravines with which the place abounded. Leading from them to the first parallel, were cut various covered ways, that is, roads sunk in the ground so far as that troops might march along without exposing themselves to the fire of the enemy; and the parallel itself was drawn almost upon the brow of the ridge. Here, or rather in the ruined convent of St. Bartholeme, was established the principal magazine of powder, shot, working-tools, and other necessaries for the seige; and here, as a matter of course, the reserve, or main body of the piquet-guard, was stationed. The first parallel extended some way beyond the town, on both sides, and was connected with the second, as that again was with the third, by other covered ways, cut in an oblique direction towards the enemy's works; but no sap had been attempted. The third parallel, therefore, completed the works of the besiegers, and it was carried within a few hundred yards of the foot of the rampart. In each of these batteries were built, as well as on the brows of all the surrounding heights, but as yet they were masked by slight screens of sand and turf, though the guns were placed once more in many of them, and the rest were rapidly filling.

There is no species of duty in which a soldier is liable to be employed so galling, or so disagreeable, as a siege; not that it is deficient in causes of excitement, which, on the contrary, are in hourly operation; but it ties him so completely down to one spot, and breaks in so repeatedly upon his hours of rest, and exposes him so constantly to danger, and that, too, at times and in places where no honour is to be gained, that we cannot greatly wonder at the feelings of absolute hatred which generally prevail, among the privates at least of a besieging army, against the garrison which does its duty to its country by holding out to the last extremity. On the present occasion I found much of that tone of mind among the various brigades which lay before St. Sebastian's. They could not forgive the French garrison, which had now kept them during six weeks at bay, and they burned with anxiety to wipe off the disgrace of a former repulse; there was, therefore, little mention made of *quarter*, whenever the approaching assault chanced to be alluded to.

The governor of St. Sebastian's was evidently a man of great energy of mind, and of very considerable military talent. Everything which could be done to retard the progress of the siege he had attempted; the breach which had been effected previous to the first assault was now almost entirely filled up, whilst many new works were erected, and what was not, perhaps, in strict accordance with the rules of modern warfare—they were erected by British prisoners. We could distinctly see these poor fellows labouring at their task in full regimentals, and the consequence was, that they were permitted to labour on without a single gun being turned against them. Nor was this all that was done to annoy the assailants—night after night petty sorties were made, with no other apparent design than to disturb the repose and to harass the spirits, of the besiegers; for the attacking party seldom attempted to advance farther than the first parallel, and it was uniformly beaten back by the piquets and reserve.

During the last ten days, the besieging army had been busily employed in bringing up ammunition, and in dragging into battery one of the most splendid trains of heavy ordnance which a British general has ever had at his command. On the evening of the 26th, these matters were completed; no fewer than sixty pieces of artillery, some of them sixty-four, and none of lighter metal than eighteen pounders, were mounted against the town, whilst twenty mortars of different calibre prepared to scatter death among its defenders, and bid fair to reduce the place itself to a heap of ruins. These arrangements being completed, it was deemed prudent, previous to the opening of the batteries, to deprive the enemy of a little redoubt which stood upon an island in the harbour, and in some degree enfiladed the trenches. For this service a detachment, consisting of a hundred men, a captain, and two subalterns, were allotted, who, filing from the camp soon after nightfall, embarked in the boats of the

crusiers; here they were joined by a few seamen and marines, under the command of a naval officer, and having made good their landing under cover of darkness, they advanced briskly to the assault. The enemy were taken completely by surprise—only a few shots were fired on either side, and in the space of five minutes the small fort, mounting four guns, with an officer and thirty men as its garrison, surrendered, or rather were taken possession of by the assailants. So trifling, indeed, was the resistance offered by the French garrison, that it disturbed not the slumbers of the troops in camp. The night of the 26th, accordingly, passed by in quiet, but as soon as the morning of the 27th dawned affairs assumed a very different appearance. Soon after daybreak, a single shell was thrown from the heights on the right of the town, as a signal for the batteries to open, and then a most tremendous cannonade began. The first salvo, indeed, was one of the finest things of the kind I ever witnessed. Without taking the trouble to remove the slight covering of sand and turf which masked the batteries, the artillerymen, laying their guns by such observations as small apertures left for the purpose enabled them to effect, fired upon the given signal, and thus caused the guns to clear a way for themselves in their future discharges; nor were these tardy in occurring. So rapid, indeed, were the gunners in their movement, and so unintermitting the fire which they kept up from morning till night, during the whole of the 27th, the 28th, the 29th, and 30th, that by sunset on the latter day, not only was the old breach reduced to its former dilapidated condition, but a new and a far more promising breach was effected.

In the meantime, however, the enemy had not been remiss in their endeavours to silence the fire of the besiegers, and to dismount their guns. They had, indeed, exercised their artillery with so much good-will, that most of the cannon found in the place, after its capture, were unserviceable, being melted at the touch-holes, or otherwise damaged from too frequent use. But they fought, on the present occasion, under every imaginable disadvantage; for not only was our artillery much more than a match for theirs, but our advanced trenches were lined with troops, who kept up an incessant and deadly fire of musketry upon the embrasures. The consequence was, that the fire from the town became every hour more and more intermitted, till, long before mid-day, on the 28th, the garrison attempted no further resistance, than by the occasional discharge of a mortar from beneath the ramparts.

I have said, that, by sunset on the 30th, the old breach was reduced to its former dilapidated state, and a new and a more promising one effected. It will be necessary to describe, with greater accuracy than I have yet done, the situation and actual state of these breaches. The point selected by Sir Thomas Graham as most exposed, and offering the best mark to his breaching artillery, was that side of the town which looked towards the river. Here there was no ditch, nor any glacis, the waters of the Gurumea flowing so close to the foot of the wall, as to render the one useless, and the other impracticable. The rampart itself was consequently bare to the fire of our batteries, and as it rose to a considerable height, perhaps twenty or thirty feet above the plain, there was every probability of its soon giving way to the shock of the battering guns. But the consistency of that wall is hardly to be imagined by those who have never beheld it. It seemed, indeed, as if it were formed of one solid rock; and hence the breach, which, to the eye of one who examined it only from without, appeared at once capacious, and easy of ascent, proved, when attacked, to be no more than a partial dilapidation of the exterior face of the masonry. Nor was this all. The rampart gave way, not in numerous small fragments such as might afford a safe and easy footing to those who were to ascend, but in huge masses, which, rolling down like crags from the face of a precipice, served to impede the advance of the column almost as effectually as if they had not fallen at all. The two breaches were about a stone's-throw apart the one from the other. Both were commanded by the guns of the castle, and both were flanked by projections in the town wall. Yet such was the path by which our troops must proceed, if any attempt should be made to carry the place by assault. That this attempt would be made, and that it certainly would be made on the morrow, every man in the camp was perfectly aware. The tide promised to answer about noon; and noon was accordingly fixed upon as the time of attack, and the question therefore was, who by the morrow's noon would be alive, and who would not. Whilst this surmise very naturally occupied the minds of the troops in general, a few more daring spirits were at work, devising means for furthering the intended assault, and securing its success. Conspicuous among these was Major Snodgrass, an officer belonging to the 52d British Regiment, but who commanded on the present occasion a battalion of Portuguese. Up to the present night, only one ford, and that at some little distance from both

breaches, had been discovered. By examining the stream as minutely as it could be examined by a telescope, and from a distance, Major Snodgrass had conceived the idea that there must be another ford, so far above the one already known, as to carry those who should cross by it at once to the foot of the smaller breach. Though the moon was in her first quarter, and gave a very considerable light, he devoted the whole of the night of the 30th to a personal trial of the river; and he found it, as he expected to find it, fordable at low water immediately opposite to the smaller breach. By this ford he accordingly crossed, the water reaching somewhat above his waist. Nor was he contented with having ascertained this fact; he clambered up the face of the breach at midnight, gained its summit, and looked down upon the town. How he contrived to elude the vigilance of the French sentinels, I know not; but that he did elude them, and that he performed the gallant act which I have just recorded, is familiarly known to all who served at the siege of St. Sebastian's. So passed the night of the 30th, a night of deep anxiety to many, and of high excitement to all; and many a will was made, as soldiers make their wills, before morning. About an hour before day, the troops were, as usual, under arms—and then the final orders were given for the assault. The division was to enter the trenches about ten o'clock, in what is called light marching order; that is, leaving their knapsacks, blankets, &c., behind, and carrying with them only their arms and ammunition; and the forlorn hope was to prepare to move forward as soon as the tide should appear sufficiently low to permit their crossing the river. This post was assigned to certain detachments of volunteers, who had come down from the various divisions of the main army, for the purpose of assisting in the assault of the place. These were to be followed by the 1st, or royal regiment of foot; that by the 4th; that by the 9th, and it again by the 47th; whilst several corps of Portuguese were to remain behind as a reserve, and to act as circumstances should require, for the support or cover of the assailing brigades. Such were the orders issued at daybreak on the 30th of August, and these orders all who heard them cheerfully prepared to obey.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lowering and sulphureous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness, too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle on the hillside, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though this was enough to divert our attention. The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench about half-past ten o'clock. The tide, which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety such as he only can imagine who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something not only interesting, but novel, in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, from the castle and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches; whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There, an officer could, from time to time, be distinguished leaning his telescope over the top of the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, and prying with deep attention into our arrangements. Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches, a procedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced a soldier as that distinguished corps has produced. I allude to Sir Richard Fletcher, chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head only a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader anything like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems

an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the throne of grace. On such occasions little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks —the officers upon their swords; and few words, except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy, having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; insomuch, that in the space of two minutes, the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on. The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause, besides, the men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; our front ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful. At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back. Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *élite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive, the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly suc-

ceeded by a smoke so dense as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havock which had been produced; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards. The state of stupefaction into which they were at first thrown did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprang over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes which are witnessed only in a successful storm, of flight, and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed; till, finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town. To reach the streets, they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; they were literally driven from house to house, and street to street, nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased. Then, however, the governor, with little more than a thousand men, retired into the castle; whilst another detachment, of perhaps two hundred, shut themselves up in a convent.

As soon as the fighting began to wax faint, the horrors of plunder and rapine succeeded. Fortunately, there were few females in the place; but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even now think without a shudder. The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces, wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers; nor is it by any means certain that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them back to a sense of subordination.

Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from burning houses, which, one after another, took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St. Sebastian's as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain; long before midnight, it was one sheet of flame; and by noon on the following day little remained of it, except its smoking ashes. The houses, being lofty like those in the old town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first, some attempts were made to extinguish it; but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered was, how personally to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till at last houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest to the majority. The spectacle which these presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling upon them from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wall; there another more provident stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party, rolling a cask of wine or spirits before them, with loud acclamations; which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredibly short space of time emptied of its contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh, and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or deep moans of the wounded, and the unintermitted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert as no man who listened to it can ever forget. Of these various noises, the greater number began gradually to subside as night passed on; and long before dawn there was a fearful silence. Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army—of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago, many had expired; and the very fire had almost wasted itself by consuming everything upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathing of the sleepers; and even that was soon heard no more.

THE BELL AT SEA.

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, on the coast of Fife, used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has since been erected there.]

When the tide's billowy swell
Had reached its height,
Then toll'd the rock's lone bell
Sternly at night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

MRS. HEMANS.

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION,

Seen at Star-Cross, in Devonshire, the 23d of July, 1823.

"'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aerial semblance and an empty shade."

POPE.

I am perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when, in the present age of incredulity, I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fulness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an apparition. Impostor and visionary, knave and fool—these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cocklane Ghost down to the Rev. Mr. Colton and the Sampford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public, or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splenetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

The author of the *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth* represents Berkeley as teaching us "that external objects are nothing but ideas in our minds; that matter exists not but in our minds; and that, independent of us and our faculties, the earth, the sun, and the starry heavens have no existence at all; that a lighted candle is not white, nor luminous, nor round, nor divisible, nor extended; but that, for anything we know, or can ever know to the contrary, it may be an Egyptian pyramid, the King of Prussia, a mad dog, the island of Madagascar, Saturn's ring, one of the Pleiades, or nothing at all." If this be a faithful representation of Berkeley's theory, it may be adduced as a striking illustration of the perversity of human reason that such a man should be deemed a philosopher, and persuade bishops and divines, in spite of the evidence of their senses, to adopt his notions and deny the existence of matter; while the poor wight who, in conformity to the evidence of *his* senses, maintains the existence of a disembodied spirit, is hooted and run down as a driveller and a dotard. Dr. Johnson's argument, that the universal belief in ghosts, in all ages and among all nations, confirms the fact of their apparition, is futile and inconclusive; for the same reasoning would establish the truth of necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and other superstitions: but the opposers of this belief not only brand as impostors all those who relate their own experiences of its confirmation; they not only repudiate the Agathodæmon of Socrates, and slight the averment of Scripture, that Saul desired the witch of Endor to raise up the spirits of those whom he should name, but they deny even the possibility of

the fact. To admit a posthumous existence in the next world, and reject the competency of nature to accomplish a similar mystery in *this*, is surely an unwarranted limitation of her powers. Who shall circumscribe the metamorphoses of our being? When we start from the antenatal void into existence, the change is certainly wonderful; but it is still more strange, startling, and incomprehensible when we quit life in the fulness of intellect and return into the invisible world. In the first case we advance from nonentity to a very confined state of consciousness, to an animal existence, for an infant has no mind. That celestial portion of our system is evolved by the painful elaboration of time and of our own efforts; it requires a series of years to perfect its inscrutable development: and is this sublime image and emanation of the Deity to be suddenly, instantly degraded into a clod of earth, an inert lump of matter, without undergoing any intermediate state of existence between death and final resurrection? Abstract theory sanctions the supposition of ghosts; and by what authority do we gainsay those who solemnly declare that they have beheld them? They never appear, it is urged, to more than one person at a time, which is a strong presumption of individual falsehood or delusion. How so? this may be the law of their manifestation. If I press the corners of my eyes, I see consecutive circles of light, like a rainbow; nobody else can discern them—but will it be therefore maintained that I do not? It is notorious that in dreams objects are presented to us with even a more vivid distinctness than they assume to the visual organ; but it would be idle to assert that those configurations were not presented to us because they were invisible to others. Our waking eyes may indeed be made the "fools of our other senses, or else worth all the rest:" granted; but still you may give us credit for the sincerity of our relation, for we pretend not to describe apparitions that other men have seen, but those which we ourselves have witnessed.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization which insures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom: Nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary, and everything seems to harmonize with their infliction: but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantations strewed with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth; here a noble tree laid prostrate, and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil (which were familiar objects in July last), is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dulness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend, Mr. George Staples of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression; not so much from the possession of any wit or humour as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no farther notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend,

informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence; I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass-door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony: mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognized the apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but, taken as I was by surprise, I confess that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and, as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But, in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? *He* could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontestable that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished; for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there, in the full glare of day, did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed.

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision; but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?" when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"A leg of mutton and caper sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me." "Good God!" I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really dead?" "No more than you are," replied the figure: "some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples of Castle Street, not me, nor even one of my relations; so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a

chicken, which explained his terror and his crouching to me for protection when he recognized his chastiser.

HORACE SMITH.

BE GOOD.[1]

God does not say, "Be beautiful," "Be wise,"
Be aught that man in man will overprize;
Only, "Be Good," the tender Father cries.

We seek to mount the still ascending stair
To greatness, glory, and the crowns they bear:
We mount to fall heart-sickened in despair.

The purposes of life misunderstood
Baffle and wound us, but God only would
That we should heed his simple words, "Be Good."

WILLIAM SAWYER.

MEAN AND GREAT FIGURES MADE BY SEVERAL PERSONS.

I.

OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE GREAT FIGURES IN SOME PARTICULAR ACTION OR CIRCUMSTANCE OF THEIR LIVES.

Alexander the Great, after his victory, at the straits of Mount Taurus, when he entered the tent, where the Queen and the Princesses of Persia fell at his feet.

Socrates, the whole last day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poison, until the moment he expired.

Cicero, when he was recalled from his banishment, the people through every place he passed meeting him with shouts of joy and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word of honour—although he knew he must be put to a cruel death, for advising the Romans to pursue their war with that commonwealth.

Scipio the Elder, when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.

The same Scipio when he and Hannibal met before the battle, if the fact be true.

Cincinnatus, when the messengers sent by the Senate to make him dictator, found him at the plough.

Epaminondas, when the Persian ambassador came to his house, and found him in the midst of poverty.

Virgil, when, at Rome, the whole audience rose up, out of veneration, as he entered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved mistress's head on a stage erected for that purpose, to convince his soldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hyde Park.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato, of Utica, when he provided for the safety of his friends, and had determined to die.

Sir Thomas More, during his imprisonment, and at his execution.

Marius, when the soldier sent to kill him in the dungeon was struck with so much awe and veneration that his sword fell from his hand.

Douglas, when the ship he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, because it should not be said, that one of his family ever quitted their post.

II.

OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE A MEAN CONTEMPTIBLE FIGURE IN SOME ACTION OR CIRCUMSTANCE OF THEIR LIVES.

Antony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the sea-shore in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share of the Triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refused the kingship out of fear.

Perseus, King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph.

Richard the Second of England, after he was deposed.

King James the Second of England, when the Prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William the Third of England, when he sent to beg the House of Commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refused.

Queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Muscovy on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed here on that prince's ambassador.

[1] From *Ten Miles from Town, with other Poems*, by William Sawyer: London, 1867.

The Lord-Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his duchess's gold key to the queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch lord gave him a lash with a whip at Newmarket, in presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles the Second of England, when he entered into the second Dutch war; and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip the Second of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth, when he resigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reasons.

King Charles the First of England, when, in gallantry to his queen, he thought to surprise her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed into her breast, and tore her flesh with the tongue; upon which she drew it out, and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the parliament general, at the time of King Charles' trial.

Julius Cæsar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted for joy to see him decline it; which he never offered to do, till he saw their dislike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome, at the entreaty of his mother.

Hannibal, at Antiochus' court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when in a quarrel upon the stage he was run into his breast, which he opened and showed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing.

The Count de Bussy Rabutin, when he was recalled to court after twenty years' banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure he did in his youth.

SWIFT.

TO THE LARK.

[Mrs. Anna Laetitia Barbauld, born in Kibworth Harcourt, Leicestershire, 29th June, 1743; died 9th March, 1825. She was the only daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, D.D. Her husband was latterly pastor of the Unitarian Congregation, Newington Green, London. Although she employed her pen on diverse subjects, she is chiefly remembered by her educational and devotional works for the young.]

Mount, child of morning, mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms:
Bathed in the fountains of the dew
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far shower'd around, the hill, the plain
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes, and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will;
'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
Like thy own plumes along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
No track behind them as they fly
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
I vainly thought to soar:
To snatch from fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.
——Alas! th' unbidden sigh will rise.
Those days shall dawn no more.

How glorious rose life's morning star;
In bright procession round her car,
How danced the heavenly train!
Truth beckon'd from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love look'd smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion pass'd;—
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
It melted from my gaze.
And, narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While pride forbade the starting tear
Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed;
One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here,—
Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on! sing on! What heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
But needs must sympathize!
As from some cherub of the sky
I hail thy morning melody.
——Oh! could I mount with thee on high
And share thy ecstasies!

ELEGY—WRITTEN IN SPRING.

[Michael Bruce was born at Kinnesswood, parish of Portmoak, county of Kinross, on the 27th of March 1746. His father was a humble tradesman, a weaver. The dreariest poverty and obscurity hung over the poet's infancy, but the elder Bruce was a good and pious man, and trained his children to a knowledge of their letters, and a deep sense of religious duty. In the summer months, Michael was put out to herd cattle. His education was retarded by his employment; but his training as a poet was benefited by solitary communion with nature, amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven and its fine old ruined castle. When he had arrived at his fifteenth year, the poet was judged fit for college, and at this time a relation of his father died, leaving a legacy of 200 merks Scots, or £11, 2*s.* 2*d.* sterling. This sum the old man piously devoted to the education of his favourite son, who proceeded with it to Edinburgh, and was enrolled a student of the university. He afterwards removed to Forest Hill, near Alloa, where he taught for some time with no better success. His school-room was low-roofed and damp, and the poor youth, confined for five or six hours a day in this unwholesome atmosphere, depressed by poverty and disappointment, soon lost health and spirits. He wrote his poem of "*Lochleven*" at Forest Hill, but was at length forced to return to his father's cottage, which he never again left. A pulmonary complaint had settled on him, and he was in the last stage of consumption. With death full in his view, he wrote his "*Elegy*," the finest of all his productions. He was pious and cheerful to the last, and died on the 5th of July 1767, aged twenty-one years and three months. His Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at Jer xxii. 10: 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him.' So blameless a life could not indeed be contemplated without pleasure, but its premature termination must have been a heavy blow to his aged parents, who had struggled in their poverty to nurture his youthful genius.

"*The Last Day*" is another poem by Bruce in blank verse, but is inferior to "*Lochleven*." In poetical beauty and energy, as in biographical interest, his latest effort the "*Elegy*," must ever rank the first in his productions. With many weak lines and borrowed ideas, this poem impresses the reader, and leaves him to wonder at the fortitude of the youth, who, in strains of such sensibility and genius, could describe the cheerful appearances of nature, and the certainty of his own speedy dissolution.]

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days;
I feared no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease;
Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now, spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The wingèd moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes:
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

THE DEAD.

[Dr. John Langhorne (1735–1779) was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland, and held the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Clerkenwell, in London. He afterwards obtained a prebend's stall in Wells Cathedral, and was much admired as a preacher. Langhorne wrote various prose works, the most successful of which was his "*Letters of Theodosius and Constantia;*" and in conjunction with his brother, he published a translation of Plutarch's Lives, which still maintains its ground.]

Of them, who wrapt in earth are cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

Why else the o'ergrown paths of time,
Would thus the lettered sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

Why seeks he with unwearied toil,
Through Death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead Oblivion into day?

'Tis nature prompts by toil or fear,
Unmoved to range through Death's domain;
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children's story told again!

A FAREWELL HYMN TO THE VALLEY OF IRWAN.

Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where Fancy led,
And soothed me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red:
No longer I their sweets inhale.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening closed my careless eye!
How oft, along those banks I've strayed,
And watched the wave that wandered by
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away;
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale.

ADDRESS TO A WIFE.

Oh, hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove,
My heart were truly desolate
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth.

Thomas Haynes Bayley.

THE BATTLE OF GARSCUBE.[1]

[John Strang, LL.D., born in Glasgow, 1795, died there 8th December, 1863. As a local historian he earned considerable reputation; and his *Glasgow and its Clubs*, full of amusing anecdotes, gossip, and sketches of men and places, has obtained much more than local popularity. Having inherited a moderate competence, he devoted much time to continental travel and to the study of continental literature and art. As the results of this study, he published the *Life of Theodore Karl Körner*, with translated specimens of his poetry; *Tales of Humour and Romance*, from the German of Hoffman and others; *Germany in 1831*; and *Travelling Notes of an Invalid in Search of Health*. He also was the first to venture upon the issue of a daily paper in Glasgow, and the *Day* was continued for six months under his direction (1832). In 1834 he was appointed City Chamberlain, and in this office onerously performed one of the greatest services to his native city, by collecting and arranging the annual reports of its vital, social, and commercial statistics.]

Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem.—PLAUTUS

The sun had not long poured down its enlivening beams upon the spires and streets of Glasgow, when the loud knock of Ritchie Falconer, the barber, made me start from the blankets, and throw myself into my calico dressing-gown. In these halcyon days every nose in the western metropolis of Scotland, from the lord-provost to Bell Geordie, was daily or hebdomadally in the hands of the barber.—Silver-tempered razors, almond shaving-soap, and patent strops were in the womb of futurity; and however urgent the necessity might be of then ridding one's self of what has since become so fashionable, a man would as soon have tried to amputate his own limb as have attempted to draw a razor athwart his own face. The *friseurs* of that period, although they could not boast of the elegant scratch-wigs which cover the phrenological developments of our modern *perruquiers*, had bumps upon their frontal *sinuses* which indicated something more than a mere acquaintanceship with bear's-grease and honey-water. They were generally fellows of wit and observation, had got what was called a *grammar-school* education, and mindful of their former corporation connection with the men of the scalpel and lancet, conceived it becoming to sport as much of the Latin which Rector Barr had whipped into them as could easily be squeezed into their morning colloquies. The fact is, a Glasgow Strap of last century prated more of the virtues of Miltiades than those of Macassar, and ingratiated himself more by the raciness of his conversation than by the starch of his cravat or the sabre-cut of his whiskers. Besides all this, everything that was transacted in the city was as well known to him as it was to the prying and hawk-eyed editors—alas! now defunct—of the *Journal* and *Mercury*. He knew the peculiarities of every establishment, from the *blue-and-white-check* CORK (*anglice* small manufacturer) to the *tobacco* aristocrat, and was as intimately acquainted with the past removes at a bailie's dinner, as the projected changes at the city council-board. In short, he was little less entertaining than the Spanish Asmodeus, and not less anxiously was he looked for by his morning customers in Glasgow, than was the little tell-tale devil by Don Cleophas Perez Zambullo, in Madrid.

But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. The use of the barber's basin seems almost a fiction. The perambulatory race of Straps are extinct—the morning tale of the suds is no more.

"Good morning, sir," said Ritchie, with a smiling countenance, as he opened my chamber-door; "had a good night's rest, I hope?"

"Pretty well," said I, throwing myself into my shaving chair.

"*Gaudeo te valere*," added the barber, "as I always say to Professor N—— when I'm gaun to curl his *caput*. But, alas! there's naething steerin' in the college at the present time—they're a' awa, frae the weest to the biggest, takin their *otium cum dignitate;* even John M'Lachlan *bidellus*, honest man, is awa to Gourock. He gaed aff yesterday in the fly-boat,[2] and his wife, on account o' the high wind, is between the de'il and the deep sea o' anxiety to hear o' his arrival."

"You must have then quite a sinecure, Falconer," muttered I, through the thick lather that encompassed my mouth.

"Sinecure," exclaimed Dick, "and the deacons'-chusing sae sune? I hae just been up wi' Deacon Lawbroad, the tailor, wha threeps he maun be shaved sax times a week at this time, instead o' twice, and my certie it is nae sinecure to raze him. Od, his face taks mair time to clear than half a dozen—but nae won'er, suner or later the corporation *galravages* tell on a man's chin and mak it tender."

"But I thought the deacon had turned over

[1] From *The Englishman's Magazine*.

[2] Before the invention of steam-boats, this was the only conveyance by water to the villages on the Frith of Clyde. The voyage to Gourock, which in those times frequently extended to two days, is now performed regularly in about two hours.

a new leaf in the prospect of obtaining a magisterial chain."

"A chain! *Oh tempora! oh mores!*" cried the barber sneeringly, while he followed it with a *whew-w-w*—like that of my uncle Toby, "set him up indeed! my sang, they'll be ill aff when they tak the tailor to the council chaumer. It does nae doe for would-be bailies to be drinking *pap-in* at the *Black Boy* till twa in the morning, and havering and clashing wi' Peggy Bauldy. Na, na, we maun hae doucer pows than the deacon's to bow in the Wynd Kirk frae the front o' the loft! Doctor Porteous, honest man, could na thole to see sae mony marks o' the speerit staring him in the face ilka Sunday! But weel-a-wat there's nae saying wha'll be bailies. *Audaces fortuna juvat timidosque repellit.*"

"Why, Ritchie," said I, "it would not at all astonish me to see you yourself following the town-officers, ere many years, and wondered at as one of the wise men of the west."

"Why, sir, *at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier hic est,*" said the barber, evidently delighted with the idea, "after that thouless, feckless, senseless coof, Macsapless, ane needna lose a' heart. Well, but he's a fine han' for the provost! I'm sure he'll vote through thick and thin wi' him, and boo like ony *white-bannet* at an unction. Od, the folk say he coft his cocked hat frae Miller and Ewing twa years since syne, and what is mair likely, he slept wi' his chain the first night after he got it. But what do ye think the twa-faced body muved in the council the ither day? naething less than what was proposed in Provost Cheek's time, him, ye ken, wha lieved in the lan' just aboon the flesh-market—naething less than that the city barbers shouldna be alloo'd to shave their customers on Sunday. Foul fa' the silly loon! Had he as muckle brains in his pow as powther on his shouthers, he micht hae seen the folly o' his hypocrisy. I really won'er the provost, wha is a sensible man, would listen to sic a yawmering hypocritical body. But this is only anither proof to me, that when the unco guid get into power, they're aye scadding their tongues in ither folk's kale. The bailie has lang sat under Mr. Balfour, honest man, and the Outer Kirk folk, ye ken, a' think themselves muckle better than their neebours."

"And what are we to do on Sunday, Falconer? The council cannot lay an embargo on one's beard growing."

"*Verbum sapienti!*" replied Ritchie, taking me by the nose as the finishing touch of his razing operation. "The trade has agreed to cause their apprentices to parade the streets on that morning in white hose, and you have only to raise the window, haud up your wee finger, and, my sang! your chin will sune be as smooth as it is noo, Sunday though it be. Are decent Christian folks, do you think, to gang like heathenish Jews at the nod o' a Glasgow trades bailie? Od, I ken a *black-a-viced* lad that maun be shaved twice a-day when he wants to be particular. Do ye think it is affording 'a praise and protection to those who'd do well' to keep men frae hearing the word on account o' a lang beard? But let the deacon sleep—*Amoto quæramus seria ludo.* I've something mair extraordinar to tell you, but in the meantime I must get the curling-tongs heated before throwing a little moost (powder) into your hair."

On the barber's return with heated tongs, I immediately begged him to say what he had to communicate.

"Od, sir, it is no unco guid intelligence. Do ye ken there's an unco sough aboot rioting and rebellion?" said Dick in a canting and *fishing* tone of voice.

"Rioting and rebellion! Pooh, pooh. That must be all fudge. Meal is abundant and cheap at present, wages are high, and trade is brisk; the Scottish convention has been dissolved, and the secret societies have given up their sittings, and the Friends of the People are united against the French and French revolutionary principles. But who are they that are to occasion the dread riot or revolution, as you call it?"

"I dinna ken," said Ritchie sarcastically, "whether it will be by the freens o' the people, or the foes of the king; but if it happens, it will be by a set o' folk that are no ower weel pleased wi' the government, and really I'm no muckle astonished at their displeasure. Od, there's no mony decent weel-doing men, that would like to be shot at against their will for a puir shilling a day."

"Oh, I understand you," said I, "you have heard it hinted that there may be some further disturbances consequent on the extension of the Militia Act to Scotland."

"You have hit it," answered the barber. "Do you ken, as I was coming here this morning, I heerd a clashing and clavering maist as noisy as that in the washing-house; something serious o' the kind is expected to happen in the neighbourhood."

"Why, Falconer, I am exceedingly sorry to hear any rumour of that kind, for, to tell you the truth, this militia measure is not at all popular, and what is worse, it has been deemed by many altogether contrary to the strict letter

of the articles of Union. On this account it has been made a handle of by demagogues, and I am really alarmed lest the people, goaded on by such individuals, may commit some outrage by which they will ultimately become the unfortunate sufferers."

"*Recte, Domine!*" cried Ritchie, covering my head and face with powder. "They hae been egged on to do sae already, and what has been the upshot?—broken heads and cauld wames! Oh, it was a sair story that at Tranent. It was a black burning shame that sae mony innocent folk should be slain and slaughtered—God forbid siclike doin's here! I hope the folk will tak tent; and if decent lads maun leave their wives and bairns against their will, in defence o' their kintra, let the kintra pay them better, and look kindlier after their sma' families. Had the laddies hereaboots mair to say in the makin o' their laws than they hae, I jalouse they wouldna get sic scrimp justice. But *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, I'm maybe speaking treason, and ye ken I wouldna like to gang o'er the *dib* (sea) like Tam Muir and the like o' them. We maun keep oot o' the clutches o' auld Braxy as lang as we can. My sang! he's a gae little freen to foregather wi' onywhere, but I can tell you, I would rather meet wi' him in the heart of a change-house than at the *bar*. But I maun be rinnin. Forget what I hae been yelping about politics, but dinna forget to haud up your wee finger on Sunday at the window to the first pair o' white hose ye see, when you want a shave;" and gathering up his various implements of trade, and offering me, as usual, a *vale, Domine*, off flew Ritchie Falconer to adonize and amuse some other customer.

Arraying myself in my morning suit, I sallied forth to take my usual walk to the *Pointhouse*. The banks of the Clyde were at that period unpolluted with cotton-mills, weaving factories, print-fields, and dye-works. The verdant turf was only trodden by a few idle stragglers, while the water was unruffled for hours save by the salmon-fishing boats which paddled from Finnieston to Govan. No steamboat crowded with fashionables, and pouring out its volumes of heavy smoke, had yet waved the river's general placidity. No ship was seen looming in the distance; a ponderous gabert, a herring-wherry, and a Gourock fly were all the Clyde then bore on her bosom, and these were, "like angels' visits, few and far between."

During this really rustic ramble my thoughts involuntarily turned on the riots apprehended by Ritchie Falconer, and on the probability that the volunteers, to which I had a pride in belonging, would be called out to quell them. The melancholy affair at Tranent constantly pressed itself on my recollection, and I could not help beseeching Heaven to forfend what might force me, in my military capacity, to fire on perhaps the most thoughtless and guiltless of my countrymen. On returning to the city I made inquiry concerning the rumour communicated by the barber, and found that it had already got general wind; and in going to the coffee-room after breakfast I discovered that the idea was occupying the various knots of gossips that encircled the tables. Hearing nothing, however, but conjecture, the matter was immediately forgotten amid the bustle of business, until I was stopped in the street a little after two o'clock by a friend, who, with a face as long as a yard-stick, communicated the fact that a serious disturbance had that day taken place in the parish of New Kilpatrick, and that the rioters, when the messenger left the place, were threatening to set fire to the Lord-president of the Court of Session's house at Garscube, who had incurred the displeasure of the populace for carrying the Militia Act into operation, in his capacity of deputy-lieutenant of the county. While busily conversing upon the subject, and thinking of the means that would be resorted to for preventing such outrages, the sound of distant drums and fifes was heard advancing from the west to the east end of the city, and on listening, I immediately recognized the well-known *assembly* rattle of the Royal Glasgow Volunteers. I took instant leave of my friend, and hurried home to don my regimentals and to attend the summons.

On entering the house I found my worthy old servant in a fearful consternation. She had heard the news of the riot coloured with a thousand fancied terrors, and the result in her eyes appeared to assume a magnitude little short of a rebellion as frightful as the one she had some faint recollection of in her girlhood.

"Hech, sirs! hech, sirs!" sighed Girzy, wringing her hands, as she saw me buckling on my bayonet and cartouch-box, and examining the flint of my musket—"that I should leeve to see anither tuilzie amang freends and brithers! that these een should again look on folk fechting wi' their ain kith and kin, and murdering ane anither for the sake o' mere *ne'er-do-weels*. Peden's prophecy, I'm thinking, will come to pass sooner than sinners jalouse, when a man will travel a simmer's day up the strath o' Clyde and neither see a lum reeking nor hear a cock craw! Oh, maister, ye had better stay at hame, and say ye're no

that weel. Heaven will forgie you for sic a sma' lie. The'll be plenty there without you. Wha wud like to hae innocent bluid on their head? Wash your hands, oh, wash your hands o't! Think o' the thoughtless souls at Tranent that were sent without a moment's warning to their dreed account. How many cheerless cots and mourning hearts that massacre occasioned! Were it a wheen o' thae cruel-hearted French clanjamphry, wha murdered their king, that had landed to destroy us, I wouldna care to see you sae buskit, but to gang out that way to kill your ain countrymen; oh it's a black burning shame! Dinna gang, sir—dinna gang the length o' your wee tae!"

Seeing Girzy's anxiety, and knowing the deep interest she took in my welfare, I thought it my duty to calm her by saying, that the rebellion she believed to have broken out at Garscube was nothing but a squabble between a few farm-servants and the legal authorities, and that the mere appearance of the volunteers on the ground would restore all things to their wonted quiet.

"Weel, weel!" replied Girzy very sceptically; "I wish it may be sae. He that wull to Cupar maun to Cupar. But oh, sir, take care o' yoursel, and oh if the habble should turn out to be mair than you jaloused, you had better leave it to be settled by them that are paid for being shot at. Tak tent to yoursel, and oh be shure no to turn the point of your gun against wives and bairns!" and following me to the door, she pulled an old shoe off her foot, and threw it down the stair after me, as she said, "for guid luck!"

On arriving at George's Square, which was the place of rendezvous, I found an unusually large assembly of the corps, all the individuals of which were in high spirits and eager for the fray. On falling in and counting the files, there appeared to be the full complement. Three hundred bayonets were in fact present, and it is perhaps not too much to say, that there was no member of the corps who would have hesitated to beard the tasteless wight who denied this regiment to be the handsomest in his Majesty's service. Whether this opinion was founded in justice, or was the result of mere self-complacency, it is not for me to determine; but it is certain that this corps of gentlemen at least proved a constant theme of admiration to all the sighing spinsters around the city tea-tables; and what was far better for its deathless fame, it attracted the notice of the Glasgow Homer, better known under the every-day cognomen of *Blin' Alick*, who in his peripatetic wanderings extended the gallant character of the corps in the following graphic lines:—

"We are gentlemen of honour,
And we do receive no pay;
Colonel Corbet's our commander,
And with him we'll fight our way!"

And so they seemed determined to do on this memorable occasion; for no sooner had the gallant colonel told us that we were that day assembled to support the king and the glorious constitution, and that every man was expected to do so with his life, than the whole regiment simultaneously doffed their caps, and gave a loud huzza of approbation. The colonel was a man in whose military tactics every member of the corps placed implicit confidence. He was none of your pot-bellied, sun-shining, feather-bed soldiers. He was a tall, slender, wiry figure, with an eye that would not have winked in front of a battery, and a heart that would have bounded to have led on the forlorn hope. On observing the peculiar manner which he had of turning out his toes, one might have supposed this officer a complete military martinet; but this idea was immediately dispelled so soon as he crossed his Bucephalus, seeing that this was managed in perfect defiance of all the rules of Earl Pembroke's *menage*. Unlike many volunteer commanders, he had smelt gunpowder when it was seasoned with a goodly peppering of bullets, and had, in his youth, crossed blades with the determined foes of his country. He had been present in the bloody conflict in the market-place of St. Hiliers, on the 6th of January, 1781, and had on that occasion gazed upon the dying features of the gallant Major Pierson. The colonel also boasted in the highest degree, what was esteemed absolutely necessary to one's *gentility* in those days of Spencean principles, the character of being a thorough-paced Tory, and a sworn foe to demagogues and democrats. With many useful and amiable qualities of the head and heart, which it is here unnecessary to enumerate, this gallant officer had one foible, and it was one which, whenever military movements were occupying his thoughts, or were the topic of conversation, he invariably displayed. Proud, as well he might be, of his bravery at Jersey, he had acquired the habit of prefacing every opinion on military tactics, and every project of military operation, with a full and particular account of the whole transactions of the eventful day of St. Hiliers, and which at length became to his friends and the corps about as well known and as tiresome, as the story of the royal *disjeune* at the castle of Tillietudlem. Upon the present occasion,

this *Lady Margaret Bellenden* peculiarity exhibited itself strongly, for no sooner were the cartouch-boxes observed being filled with ammunition, than the colonel, after telling us that we were about to march to Garscube, and warning us when there to be steady and cool, involuntarily stumbled upon Jersey.

"Gentlemen," said he, "well do I recollect when, on the morning of the 6th of January, 1781, the drum summoned us to arms, and when——."

The major, knowing the colonel's foible, and aware that there was no time for the accustomed yarn of half an hour, no sooner heard the famous 6th of January whispered, than, in defiance of strict military rule, he instantly rode up and intimated that all was in readiness, and hinted that the regiment should now proceed. The colonel's thread of discourse being broken, the battle of St. Hiliers was forgotten, and instant preparations were made for the battle of Garscube. The volunteers having been successively ordered to "prime and load, fix bayonets, shoulder arms, and by sections on the left backwards wheel," the word "march" was next given, and off they paced boldly to beard the foe, followed by a fleece of idle urchins, whose reiterated shouts rendered the field-officers' steeds more restive than their horsemanship perhaps warranted.

The day was one of those more in unison with the climate of Italy than that of Scotland. There was not a single cloud in the visible horizon, nor a breath of wind to temper the rays of a scorching sun. The soldiers, unaccustomed to the tight-lacing of their scarlet jackets, and loaded with heavy muskets and well-filled cartouch-boxes, had not proceeded far on their march before every individual felt himself in an unusually "melting mood;" and when at length the corps approached the spot which was to prove the field of its fame, every mouth was as parched as though it had been subjected to the sirocco of the Arabian desert, while every eye looked more eagerly for an engagement with a tavern or a rivulet than with a rebel or a rioter. On approaching the bridge of Garscube the colonel halted the regiment, and sent forward a detachment to reconnoitre. The light company, to which I belonged, having been selected for this important duty, we immediately hurried on at double quick; and in due conformity with the established rules of military tactics, took possession, though without opposition, of the bridge, as the key to a position on the right bank of the Kelvin. On the regiment's reaching the *tête-du-pont*, the colonel looked on every hand for the enemy, but lo! not even the ghost of a rioter came within the range of his visional organs. A few idle women chattered in knots, and criticized, with apparent delight, our dusty and broiling condition, while a band of boys, seemingly just relieved from the ferula of the schoolmaster, hailed us with the reiterated and elegant salutation of "*The brosey weavers.*"

If what was to be done appeared an enigma to the corporal as well as the colonel, what *ought* to be done was to all abundantly evident. The hour, the walk, and the heat of the day all conspired in making a powerful appeal to the mind and the materialism of every volunteer. Exhausted nature loudly implored the assistance of the commissariat, while the incipient idea of laying the country under a general contribution flitted simultaneously athwart every brain, and demanded immediate realization. Whether the general idea of this foraging foray was or was not strictly in accordance with the colonel's conduct at St. Hiliers it is not necessary to inquire; but no sooner had we grounded arms at the bridge of Garscube, than a council of war was summoned to consider of ulterior proceedings, and particularly of the best means of defeating the annoying attacks of General *Hunger*, and combating the no less terrific onsets of his brother *Thirst*. The result of the conference was, that while a small party should be left to keep the rallying position of the bridge, the remainder of the corps should be permitted to ferret out for themselves what was individually requisite. Three hundred soldiers, with stomachs like those of the cormorant, and throats as dry as a potsherd, would have required a land more celebrated for milk and honey than that around Garscube. As it was, however, each individual seemed determined to cater for himself; and no sooner was the order given for a general forage, than off flew the whole volunteers like locusts over the face of the country. To sack a dairy, and ransack a hen-roost, became immediately a general occupation. At least a dozen of red coats were seen *billeting* themselves on every farm-house, draining their churns, and *stowing away* their cheese and *bannocks;* while the few public-houses that were scattered along the roadside were relieved on that memorable day of all their stale beer, sour porter, and *humphed* ham. Never had there been seen in the parish so urgent a demand for everything in the shape of meat or drink, nor more handsome payment for what could be obtained: for though the volunteers bore bayonets, they likewise carried purses; and testified a universal

desire to make the people feel that they owed their entertainment to their silver, and not to their steel.

The foraging party to which I belonged consisted of two besides myself. One of these was an individual whose round rosy cheeks bore indubitable tokens of having taken regular toll of everything that had passed through his mouth; while the other had jaws so lank and skinny, that they might have served for a lantern. The former, bating an unconquerable propensity for breaking the third commandment, was an honest-hearted Christian, and a universal favourite; while the latter was a French *émigré*, with all the *politesse* and prejudices of the ancient *régime*. Besides being a Frenchman, my foraging companion also played the *French horn;* on account of which accomplishment he had been admitted into the *band*. Having remarked some blue smoke curling through a thicket of trees, and judging wisely that a snug cottage would be there embosomed, we made a steeple-chase for the spot, and soon found ourselves in the audience-chamber of a bustling matron, actually engaged in freeing a large churn of its butter.

"Gude safe us, gudewife!" exclaimed my punchy friend as we entered the apartment, "I fin' we're just come in the nick o' time!—Lord, woman, gie us a waught o' that sour milk as fast as you like, for we're a' on the point of choking. What an awfu' het day this has been for marching!"

"What brocht ye sae far frae hame on sic a day?" said the matron jestingly, "and whan you left it, wha obleeged ye to bear sic a burden? We kintra folk are no sae taen up in sowjering—we would rather bide at hame and mind our wark. You're no come, I hope, to countenance thae fules that would tak our gudemen awa frae their hames, against their ain will and the will o' the Almighty—that would mak our bairns fatherless and us widows. It's a bonny like story indeed, this militia trade. It's quite contrar baith to the law and the gospel. If you're come to talk to the gudeman about that matter, I maun tell ye he's no at hame, nor winna be;—so ye tak your drap drink and gang your ways."

"*Pardonnez-moi, madame,*" whispered my companion, *Monsieur Coulon,* advancing towards the alarmed matron, kneeling down and kissing her hand. "*Vous vous trompez assurement,* you mak von gran mistake, madame. By gar, ve come to dis house not like dee *voleurs* to rob you of anyting, far less of *monsieur votre mari, oh mon Dieu! de tout, de tout.* We do not vant your husband at all, at all. *Ah, comme vous êtes jolie, aimable—quels beaux yeux! By gar—*"

"Tuts, man, get up and dinna be fashous," interrupted the matron. "Are ye daft or glaikit? What is't ye're haverin? I dinna understan' thae blethers at a'. See and lay your lugs in that bicker. You look as tho' you werena that ower aften at hame at meal time; and since ye tell that ye hae naithing to say to the gudeman, I maun try to bring ye something better, as I jalouse your walk will hae gien ye a drouth like the packman's."

Having offered our best thanks for the woman's kindness, she placed before us a large *kebbock*, a basketful of oat-cakes, and a bottle of mountain-dew, to which my jolly companion and I paid our instant obeisance. The "gudewife," seeing the Frenchman rather bashful and backward in partaking of the feast, turned towards him and said, "Come, come, Maister Scantocreesh, fa' tae, and dinna let your modesty wrang ye."

"*Ah, madame, vous me flattez trop,*" said the musician. "By gar, you do me infinite honour. This bottermilk"—taking a draught—"is beautiful—*superb, magnifique*—pretty well! Dis is your *vin du pays, n'est ce pas?* Permit that I drink you got-o-hel!"

"Tuts, man, what are you gab-gabbing at," said the matron, "tak your pick and your drap, and keep your palavers for them that understan' them."

Monsieur Coulon immediately drew in a chair and commenced operations; and in the true spirit of Dugald Dalgetty, tucked in what might at least serve him for the next four-and-twenty hours. Thinking that the repast on the musician's part merited a digester, I pointed to the bottle, and suggested to him the propriety of taking some of the stomach-soothing elixir.

"*Pardonnez-moi, monsieur,*" said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "Dat *blue ruin*, as de Inglish soldier calls it, puts my whole head *toujours* into one flame. I vill rader take von oder drop of de Scottish *vin du pays,*" approaching the churn, which at that moment was standing about an angle of seventy-five degrees, for the more effectually freeing it of its contents.

"What!" said my rosy-cheeked companion, "more of that stuff yet? Lord safe us! That's awfae!"

"*Ne derangez-vous pas*—I love dis ver moch, and vill now take von oder gran drink of it"—putting his head into the churn. The gudewife, seeing the Frenchman's powdered wig and jaundiced visage within the precincts

of what she, of all things, considered as sacred to cleanliness, and hearing him lapping the buttermilk, ran towards him, exclaiming, "De'il's in the worriecow, is he gaun to pollute my hail kirn o' mulk wi' his ill-fared greasy gab and moosty pash!" While she accompanied the exclamation with a smart blow on the musician's back.

Monsieur Coulon, eager at the draught, and about precisely poised on the churn, no sooner received the blow, than it threw him off his balance, and to the utter dismay of all present, was seen to pop head-foremost into the gaping vessel. The Frenchman's heels were instantly kicking in the air, while a loud gurgling noise issued from the churn that demanded instant attention. In the twinkling of an eye I dashed forward, and seized the struggling musician by the limbs, and with one effort extricated the poor fellow from his wooden surtout. But what words can describe or what pencil delineate the absurd and ridiculous appearance of the half-drowned horn-blower. Gasping for breath, and struggling for vision, he stood before us in all the insignia of this new order of the *Bath*, with a countenance whose yellow wrinkles poured down streams of buttermilk, while adown his long queue a torrent rushed from the well-soaked fountain of his wig. The matron was in the deepest distress for having been the innocent cause of such a mishap to the poor Frenchman; and to an infinity of apologies added every exertion in her power to restore his garb and his temper to their former propriety.

While Monsieur Coulon was busily making up matters with the matron and her mirror, the roll of a distant drum awakened attention, and hinted to us the necessity of an immediate retreat. Having each pulled a piece from our purse, we pressed it on the gudewife; but it was not till we had qualified the gift by telling her to lay it out on something for her daughter that she would consent to touch our silver.

On regaining the bridge, we learned that the troop of Glasgow volunteer cavalry had, previous to our arrival, dispersed the whole pitch-fork belligerent band of discontents, who, after burning the parish records of Kilpatrick, had taken up a position on a neighbouring hill. There being no further danger apprehended, the idea—a fearful one to those accustomed to feather-beds—of our corps bivouacking that night on the lawn of Garscube was abandoned. The colonel, after a lengthy harangue, in which he declared that the regiment under his command had that day done honour to itself, and, as usual, mixed up the sermon with what he had himself accomplished on the 6th January, 1781, at last gave the welcome word of "Right about, face," and off marched the volunteers at a smart pace for the city.

As we trudged along the road, more occupied with the freaks of the foray than the feats of our prowess, a furious-looking dog was seen to rush down from a farm-steading a little off the road, whose appearance gave strong and determined symptoms of combativeness. On observing it approaching, I instantly halted, and called out to my punchy foraging companion,

"Huzza! G——; there's an enemy at last for you—will you meet him?"

"By *gom!* that's an awfu' illfared neebour," said my friend; "shall it be blood?" And, without waiting a reply, up went his musket to the shoulder—off went the shot; but, alas! on came the mastiff. The danger was imminent; the dog looked as bold as a lion.

"Charge bayonets!" cried I—"*A la victoire!*" blew M. Coulon; and in a moment the supposed disseminator of hydrophobia received such a tickling of the steel as sent him to the right-about in a twinkling. My portly friend, however, was not to be satisfied with merely *flanking* the enemy. He had determined that no quarter should be given, and, bent on signalizing himself, he made another fearful thrust at the retreating foe. Happily, however, for the dog, but unfortunately for the volunteer, the lunge missed its object, the steel pierced the earth, and over went my friend headforemost into the ditch, at the expense, too, of his bayonet, which snapped asunder under the force and pressure of seventeen stone.

After the tuilzie with the mastiff, nothing remarkable happened till we arrived within a mile of Glasgow. Here, however, a scene occurred that is yet fresh in my recollection, while it still occasions considerable merriment among the small knot of septuagenarians that gazed upon it then. The rear-guard having telegraphed the approach of cavalry, the colonel instantly threw the battalion into a position to receive them, and sent out a few skirmishers to reconnoitre. On these falling back, with the intelligence that the commander of the advancing corps (which was the Glasgow light horse) had given the countersign and parole, the colonel wheeled us into line, and when the dragoons were in the act of passing, ordered a general salute. The glittering of the firelocks and the noise of the music created, as might

be supposed, a very considerable confusion among individuals who were almost as ignorant of a *cover* as a campaign—a confusion which the captain, from having his charger burdened with a prisoner, who most *unmilitarily* occupied the front of the saddle, felt some difficulty to calm. But if the majority of this troop of chasseurs felt rather uneasy in their saddles on this saluting occasion, there was one in particular in the rear whose position and countenance betokened anything but security and self-possession. The *galloway* which this awkward wight bestrode being as fiery as the proboscis of her rider, no sooner had fixed her eye on so many new faces than she showed an evident disposition to dissolve immediately her present co-partnery.

The perilous prancings and curious curvettings that succeeded, having attracted attention, what was the astonishment of all to find that the light dragoon was no other than the would-be *Bailie Lawboard*, whose picture the barber had drawn so graphically in the morning. It was now evident that the poor deacon's desire for notoriety had here led him a rather dangerous dance, since it was plain to all that his seat would not long remain either secure or a sinecure. Guiltless alike of the rules of Gambado and of Pembroke, the tailor soon lost all command of his steed, while the *persuaders*, from the early habit which their wearer had acquired of drawing up his legs when in danger, having been brought to bear rather unceremoniously on the flanks of the mare, made her as unceremoniously throw up her heels, and eject the dragoon from his saddle. The animal, finding the rider embracing her rather too kindly round the neck, and feeling the usual *restrainers* dangling about her ears, set off at full gallop, and it was now a hundred guineas to a goose that the chasseur would be, ere a few minutes, gazetted a *field* officer. To the *footpads*, as the volunteers were opprobriously designated by their brethren on horseback, the appearance of a trooper charging in the manner of the deacon was anything but gall and wormwood; and no sooner did the corps recognize the copper nose of the snip in a John Gilpin attitude, than they, in defiance of all order, simultaneously roared out, "There goes the tailor riding to Brentford!"

The loud shout, followed by a louder bang of the bass drum, having put more mettle into the *galloway's* heels, she soon shot ahead of the troop, and having shied and flung up her heels at an abrupt turn of the road, off went the tailor over the hedge into a cornfield, and on went the mare over the toll-bar to the corn-chest, which she soon reached, to the utter consternation of the snip's anxious consort, who awaited his arrival. The deacon, though a little alarmed, was far more comfortable than he had been for many minutes before, on finding himself, like Commodore Trunnion, thus safely riding at anchor. The colonel, fearing, however, that some medical assistance might be requisite, and recollecting that the troop boasted only a farrier, instantly despatched his orderly for the volunteer surgeon, who rode in the rear of the corps. This son of Esculapius, though at the head of his profession, was a gentleman of a most somnolent disposition, and what is more singular, his steed partook of the poppy-juice qualities of its master. There was this happy peculiarity, however, about the horse and the rider, that both were never found in the arms of Morpheus together. On this occasion the surgeon, having no gun-shot wounds to attend to, had given way to his usual propensity on leaving Garscube, while his horse continued so sharply awake, as to have carried his master through the whole manœuvres which the regiment had performed on the march. The surgeon having been roused from his snooze by the orderly, instantly galloped off to the assistance of the trooper, who had, however, previous to his reaching the ground, got fairly on his legs, and was taking considerable credit for throwing himself off so neatly. The doctor, having applied a finger to the tailor's pulse, and having passed his hand over his limbs, declared him free from blemish, and that there was no necessity for prescribing any other medicine than a walk to the city. The doctor and the deacon having taken their position in the rear of the regiment, it proceeded onward, and soon found itself within the precincts of Glasgow.

On entering the city the band immediately struck up "Caller Herring," the sounds of which made every window fly open, and suggested to every cook the necessity of making instant preparation for the approach of her hungry master. Fearing, however, that the instructive melody might not altogether tell on the deaf ears of Girzy, my fat friend, who had agreed to take a steak with me, no sooner saw my old housekeeper at the window than he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Girzy, my lass, you may put on the *taties* noo!" Scarcely had the pleasing sound reached the ear of old Girzy, than I was accosted by the well-known "*Guadeo valere*" of Ritchie Falconer, who, after sarcastically exclaiming, "*Fortuna favet fortibus*," breathlessly inquired what had befallen his customer the deacon,

and told us of the consternation of his wife. The story of the tailor's mishap satisfied the barber, while the appearance of Lawboard himself quieted the fearful prognostications of his anxious helpmate.

The corps, on reaching its usual place of rendezvous, was immediately dispersed, while the soldiers hurried home to calm the fears of their wives, mothers, and sisters. In the evening the club-rooms of the city rang with unusual mirth and jollity. Each roof echoed back the scenes of the day and of the foray, but among them there was none that occasioned more fun and laughter than the tale of the churn and the *promotion* of the tailor.

Thus began and thus ended the ever-memorable day of the Battle of Garscube—a day unstained with blood, unsurpassed by heat, alike famous for its foray and for the capture of one prisoner—a day in short which proved the brightest gem in the garland of Glasgow volunteer glory, and has afforded as noble a theme of conversation to the few remaining pig-tailed soldiers of the Scottish western metropolis as that of St. Hiliers did to their gallant commander.

The Glasgow corps of volunteers, which so eminently distinguished itself on that eventful occasion, scarcely survived the close of the century that gave it birth, while the generality of the happy faces that grinned with delight at the ludicrous plight of Deacon Lawboard have now, as Hamlet says, few left to mock their grinning; and had I not perhaps been reminded the other day of the immortal action of this gallant corps, by perusing the equally deathless deed of its bounty on the wall of the Royal Infirmary Hall, I might possibly have never dreamed of becoming the humble annalist of its military glory.

Courteous and indulgent reader, having now doubtless exhausted thy time and thy patience, permit me, ere I close, to plead the tell-tale privilege of an old soldier; a plea which may, perhaps, induce thee to pardon the gossip and the garrulity of a

JOHN STRANG.

A MERRY HEART.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

From "A Winter's Tale."

COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN' ME.

[Edwin Waugh, born at Rochdale, Jan. 29, 1817. As the "Lancashire Poet," Mr. Waugh has earned a reputation in England and America such as his genius merits. He has been designated the "Lancashire Burns;" and the pathos, humour, and power with which he paints the homely ways and thoughts of his country people exalt him to a high place amongst the poets of the present day. An edition of his poems is published by Bell and Daldy, London. He has also written many sketches and tales, of which the most notable are: *Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities, Tufts of Heather, Tattlin Matty, Besom Ben, Home Life of the Lancashire Factory Folk, The Owd Blanket, Yeth Bobs an' Scaplins, Snowed Up*, &c. He died in 1890.]

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob;
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon;
There's some nice bacon collops o'th hob,
An' a quart o' ale-posset i'th oon;
Aw've brought thi top cwot, doesto know,
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree:
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow;
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
Hoo cried 'cose her feyther weren't theer;
So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair;
An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton bo';
An' aw kiss'd her again; but hoo said
At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him up stairs;
Thae towd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;
Then he look'd i' my face, an' he said,
"Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad?"
An' he cried whol his e'en were quite red;—
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length aw geet 'em laid still;
An' aw hearken't folks' feet at went by;
So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
An' aw hanged 'em o'th maiden to dry;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel rather hurt—
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw art'nt theer.

"Aw've a drum and a trumpet for Dick;
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;
Aw've a book full o' babs; an' a stick,
An' some bacco an' pipes for mysel;

Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay—
Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see;*
An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—
But aw olez bring summat for *thee!*

"God bless tho, my lass; aw'll go whoam,
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd;
Thae knows, at wheerever aw roam,
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd;
Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree;
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
Except wi' yon childer and thee."

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., born at Anstruther, Fife, 17th March, 1780; died at Edinburgh, 30th May, 1847. He was distinguished as an orator, philosopher, and divine. He was the earnest and potent advocate of church extension, and the leader of the Disruption movement in the Church of Scotland, 1842-3. The services he rendered to his country and religion were invaluable. He was the author of numerous theological and philosophical works. The following essay was written before he became occupied in the great labour which formed the noble climax of a noble career.]

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that scriptural image is strikingly realized, "The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain," because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering, whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations. And so "the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties: and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the

physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments, whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment, whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance; an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness, of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

To obtain the regards of man's heart in behalf of the lower animals we should strive to draw the regards of his mind towards them. We should avail ourselves of the close alliance that obtains between the regards of his attention and those of his sympathy. For this purpose we should importunately ply him with the objects of suffering, and thus call up its respondent emotion of sympathy, that among the other objects which have hitherto engrossed his attention, and the other desires or emotions which have hitherto lorded it over the compassion of his nature, and overpowered it, this last may at length be restored to its legitimate play, and reinstated in all its legitimate pre-eminence over the other affections or appetites which belong to him. It affords a hopeful view of our cause that so much can be done by the mere obtrusive presentation of the object to the notice of society. It is a comfort to know that in this benevolent warfare we have to make head not so much against the cruelty of the public as against the heedlessness of the public; that to hold forth a right view is the way to call forth a right sensibility; and that to assail the seat of any emotion, our likeliest process is to make constant and conspicuous exhibition of the object which is fitted to awaken it. Our text, taken from the profoundest book of experimental wisdom in the world, keeps clear of every questionable or casuistical dogma, and rests the whole cause of the inferior animals on one moral element, which is, in respect of principle; and on one practical method, which is, in respect of efficacy, unquestionable: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Let a man be but righteous in the general and obvious sense of the word, and let the regard of his attention be but directed to the case of the inferior animals, and then the regard of his sympathy will be awakened to the full extent at which it is either duteous or desirable. Still it may be asked, To what extent will the duty go? and our reply is, that we had rather push the duty forward than be called upon to define the extreme termination of it. Yet we do not hesitate to say that we foresee not aught so very extreme as the abolition of animal food; but we do foresee the indefinite abridgment of all that cruelty which subserves the gratifications of a base and selfish epicurism. We think that a Christian and humanized society will at length lift their prevalent voice for the least possible expense of suffering to all the victims of a necessary slaughter—for a business of utmost horror being also a business of utmost despatch—for the blow, in short, of an instant extermination, that not one moment might elapse between a state of pleasurable existence and a state of profound unconsciousness. Again, we do not foresee, but with the perfecting of the two sciences of anatomy and physiology, the abolition of animal experiments; but we do foresee a gradual, and at length a complete, abandonment of the experiments of illustration, which are at present a thousandfold more numerous than the experiments of humane discovery. As to field-sports, we for the present abstain from all prophecy in regard either to their growing disuse or to the conclusive extinction of them. We are quite sure, in the meantime, that casuistry upon this subject would be altogether powerless; and nothing could be imagined more keenly or more energetically contemptuous, than the impatient, the impetuous disdain wherewith the enamoured votaries of this gay and glorious adventure would listen to any demonstration of its unlawfulness. We shall therefore make no attempt to dogmatize them out of that fond and favourite amusement which they prosecute with all the intensity of a passion. It is not thus that the fascination will be dissipated. And

therefore, for the present, we should be inclined to subject the lovers of the chase and the lovers of the prize-fight to the same treatment, even as there exists between them, we are afraid, the affinity of a certain common or kindred character. There is, we have often thought, a kind of professional cast, a family likeness, by which the devotees of game and of all sorts of stirring or hazardous enterprise admit of being recognized; the hue of a certain assimilating quality, although of various gradations, from the noted champions of the hunt to the noted champions of the ring or of the racing-course; a certain dash of moral outlawry, if I may use the expression, among all those children of high and heated adventure, that bespeaks them a distinct class in society—a set of wild and wayward humourists, who have broken them loose from the dull regularities of life, and formed themselves into so many trusty and sworn brotherhoods, wholly given over to frolic, and excitement, and excess, in all their varieties. They compose a separate and outstanding public among themselves, nearly arrayed in the same picturesque habiliments—bearing most distinctly upon their countenance the same air of recklessness and hardihood—admiring the same feats of dexterity or danger—indulging the same tastes, even to their very literature—members of the same sporting society—readers of the same sporting magazine, whose strange medley of anecdotes gives impressive exhibition of that one and pervading characteristic for which we are contending; anecdotes of the chase, and anecdotes of the high-breathed or bloody contest, and anecdotes of the gaming-table, and, lastly, anecdotes of the highway. We do not just affirm a precise identity between all the specimens or species in this very peculiar department of moral history. But, to borrow a phrase from natural history, we affirm that there are transition processes by which the one melts, and demoralizes, and graduates insensibly into the other. What we have now to do with is the cruelty of their respective entertainments—a cruelty, however, upon which we could not assert, even of the very worst and most worthless among them, that they rejoice in pain, but that they are regardless of pain. It is not by the force of a mere ethical *dictum*, in itself perhaps unquestionable, that they will be restrained from their pursuits. But when transformed by the operation of unquestionable principle into righteous and regardful men, they will spontaneously abandon them. Meanwhile we try to help forward our cause by forcing upon general regard those sufferings which are now so unheeded and unthought of. And we look forward to its final triumph as one of those results that will historically ensue in the train of an awakened and a moralized society.

It is true we count the enormity to lie mainly in the heedlessness of pain; but then we charge this foully and flagrantly enormous thing not on the mere desperadoes and barbarians of our land, but on the men and the women of general, and even of cultivated and high-bred society. Instead of stating cruelty to be what it is not, and then confining the imputation of it to the outcast few, we hold it better, and practically far more important, to fasten the imputation of it on the commonplace and the companionable many. Those outcasts to whom you would restrict the condemnation are not at present within the reach of our voice. But you are; and it lies with you to confer a tenfold greater boon on the inferior creation than if all barbarous sports and all bloody experiments were forthwith put an end to. It is at the bidding of your collective will to save those countless myriads who are brought to the regular and the daily slaughter all the difference between a gradual and an instant death. And there is a practice realized in every-day life which you can put down—a practice which strongly reminds us of a ruder age that has long gone by, when even beauteous and high-born ladies could partake in the dance, and the song, and the festive chivalry of barbaric castles, unmindful of all the piteous and the pining agony of dungeoned prisoners below. We charge a like unmindfulness on the present generation! We know not whether those wretched animals, whose still sentient frameworks are under process of ingenious manufacture for the epicurism or the splendour of your coming entertainment; we know not whether they are now dying by inches in your own subterranean keeps, or, through the subdivided industry of our commercial age, are now suffering all the horrors of their protracted agony in the prison-house of some distant street where this dreadful trade is carried on. But truly it matters nought to our argument, ye heedless sons and daughters of gaiety! We speak not of the daily thousands who have to die that man may live, but of those thousands who have to die more painfully just that man may live more luxuriously. We speak to you of the art and the mystery of the killing trade, from which it would appear that not alone the delicacy of the food, but even its appearance, is, among the connoisseurs of a refined epicurism, the matter of skilful and scientific computation. There is a sequence, it would appear—there is a sequence between an exquisite death and an exquisite or a beautiful pre-

paration of cookery; and just in the ordinary way that art avails herself of the other sequences of philosophy—the first term is made sure that the second term might, according to the metaphysic order of causation, follow in its train. And hence we are given to understand, hence the cold-blooded ingenuities of that previous and preparatory torture which oft is undergone both that man might be feasted with a finer relish, and that the eyes of man might be feasted and regaled with a finer spectacle. The atrocities of a Majendie have been blazoned before the eye of a British public; but this is worse in the fearful extent and magnitude of the evil—truly worse than a thousand Majendies. His is a cruel luxury, but it is the luxury of intellect. Yours is both a cruel and a sensual luxury; and you have positively nought to plead for it but the most worthless and ignoble appetites of our nature.

But, if possible to secure your kindness for our cause, let me, in the act of drawing these observations to a close, offer to your notice the bright and the beautiful side of it. I would bid you think of all that fond and pleasing imagery which is associated even with the lower animals when they become the objects of a benevolent care, which at length ripens into a strong and cherished affection for them—as when the worn-out hunter is permitted to graze and be still the favourite of all the domestics through the remainder of his life; or the old and shaggy house-dog that has now ceased to be serviceable is nevertheless sure of its regular meals and a decent funeral; or when an adopted inmate of the household is claimed as property, or as the object of decided partiality, by some one or other of the children; or, finally, when in the warmth and comfort of the evening fire, one or more of these home animals take their part in the living group that is around it, and their very presence serves to complete the picture of a blissful and smiling family. Such relationships with the inferior creatures supply many of our finest associations of tenderness, and give, even to the heart of man, some of its simplest yet sweetest enjoyments. He even can find in these some compensation for the dread and the disquietude wherewith his bosom is agitated amid the fiery conflicts of infuriated men. When he retires from the stormy element of debate, and exchanges for the vindictive glare and the hideous discords of that outcry which he encounters among his fellows—when these are exchanged for the honest welcome and the guileless regards of those creatures who gambol at his feet—he feels that even in the society of the brutes, in whose hearts there is neither care nor controversy, he can surround himself with a better atmosphere far than that in which he breathes among the companionships of his own species. Here he can rest himself from the fatigues of that moral tempest which has beat upon him so violently; and, in the play of kindliness with these poor irrationals, his spirit can forget for a while all the injustice and ferocity of their boasted lords.

But this is only saying that our subject is connected with the pleasures of sentiment. But there is one aspect in which it may be regarded as more profoundly and more peculiarly religious than any one virtue which reciprocates, or is of mutual operation among the fellows of the same species. It is a virtue which oversteps, as it were, the limits of a species, and which in this instance prompts a descending movement, on our part, of righteousness and mercy towards those who have an inferior place to ourselves in the scale of creation. The lesson of this day is not the circulation of benevolence within the limits of one species. It is the transmission of it from one species to another. The first is but the charity of a world; the second is the charity of a universe. Had there been no such charity, no descending current of love and of liberality from species to species, what, I ask, should have become of ourselves? Whence have we learned this attitude of lofty unconcern about the creatures who are beneath us? Not from those ministering spirits who wait upon the heirs of salvation. Not from those angels who circle the throne of heaven, and make all its arches ring with joyful harmony when but one sinner of this prostrate world turns his footsteps towards them. Not from that mighty and mysterious visitant, who unrobed him of all his glories, and bowed down his head unto the sacrifice, and still from the seat of his now exalted mediatorship pours forth his intercessions and his calls in behalf of the race he died for. Finally, not from the eternal Father of all, in the pavilion of whose residence there is the golden treasury of all those bounties and beatitudes that roll over the face of nature, and from the footstool of whose empyreal throne there reaches a golden chain of providence to the very humblest of his family. He who hath given his angels charge concerning us means that the tide of beneficence should pass from order to order through all the ranks of his magnificent creation; and we ask, Is it with man that this goodly provision is to terminate, or shall he, with all his sensations of present blessedness, and all his visions of future glory let down upon him from above, shall he turn him selfishly and scornfully away

from the rights of those creatures whom God hath placed in dependence under him? We know that the cause of poor and unfriended animals has many an obstacle to contend with in the difficulties or the delicacies of legislation. But we shall ever deny that it is a theme beneath the dignity of legislation, or that the nobles and the senators of our land stoop to a cause which is degrading, when, in the imitation of Heaven's high clemency, they look benignly downward on these humble and helpless sufferers.

TRUE VIRTUE.

[Ben Jonson, born in Westminster, 11th June, 1574; died in Aldersgate Street, London, 6th August, 1637. His father died about a month before the birth of the poet. He obtained some education at the Westminster School, worked, it is said, for some time as a bricklayer; passed a few weeks at the Cambridge University, and afterwards served a campaign in the Low Countries as a common soldier. On returning to England he tried his fortune on the stage, and, having "ambled by a play-waggon in the country," he repaired to London, where he obtained an engagement at the Curtain, but failed to win credit or subsistence as an actor. One of the pleasantest legends of his life is that it was by the kindly influence of Shakspeare that Jonson's first play was accepted at the Globe Theatre; and from that time the two poets became fast friends. In 1598 *Every Man in his Humour* was first performed, and its success gave the author prominence as a dramatic writer. Comedies, tragedies, masques, and poems followed this first success, and "Rare Ben Jonson" became recognized as one of the chief wits of the age. In 1616 he journeyed on foot to Scotland to visit Drummond of Hawthornden. In 1620 he was appointed poet-laureate, with a salary of a hundred marks, afterwards increased to pounds, with the addition of a tierce of canary by Charles I. His works display much classical knowledge and vast experience of human nature, but the labour with which he exercised his talents is too apparent. Fuller says, "His parts were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him that he had an elaborate wit, wrought out by his own industry. He would sit silent in learned company, and suck in (besides wine) their several humours into his observations. . . . His comedies were above the *Volge* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity), and took not so well at the first stroke as at the rebound; yea they will endure reading so long as either ingenuity or learning is fashionable in our nation." The admiration of his dramatic works has somewhat shadowed the beauty of his lyrics, although one or two of his songs retain the popular favour to this day. The following is taken from *The Forest*, a series of poems first published in 1616.]

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate:
Next to that virtue is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel:
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to wateh and ward
At th' eye and ear (the ports unto the mind)
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart (our spy)
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
Who in th' examining
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many:
By many? Scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring larum to the heart, doth sleep,
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They're base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus by these subtle trains
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind:
Of which usurping rank some have thought love
The first; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our inflamed breasts.
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we overblow.
The thing they here call love is blind desire,
Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm:
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,
And boils, as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even—
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts,
To murther different hearts;
But in a calm and Godlike unity
Preserves community.
O who is he that in this peace enjoys
Th' elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bow'rs,
And lasting as her flow'rs:
Richer than time, and as time's virtue rare—
Sober as saddest care.
A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance;
Who, blest with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire

Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries we dream, and swears there's no such thing
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, Luxury, thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, Vice, we let thee know
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrow's wings do fly,
Turtles can chastely die.

He that for love of goodness hateth ill
Is more crownworthy still
Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears;
His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our dove,
Grac'd with a phœnix love;
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys:
Whose od'rous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair.
A body so harmoniously compos'd
As if nature disclos'd
All her best symmetry in that one feature!
O, so divine a creature,
Who could be false to? chiefly when he knows
How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admir'd perfection
What savage, brute affection,
Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble and right gen'rous mind,
To virtuous moods inclin'd,
That knows the weight of guilt: he will refrain
From thoughts of such a strain,
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
"Man may securely sin, but safely never."

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

JOHN LYLY [1584].

THE MAJOR'S SECRET.[1]

The managing editor's patience was almost exhausted. "Positively, Major Standish, I don't see that we can find room for anything of yours in the *Camera* this week. Or any week," he added, with an inward oath to himself, glancing impatiently at the heap of "revises" waiting upon his desk. He did not take them up, however, but stood outwardly respectful, for he was a young fellow, and Standish, though a notorious bore, was old and white-headed.

The major patted him patronizingly on the shoulder. "My dear fellow," in his most luscious, grandiloquent tone, "let me give you a hint. I've been twenty years in the very thick and heat of American journalism, and you are but a neophyte. You want to make the *Camera* weighty? I call it dull, sir, *dull*. Too much respectability kills a paper. It needs a different class of articles—something at once forcible and light. Philosophic and *vif*, sparkling, and—well, do you take my meaning?"

"Something like that in your hand, eh?" laughed Stinger.

"Precisely. You've hit it," complacently twitching his white whiskers.

"No. Not to-day, major."

"Suppose we try a short thing on fish culture? I've got myself up on fishes thoroughly."

"The *Times* did that on Friday."

The major stood a moment anxious and silent. "This new asteroid, now? When I was on the *London News* Griffin used always to say, 'For anything taking in the scientific line, Dan Standish is our man.' Don't want it, eh? Who's doing that hanging down in Delaware for you? I'll make you a two-column job of it for five dollars, and pay my own expenses. That road always dead-heads me."

Stinger took up his proofs. "We sent a stenographic reporter this morning. We really have no use for you, Major Standish."

"You never were more mistaken in your life. Where you need me, my dear boy, is to take charge of your reportorial corps. I'd make those lazy fellows toe the mark."

"Mr. Stinger!" It was the proprietor M'Murray's voice, which rasped through the room like the filing of a saw. He came to the door of his office. A sandy, flat-built Scotchman, to whose making-up Nature had grudged

[1] From the *New York Galaxy Magazine*.

every atom of flesh save in the one matter of a keen, red, tomahawk-shaped nose. "Have not those proofs gone up yet? You encourage too many idlers in the office, sir. You here again, Standish?"

"Ah, Mr. M'Murray! A de-lightful morning, sir!" The major beamed down on him effulgent. Stinger and Withrow, the new editor, both driving their pens furiously at M'Murray's appearance, winked at each other. The seedy major, with his grand brawny build, his imperturbable suavity, and his dauntless lying, always came off first-best in these encounters. M'Murray, in his faultless black clothes, with all his backing of wealth and conscientious religion, seemed to feel himself thin and sour, and cowed before him.

"I wonder," he said, with a sneer, "that with your higher literary occupations you can spare time to besiege this office as you do."

"'Pon my soul, I wonder too. Now that is precisely what my publishers say to me. 'Write a book, Standish,' they say. 'Take the public between the eyes with a knock-down blow.' Then those magazine fellows in New York and Boston are crying out every month for me to come to their help. But I like to see the old *Camera* succeed, that's the truth."

"The *Camera* is under obligation to you."

"Not at all. I'm glad to help build it up. I've a pride—Philadelphia enterprise, sir—a pride in it," backing to the door. "What I have here, sir," touching his forehead, "was meant for mankind, not to barter for fame or money. By the way, have you seen that last little thing of mine in the *Westminster?*"

"No, nor nobody else," savagely.

"Ah, you don't take the quarterlies. I'll send it to you. I'll send it you. Good morning, Mr. M'Murray, *good* morning."

"Keep that liar and braggart out of the office, Mr. Stinger," said M'Murray, in his coldest, civillest tones; for when other men would have raged, his sense of duty kept him quietest. He smoothed his face before going back into the office. Young John Proctor was there, the clergyman to whom M'Murray's church, through his influence, had just given a call. He had just come from the depôt after two years' absence in the west, and M'Murray was striving to do him honour in his hard, ungenial way. Proctor had been a sort of ward of his, and it was whispered about in the office that M'Murray would be glad to have him now for a son-in-law. This church was his idol, and to see his only child the wife of one of its ministers was in his opinion to inclose her in the pearly gates of salvation while yet alive. "The office" felt as if the delicate, bright-haired little heiress would be thrown away on Proctor. "These penniless preachers know how to feather their nests," Stinger had said but a few minutes before.

Mr. M'Murray could not forget Standish when he went back to his office. "Lazy old Bohemian!" he growled. "If you want the most disreputable vices, Mr. Proctor, always look for them in an old man who lives by his wits."

"Who was it?"

"Standish—the major. You know him?"

"What! There?" Proctor dashed out into the office without his hat, and down the stairs, shouting, "Hillo, Major!" leaving M'Murray astonished behind him. He took up his pen and began to write severely. The carnal flesh was stronger in the young man than he had thought. Withrow, out of curiosity, lounged down the stairs, and found John at the door looking anxiously up and down the street.

"Ah, Mr. Withrow! do you remember me?—John Proctor," wringing his hand in a hearty fashion, which he used to have when a boy. "I'm looking for a friend of mine—Major Standish."

"Yes. Major Munchausen, we call him in the office."

"He is a friend of mine," coolly. "The office does not know him as well as I do, probably."

Withrow felt himself rebuffed, but only for a minute. "The old fellow has a cockloft over a warehouse somewhere, where he cooks for himself. How he lives God knows. He has nothing now but the odd jobs we give him here in the office. He's had nothing from us for two weeks."

"Is he alone? There was a little girl, or woman, rather?" Proctor hesitated. The story of the old major and Madeline was something which he could not drag out before this fellow.

"Niece or something? She lives in some country town now, I believe, and colours photographs. A great artist, the major says. She's a dull girl, I fancy. Women without brains have to scratch hard for a living nowadays."

Mr. Proctor did not care to enter into the woman question. He stood whistling under his breath, with some queer ideas in his clerical head, which Mr. Withrow would have hardly thought befitted it. They grew out of the remembrance of those Saturday afternoons, when, for year after year, he used to escape from boarding-school and repair to that same

cockloft over the warehouse, there to feel himself a gipsy or a Crusoe for a few hours. What a vagabond, uncertain life it was! the poverty, the shifts, the fun, the inextinguishable jollity and tender love under it all! What a prince the major and Madeline made of him—saving all week to compass the Saturday's roast chicken and cranberry tart! Proctor had never known father or mother; his ideas of love or a home were all drawn from poor Standish and his crazy menage. So strong was this boyish instinct in him just now that he actually stood breathless when anybody resembling the major came in sight. If the old man should not recognize him, or should meet him with the formal deference of other respectable people, why, then, good-by to that old boyhood, so horribly dear and disreputable!

Now the major was in a restaurant a few doors down the street. "Try an advertisement in the *Camera*, Sam," he said to the bookkeeper. "I swear it will pay you like—like——" His talk halted; the ideas seemed to stagger through his brain.

"I believe you've had a drop too much, Standish," said Sam.

"No; I've had to stop drinking. You can't get a glass of champagne fit for a gentleman in this accursed town. But about the advertisement?" (The *Camera* paid him a small percentage on this sort of business, and a few cents now would buy him his dinner.)

"No."

The major leaned on the glass counter for a moment. It was two days since he had tasted food. The steam of savoury dishes below was too much for him. A collapsed stomach in a powerful frame like his is a deadly drag upon a man's pluck. He looked at Sam. The fellow would give him his dinner if he asked it, he knew.

He gathered himself up with an effort. "I'd steal, but I can't beg," he said, silently. He nodded affably to Sam, and filliped to the parrot as he went out. His high-featured, usually florid face, had turned cold and blue under the moustache and whiskers, but he carried himself jauntily.

John Proctor saw him as soon as he stepped on the street. There was the identical broadcloth suit cut twenty years ago, and the vast expanse of shirt-bosom, frayed in the plaits, but immaculately white. The major was a property of the town, well known as the city clock. With his bushy white mane, his imposing shoulders, his lofty bow, he radiated and filled the pavement from wall to curb. Proctor thought the old man would be glad to see him, but he certainly had not expected the strange effect which the sight of him produced. Standish stopped as though he had been struck a blow, holding him off at arm's length. His pomposity seemed to suddenly drop from him.

"Why, Jack! Jack!" he stammered, "I did not look to see you. I beg your pardon, Mr. Proctor. I forget ——" drawing back, yet still holding the young man's coat-sleeve with what would have been very like a caress in a woman.

"Forget? You forget old friends, I think."

"Prince Hal has changed his state," said the major, smiling, with an effort to be himself. "It is time he shook off old Falstaff.

> "'How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
> So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane!'"

touching his big breast, with a bitter laugh.

"You did not use to affect the cynic."

"No. It is the sight of you that reminds me of what I had better forget."

Proctor was ashamed, as one man always is of emotion in another. "You had always an unreasonable liking for me, vicious young dog that I was," he said, lightly. "You're at the old place, I suppose? I'll come round at dusk. We'll broil a steak together, hey, major? My hand has not lost its cunning."

The old man looked down at him steadily with an inexplicable brightness in his keen eyes. "I did not think you would go so far as that, my boy," he said, quietly.

Mr. M'Murray's carriage drew up at the door at that moment. It was plain but rich, the horses thoroughbred. An innocent-looking delicate little blonde, dressed with Quaker-like plainness, looked out and blushed crimson at the sight of John. At that the blood mounted also into the fellow's tell-tale face, and he went down to the carriage, leaning on the door to speak to her.

"A handsome pair, major," whispered Withrow, who was still loitering near.

Standish nodded. "She looks like a good religious woman. M'Murray would raise his daughter cleaner than other girls."

"She's worth a cool half million; that's the way in which I'd think *you* would look at her."

"So I do, Mr. Withrow. Proctor is lucky—very lucky. Talents, and education, and religion, and now a good wife with money. The boy could not ask for more."

There was something in the old man's unusual quiet, and the look which he fastened on Proctor, that roused Withrow's curiosity.

"There used to be some connection between you and the young man, wasn't there? He

was under your guardianship when he was a boy, I think I've heard?"

"Not at all, sir," eagerly, "not at all. It was a mere business transaction. I held certain moneys for the lad's use from his father, and paid his bills; that was all. I placed him under Mr. M'Murray's care when he was entered here first at school. M'Murray has the entrance to the best society, and is religious; those were the two things I looked at. Why, the boy's blood is of the best. His father was one of the old blue-bloods of Virginia. He would never have trusted his son to the guardianship of an old scallawag like Dan Standish." The major was himself again, his rolling voice and theatrical gestures keeping time, and apparently enjoying each other thoroughly.

"Oh, that's it? You were not one of the blue-bloods, then?"

"My father was a butcher, sir. I've lived by my wits; and an infernally poor capital they are for any man. I'll say that. I've dined with dukes and ragpickers in my day, Mr. Withrow. But the smell of the slaughter-house followed me. A man is nothing without family here in Philadelphia." And again his eyes rested on Proctor, with the anxious thoughtfulness so strangely at variance with his ordinary stagey manner.

Withrow clapped his hand to one pocket, then to the other. "By the way! Where the deuce ——? Oh, here it is. Come this way, major," drawing him into the doorway, and opening a New York paper. "Here in the Personals. 'Richard Standish.' You see? No relation of yours, eh?"

The major had the paper up before his face. He took out his cracked eye-glasses and adjusted them on his nose; took them down and wiped them leisurely; read the card once, a second time. "No, I don't know the man."

"From Virginia, you see," said Withrow, putting the paper in his pocket again, "and came here about the same time you say you did. But your name's Dan. Certainly. It looks to me like a trick of the police to get hold of a criminal."

"So it does to me."

"Going, eh? Proctor's busy," with a significant wink. "He has no need of old fellows like us now."

"No." The major stood a moment watching John's eager gestures, and the bright blushing face bent over him. "No; he has no more need of me," he said, quietly, and turned away with a bow as he passed the carriage, though neither of them saw him.

———

Mr. M'Murray, with the young clergyman again in his office, safely trapped, could not let him go without a word or two of rebuke. "Should you accept it" (they were talking of the call), "you must be careful, my dear sir, to avoid even the appearance of evil. You are young and impulsive, fond of your friends. The dignity of your position would render improper many associates whom you knew as a boy, unless, indeed, you approach them officially, administering the Word as the hope of salvation. This Major Standish now, for example ——"

"I am very uncertain about accepting this church at all," broke out Jack. "There's a place in the west that suits my ways better. But I could not marry on their salary. It's the merest pittance. I could barely live on it."

Mr. M'Murray paused, and answered with deliberation: "In the matter of marriage must you consult that point of salary at all, Mr. Proctor? The wife you select may—will, in all probability—be independent. A woman ought to feel herself honoured in being called to share the spiritual work of a Christian minister, and should rejoice if she can bear her part in his temporal burdens."

"I'll never be supported by a rich wife," said John, bluntly. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. M'Murray. There is a woman whom I have loved long and faithfully. I will marry her if I can. If she has money, well and good; but I must be the provider in my own household."

"It is a natural feeling, and a manly one," said M'Murray, not ill-pleased.

"We differ, too, in the matter of associates," obstinately resumed Jack. "I have never felt that my 'cloth,' as the vulgar phrase has it, placed me one whit apart from other men. When I measure myself with a prince or ruffian in the dock by his courage or good sense, or faithfulness to his friend, I touch a brotherhood between us stronger than any church bond. We get our naked hands together. You understand? And oftener, then, it is he who gives the Word to me than I to him," he added, under his breath.

Mr. M'Murray checked the angry rebuke on his lips. All young men were flighty nowadays, and given to this visionary talk. He remembered John Proctor's brilliant reputation in the Church, the crowds that pressed to hear him as he went from city to city. If Clara were his wife no woman in the Church would hold higher rank. "I cannot understand," he said, gently, "what bearing this has on your intimacy with Major Standish,

particularly"—raising his voice when Proctor would have spoken—"when I have every reason to believe the police are on his track as a long-escaped criminal."

John's face burned as though he himself had been accused. "What proof have you of this?" he said, rising.

"There is a New York detective here to identify him now," in a mysterious whisper. "I could learn no more from him than that Standish is living under an assumed name. But I fear the worst, Mr. Proctor, the very worst."

"Bah!" muttered John to himself. "Where is this fellow? I'll go to him at once," putting on his cap.

M'Murray rose and put out his hand. It was high time that he became the mouthpiece of the church and Clara. "Mr. Proctor, I beg that you will not espouse this disreputable old man's cause so vehemently. His name is a public by-word of infamy among newspaper men. A vapouring boaster and liar."

"Newspaper men know but one side of the fellow," retorted John, hotly. "I could tell you tales of him, of his unselfishness and his noble charity, that would put the lives of many of our professors to shame. Besides, he was kind to me when I was a boy. I'll not turn my back on him now."

M'Murray's sallow cheek began to burn. "Then I regret to say, Mr. Proctor, that you must make your choice between the church and your very boyish impulse. A clergyman who makes an associate of so doubtful a character is hardly suited to our society. As for his good traits, I know nothing. I do know that the righteousness of the carnal flesh is filthy rags."

"And I know that courage and self-sacrifice are proofs of as good mettle in poor old Standish as in a church-member, and come as direct from the Master of both. I must judge for myself in these matters."

"Assuredly. But if your judgment in points so essential differs so widely from ours, I must beg leave, as chairman of the committee, to withdraw the call. Do not be rash, my dear sir," changing his voice, and laying his hand on John's shoulder. "There! don't answer me now. Think it over, and by evening you'll see that I was right. You are young and—pardon me—a little hot-headed."

A friendly word disarmed Jack. He laughed. "You're right there, anyhow. Let the matter go till evening. But I will not change my mind." And nodding a hasty good-by, he ran down the office stairs.

Now the quality of loyalty to his friends was exaggerated in John Proctor. But yet he was a young man, with all the ambition, tastes, and shrewd knowledge of the world belonging to young men of the present day. When he reached the pavement he saw the stately towers of the church in which he was called to minister, and beyond, the exquisite parsonage, its picturesque walls draped with ivy. Mr. M'Murray's carriage rolled by again, and soft, tender little Clara beckoned smiling to him with her white jewelled hand. It was a high path and a flowery one that opened itself before him. No wonder that the doubt suggested itself to him, as he stood hesitating, whether it was worth giving it up for a bit of quixotism—a romantic fealty to a boyish fancy.

Later in the afternoon the major stood leaning against a pile of bales in front of the warehouse, loftily tapping his chin with his pinchbeck-headed cane and listening to Mr. M'Murray. That gentleman, in his anxiety lest the church should actually lose Proctor, had resorted to the desperate remedy of an appeal to Standish. The old man kept his malicious eyes fixed upon him, and grinned with enjoyment of his embarrassment, but under the grin he looked haggard and anxious.

"So the boy has a mind to take the part of his old friend? He'd stick by the hulk because it's going down? Tut! tut! There's stupidity for you."

"I do not talk in metaphor about hulks. I only thought it likely, from my knowledge of you, you might presume on your acquaintance with the lad and his generous nature to draw him into trouble, and I warn you what the result will be to him."

"It will ruin him to be known even as my friend. I understand."

M'Murray hesitated. After all, why not give Standish a hint of the detective on his track? If he would escape, all difficulty would be over. "Inquiries of a significant kind have been made for you this week, Major Standish," he said.

"So I have been told."

"I do not know to what part of your past career they refer."

"And you'd better not ask too closely, Mac. Dan Standish has led a hot life, I tell you," with a vicious wink that made the deacon shudder from hat to boots.

"Well, I have discharged my duty," he said, after an irresolute pause. "It is most probable that young Proctor will come to seek you this afternoon."

"And if he comes, I am not to see him?" with an attempt at a jocular tone that had more terrible force in it even to the cold-blooded hearer than any painful outcry. "Why, man, I am pushed nearer to the wall to-day than anybody knows. As for this boy—well, no matter what he is to me. I gave up something for him once. It seems as if I had the right to ask his help now, when—when death has me by the throat." He looked vacantly, quickly about him, at the boxes, the cars rattling by, at the head of his cane. M'Murray thought he had been drinking. "I am sorry I troubled myself about it," he said, with dignity. "Good day, Major Standish."

"Good day," effecting a flourishing bow with his unsteady hand. "Take old Dan to point your next sermon, will you? I've lived by my wits. I've made myself the companion of poets—of nobles, sir! And now when the end comes, d—— it, man, I haven't a friend!"

Mr. M'Murray hurried nervously away, picking his steps among the boxes and bales. Standish stood a moment looking at the ground, and then turned and stumped up the narrow ricketty stairs that led to the top of the building. He did not know what especial sin of old times was coming back to give him the last blow, nor did he care. That was all fair enough. It seemed to him sometimes, comparing his life with that of other men, that he had lived just like a beast from hour to hour, out of whatever impulse was in him. He was ready to meet any old abomination of his past life and take the punishment. "I've had the dance, and I'll pay the piper," he said, kicking open the door of his room and going in.

"But—the boy?"

Now the major's cockloft was in reality a garret room covering the whole sixth story of the warehouse. The beams overhead, the plastered walls, the half-dozen squat dormer windows, the pine floor, were as clean as lime and scrubbing could make them. It looked, in fact, like a big white plain with a little camping ground at one end, in which was a grate with a good fire, a tent-bed neatly made, a table with pens and paper laid in exact order, the *Men of our Day*, out of which the major furnished obituaries at ten minutes' notice for the *Camera*, and an odd volume of *Appleton's Cyclopædia*, out of which he drew its supplies of science. Great decency of cleanliness everywhere, but nothing to eat. If there had been, perhaps the major's acts in the next hour would have been less guilty in the eyes of religious people. But when it comes to looking out in the world from a starving body a man is apt to slip the orthodox leashes and follow his own notions of right and wrong.

He took off his black coat carefully, hung it up, threw his braces loose down his back, and sat down in his shirt-sleeves before the fire, his hands on his fat knees. He wished, dully, Madeline was here to puzzle it out for him, remarking, half aloud, that if that girl undertook to write a leader it would be bosh, but in anything else she never failed to hit the nail plump on the head. There was a round roly-poly brown crock in the window, in which bloomed a buttony little rose, one of the Burgundy sort, red, fresh, and pungent. Madeline had left it. It was like her somehow, the major thought. Do what he would, his thoughts would go back to the girl and to the years she had lived with him, instead of this question of life and death which must be settled to-day.

There was the door to her little room ajar. He always had contrived to pay the trifle of rent for the room after she left him, liking to think of it as hers. He remembered the day he brought her there first. He had had a tough siege nursing old Durbrow, her father (on the *Camera*, like himself). When he was dead the major settled up the estate: there were four hundred dollars of debts, and for assets, one trunk, empty; one suit of clothes, patched; one watch, gold; a pretty lot of meerschaums; and the little girl of five, just over the measles. The watch went to pay the debts, and the little girl, of course, must go to an asylum. But the major brought her home for a week to cheer her up a bit. He took her to the theatre and circuses every afternoon; he bought her a gay little plaid silk suit (it was a flush time with him just then); he stuffed her with oysters and caramels; and in the night, when she cried for her father, took her on his knee in her white night-gown, made her say over her prayers again, and then rocked and croaked over her some old ditty about "Shepherds, have you seen my love?" till she fell asleep. The other men, who missed him at billiards or over their stews and ale when the papers were out toward morning, used to unearth old Standish at this sort of work, and joked him about it roughly enough. But they were pleased when he kept her week after week, and used to be coming in perpetually with scraps of anxious advice about croup or nettle-rash, and fell into the habit of buying all sorts of expensive and useless things for "poor Durbrow's baby."

So it went on for years. There was always a strong smell of cigars and printer's ink in the

air the child breathed, and no doubt when she came to be a young lady she learned to think in a scrappy, itemizing, newspaper way; but Madeline's life was in fact as cleanly, and sweet, and tender among these men as if she had been one of any rosebud garden of girls, perhaps more so. Whatever garment of lies the major chose to put on as armour, or to perk and vaunt himself in out among other men, he never wore it into "the cockloft." Nobody could account for the almost pathetic tenderness of his love to the girl. It was more than seemed due for her father's sake or even her own.

Once, however, he had said to her, "You came to take the place of a child that I lost." That was the only time he had hinted at the secret of his former life. He kept it hidden even from himself.

It came to him to-day, and would not be thrust aside. In a few hours it would be known to all the world.

John Proctor was his son.

He remembered well now the last day when he had called the boy by that name. It was a dreary, rainy season in November, three or four years before he took Madeline. He sat by a hotel window with Jack on his knee. It was a week since he had come from Richmond, leaving the child's mother dead there. He had spent the week going from one newspaper office to another, vaunting and vapouring, and drinking hard, but with a still cold consciousness all the time of standing by her grave, on which the rain pattered, with her child's life left in his hands to do with it what he would.

Mary's boy would have grown into a truthful, God-fearing man if she had lived; a gentleman, too—the class which Standish, with all his tawdry bragging, watched far off with jealous awe. Now ——. What could he make of the boy? He took the little chap's hands in his, and pulled him closer, trying with his bleared eyes to penetrate the future. Like father, like son; it was so always. For himself, whether it was the taint of the butcher-shop or some flaw in his making-up he did not know, but he was labelled everywhere for contempt. Even here, where he was a stranger, he was marked already, he saw, as disreputable, vulgar, a frothy bubble of a man. He was sore and galled by the snubs he had met with to-day. He sat quiet in the gaudy hotel parlour, holding Jack close while the servants lighted the lamps and people came and went; he looked steadily at the cost of what he meant to do.

"I'll take the weight of your old father off of you, Jack," he said at last, stooping to kiss the fat, red little face. "Good-bye, my son."

He did take it off. He entered the boy under the name of Proctor at a fashionable boarding-school, setting aside the entire sum he had saved with which to start a paper in Philadelphia. "I can scratch for myself," he said.

"Let the lad have everything he wants," he urged his governess one day. "His father had the best blood in Virginia in his veins, madam. And teach him religion. His mother ——;" but he broke down here. "She's yonder," he said, quietly, at last, glancing up. The governess nodded, and understood him.

So the feint succeeded. Of what it cost himself he said nothing; it had lifted the boy at once, he thought, into a pure region of fashion, and refinement, and salvation. The glories of the Proctors, in course of years, grew and multiplied readily in the major's handling. There were times when he became confused himself, so real had Jack's illustrious family grown. "Remember your father the general, lad," he would cry, when urging the boy to manliness or courage. "*Noblesse oblige!*"

"D——d if I know whether there was a General Proctor or not," he would mutter, perplexed, to himself afterward.

Well, there was the end of it all now. The lie had been played successfully for years, yet now all Jack's world was to know that it was a lie. Sitting by the fire in his shirt-sleeves, tapping his knees with his clumsy fingers, the major went over it this afternoon.

"There's nobody who knew me in Virginia, and knows my name is Richard and not Dan that can't tell about the boy." He saw no way of escape. "If to call himself my friend was ruin to the lad, what will become of him as my son?" And to-day Jack's fate stood in the balance, as M'Murray had said. Again and again the major reasoned round the dreary circle.

"On one side the charge of a great church, wealth, and the woman he loves; on the other —me." There was nothing beyond that. To-night must end it one way or the other. The drumming of his fingers grew slower on his knees, till he sat like a block staring in the fire. The gnawing hunger tearing at his flesh made his brain clearer. He was to be hung on his boy like a mill-stone to drag him down, till one or other of them died. What if he were dead now? Great gain would follow; and as for loss ——.

The major rose mechanically, the eyes under his grizzly brows growing strangely keen and glittering. "I don't know that I'm of much

account, if one took stock of me." He passed his hand with a queer chuckle over his big, hungry, rheumatic body; then glanced hastily toward the pile of MSS. on which no publisher had drawn for months, proudly conscious for a moment of the genius which had been his birthright. "I never made my mark, though," he muttered. He repeated that once or twice.

The stock was taken.

He stood quiet a moment, and then sopped his face with his ragged white handkerchief. It was strangely composed and grave. He went to a closet and took down from the orderly shelves a bottle full of a dark-brown liquid, from which he half-filled a goblet, which he placed ready on the mantel-shelf; then, as though doubting its efficacy, he took out a tiny vial full of white powder, and hid it in his pocket. Unlocking a desk, he took out an old leather-covered Bible, yellow with age, and began turning over the leaves to find the family record.

"Born, Jan. 31st, John, only child of Richard and Mary Standish."

He read it over, as he had done every day since he gave the boy up. He fancied God came as near to him in those words as he could in any others in that book. It was the only page which he ever read. *She* had written them there.

"She knows whether I've loved her and you, Jack," stooping to kiss the faded writing. "Your old father shall never be a weight on you, boy." He opened a knife and cut the leaf. It was loose now; he held it in his hand and stooped over the fire irresolute. After all, his real hold on life for a good many years had been through that page; as it began to crisp, he glanced up quickly at the goblet, and then out of the square dormer window. Lights were beginning to gleam in the houses beyond the Schuylkill, the sky warmed red as cinnabar on the frosty sunset, while wisps of feathery smoke from some passing steamer wavered across it. The world gave him a friendly look—*for the last.*

He threw the paper in the fire, put out his hand for the goblet—when there was a sudden soft flurry behind him, and two nervous little hands were clapped over his eyes. The next thing was a hearty kiss right on his mouth.

"Why, Madeline! child! is it you?"

"Of course it is not me! there are so many pretty girls stealing in to kiss you without leave! Oh, dear, I'm quite frozen, Uncle Dan!"

She looked as if she were; her chubby dimpled face was blue, and the rimy drops stood in her eyes. She perched herself up on the major's chair, beating her hands in their woollen gloves together. "If you only could unlace my boots? My feet haven't had a bit of feeling for an hour. Five miles did they tramp. I didn't want to break the note for car-fare. It's the half-yearly pay-day, you know. Just look at it," fumbling in her bosom under her sacque, and bringing out, warm and crisp, a bright new note. "I couldn't sleep until we'd both seen it and—gone halves!" winking with both eyes, and laughing all over in the most ridiculous, lovable way. The major had taken off her shoes, and stood with them in his hands looking down at her. She was so alive with beauty, warm-blooded, and happy! She seemed to come to him like sudden youth or summer in this last desperate hour. There hung about her even the faint scent of roses. It seemed so easy to come back to sit down beside his little daughter, who loved him with all her honest heart, and be happy and jolly and alive as always.

But he knew what he had to do.

"How long are you going to stay, Maddy?"

"Until to-morrow—unless you would rather I would go to-night," quickly.

"Yes, I would rather. I have some business—there will be some men here after a while—it wouldn't be best for you to stay."

"Very well," Maddy nodded, turning her stockinged feet about before the fire. She never asked questions, but she generally found out all that she wanted to know without them. "How long can I stay, Uncle Dan?" taking off her hat.

"In two hours will be time enough. Let me have you as long as I can."

"Isn't that a lovely hat?" poising it on her little fat fist, and looking over it steadily into his gaunt, changeless face. "The brown is just the shade of my hair. Been hard at work on the *Camera* lately, dear?"

"They've needed nothing for two weeks."

"Oh!" She was quiet a minute. "Just put that hat carefully away in my room, won't you? and bring me my slippers. They're in the lower drawer. You have the keys." She sat motionless until the door closed behind him, and then like a flash she was in the pantry cupboard, which was empty, as we know, and back again by the fire. She took up the goblet and smelled it. The major, coming back, glanced at it jealously, but it stood where he left it, and Maddy was leaning lazily back in her own low chair. She was pale, and the water stood in her eyes.

"You're not well, child?"

"No. Sit down by me, Uncle Dan. I'm tired and I'm hungry, that's all. I ordered a miraculous little supper as I came along. It will be here presently." She took his big hand as he sat by her, fingering it over, holding it now and then to her cheek. Something else than hunger had been at work with him. They were both too old soldiers to be beaten, as he was to-day, by a little wholesome fasting. But what was the sore? She did not know where to thrust her probe.

"They've raised my salary, Uncle Dan. Did you notice?"

"No, I did not. I'm glad of it, my darling. You can go through the world alone pretty well now, Maddy?"

She made a grimace. "If one only cares for hard work and money—yes. But I'm tired of being alone. I mean to either come home, or you must come to me. Though a man of your talents would be wasted in a Jersey village like that. They have only one newspaper. You could not go there."

"Only one newspaper, have they?"

There was silence. "Jack is at home," he said at last.

The cheek against which she had pressed his fingers grew suddenly, fiercely hot. She got up and laid some wood on the grate, sat down leisurely, her face turned from him. "Who did you say had come home—John? John Proctor?"

"Yes—Jack" The very name of the boy stabbed him like pain, yet he could not keep it off his lips. He did not waver in his resolve. He would put himself out of the way to keep the shameful birth of his boy a secret. Yet, as the clock ticked away the moments of this last hour, nature grew almost too strong for him. He could have cried out, so that all the world might hear, for his son—for his son, whose flesh and blood was the same as his. He heard the girl speaking to him as in a dream. Her voice trembled in spite of herself.

"Tell me something about him, Uncle Dan. Is he much changed?"

"I see no change in him." He caught sight of her face, and through all his dull absorption it startled him; it was so strangely fresh, and dewy, and young.

"I suppose John has been successful, then?" she said at last, with an effort. "He told me once he would never come back or write until he could do a man's work, and make all his friends proud of him. He thought they would forget him. He need not have been *very* much afraid of that." She was talking half to herself, stooping as she sat on her stool, her brown eyes fixed on the fire, her hands pressed on her breast. "I always knew he would find some little home in the west, and then come back; I knew he would."

"Maddy!"

"Yes, Uncle Dan."

"I'll tell you about Jack," in an unnaturally loud, harsh voice. "He is a man of mark now—a leader in his sect. They've called him to the first church here. His companions are not yours or mine, and his ways are not ours. They would look upon him as tainted if he made friends of shiftless Bohemians like us. He's in a world the door of which is shut to you and me. It will be the same way when we are dead. He will be inside, but when I come the door will be shut—shut."

A sudden comprehension broke through her face. Dimpled, kissable little face as it was, there was a latent nobility in it, great steadiness, and strength. "I think you're unjust to us, and to Jack," she said firmly, standing before him.

"I tell you the boy is on the road to success, and he must go on," he cried. "Nobody shall stand in his way to hinder him. I mean to stand out of his way. It will be quite easy for me to do it—quite easy."

Some suspicions of years ago were coming back to her. "I think I understand," she said. "Is Jack willing that you should give him up?"

"What could it matter to him? A shabby old liar and braggart, as M'Murray called me. I saw his church to-day, and the house where he will live. So grandly furnished, Maddy!"

"Churches and furniture!" with a contemptuous shrug. "What are they to Jack?"

"I saw the woman he is to marry."

"Ah! *the woman* ——"

"A daughter of M'Murray's; a delicate, white rosebud of a girl. He has everything now the world can give, Jack has. There's but one bar in his way, and that won't be there long."

But Madeline had turned to the window, her face toward the sun that was going down. It was some time before she came back. When she did, she stood by the mantel-shelf looking down at him. "Does the woman love him?"

"I thought so. It was in her face."

"She only has known him a little while?"

"Withrow told me they met last month in Chicago. The match was arranged there."

She looked at her hand. There was a thin gold ring on one finger—a cheap little trifle, such as a school-boy would give. It had been there so many years that it bound and pained

the woman's full-grown finger. It had done so for many years.

"One month?" she said to herself, again and again.

The sun was down, but the reflection from the snow on the roofs threw a pleasant brightness into the many windows, while the clock ticked cheerfully the last hour of daylight away. A noise below broke the silence into which they had fallen. The stairs were long and ricketty, and steps could be heard creaking from one flight to the other.

"It's Jack!" The major spoke hoarsely, standing up. He had been thinking it over as he sat. However false and disreputable his course had been since he was a man, he at least was right, he thought, in this act of its close.

"'Nothing in his life so became him as the ending of it,'" he quoted to himself. "But M'Murray would call it a theatrical trick."

Jack was at the street door; in a few minutes it would be too late. He thrust his fingers into his pocket, and secreted the little vial in his palm. He went to the door as if to close it. At that moment Maddy caught sight of a yellow bit of writing on the hearth, stooped, picked it up. She nodded as she read it without surprise.

"His son? And Jack wants the old man now to deny it? Not to stand in his way?"

The first hint about that poor white rabbit Clara had turned her blood to gall. She was suddenly bitter and unjust as death to Jack, to whom she had given her whole life of patient, sweet-tempered trust.

The steps came nearer. The poor old major backed toward the inner door, his uncouth face white and wet. "I'm not well. I'm going to lie down on your bed. Take him away with you, Maddy. I can't see either of you to-night." Yet even then it gave him a vague pleasure to hear how light and gay and resolute the boy's steps were.

Maddy came quietly between him and the door. "No, we will both see this Jack, who puts you out of his way."

The door opened. There was the old, short, stout-built Jack! The old sturdy, honest face under the same fur cap, the twitch in the mouth ready to make a joke at anybody or at himself.

"Why, Maddy? I did not hope to find you here, little woman," giving her a brotherly shake of the hand, and so figuratively setting her aside. How the dull morbid shadows that had filled the room crept aside before him! Madeline felt that her life had been but a passionate dream. Practical, common-sense people on the same plane of society saw each other a month ago in Chicago, and married rationally. And why should a practical, rational man encumber himself with this late-discovered father, with his undoubtedly unwholesome fancies and stagey habits?

"Major Standish"—Jack, with all his hearty manner, was embarrassed—"I came to speak to you on business of importance. You have no secrets from Maddy?"

"Don't speak, boy! For God's sake! In a little while I will set it all right! Wait one minute!" retreating to the door.

"But I won't wait." Jack had his hands on the major's shoulders, and forced him down on a chair. His face flushed as he spoke, and his voice grew unsteady. "Look at this old man, Madeline. Twenty years ago he came here a healthy, middle-aged man, with a comfortable living, and a son—a boy that he could have educated plainly, and had to work for him, and be a companion as he grew old. But what does he do? Puts the boy where he will be tended like a prince, be clothed in purple and fine linen, gives up his income to him, while he—look at this cockloft, Maddy! Look—*here!*" He put his hand on the old man's head, and drew it through the thin white hair. Once or twice he began to speak, but stopped. At last he said: "I know the shifts you have made to live, the insults you bore, that I might sleep soft and live warm! It's well I do know them all. You will never want the care of a son again; so help me God!"

"Yes, yes, I knew you would say that," cried the major. "But of what use was it all? You have ruined yourself. I know what I am. Who told you this?"

"A man who came from Virginia to find you."

"What does he want?"

"He would not tell me." Proctor's face clouded. The major's quick eyes marked it.

"He has a warrant for me, I suppose?" sullen and dogged.

"I do not know. He refused to give me any hint."

"There were several little affairs—there's no use in their stirring up muddy water, that I can see," peevishly. "But if it's criminal—let me alone, Jack," catching the young man's sleeve. "You shall not drag yourself down for me. I'll not have my whole life thwarted," fiercely.

Jack's answer was to glance around the poverty-stricken garret, and at his own costly, quiet dress. The tears were in his eyes. "We're

one now, come what will, father," he said, quietly. "That is the man at the door."

The major went to open it. "I'll balk them yet," he muttered. "I'll not drag Jack down." He came back in a moment, a huge yellow envelope in his hand. "He sent it in a letter. A man can't be arrested by letter? 'T may be ——" turning it over. "What's this? —— bless my soul, what's this? Why, it's no arrest!"

"Thank Heaven for that!" muttered Proctor.

"Robert Standish is dead, Jack," poring and muttering over a parchment sheet.

"Is he, sir?" indifferently. Jack was standing awkwardly alone, for Madeline, whom he had time to notice now, was engrossed in tying up some drawings of hers which she was going to take away with her. She would not leave one vestige of herself in her old home, she thought. The old man would go with his son to the delicate little rosebud of a girl. As for her, what did it matter that she had no home, nobody on earth but them? that her life had held nothing but them?

The drawings looked like masterpieces of art to Jack; he had heard of Maddy's genius. How cold and still she had grown in these two years! It might be devotion to art and to her work. She looked as impassive and abstracted as if she had gone into some height unknown to him, from whence she would look down on all his fancies and his ——. Jack never remained long in doubt about anything.

"Maddy." He crossed the hearth-rug to the corner where she stood, and took up her hand. "The ring? It's gone!"

Maddy glanced down carelessly. "Ring? Yes. I remember now. That ring was too small. I took it off long ago."

Jack's eyes twinkled; he held her wrist tight. "How long ago? Within the hour? See how red and bruised the poor little hand is!"

The pity was too much for heroic Maddy. She gave a sob, but held the tears back in her wet, miserable eyes. Jack never knew in all his life how deep the bruise went when that ring came off. He looked at her steadily—closer, closer; lifted the hurt hand till his breath touched it, then kissed it, just as he used to kiss her lips long ago, as no man had touched them since, as they never would be kissed again.

She drew back. "You have no right to play with me in that way." At the first tone of her altered voice Jack stood startled and grave. "What do you mean, Madeline? You need not feign that you did not know I loved you when I went away two years ago!"

"You were under no promise to me," quickly. "I have no right to reproach you."

"No promise. But I loved you."

"And now little Clara has taken my place," with icy composure. "I do not think that strange."

"That poor little creature! Oh, Madeline!"

That touch of contempt was worth more than a thousand arguments. "Do you mean to say you *don't* love her, Jack?" catching his coat lapels with both her hands. "I've been so—so miserable! I ——." She dropped her head and said no more; but the little Burgundy rose had opened its heart to him now with all its sweetness and spicy perfume, and Jack knew the flavour of it well. He had been waiting for it for a good many years.

They sat together in a shaded corner; the major was poring over his parchment by firelight. After a while Madeline referred to her rival again, patronizingly. "Clara is pretty, you must acknowledge, Jack. Though she is weak, as you say, poor child!"

"I don't know," said Mr. Jack, whose conscience twinged him with certain moonlight walks in Chicago. "She was very considerate and kind to me, Madeline. Her father was anxious for me to take the first church here. But I'd made up my mind to that little home in the west—if you would go with me."

"I always thought you'd come for me," said honest Maddy.

The major was looking at them over his spectacles. "So? So?" he said, in amazement. "Why, God bless you, children! You plan better for yourselves than I did for you."

Jack laughed, and drew his chair over between them. "It will be hard work to live, at first. But we three are old comrades, and know how to rough it."

"This is a duplicate of Robert Standish's will," said the major, striving to be legal and lucid, "and by it I find certain demesnes, messuages—well, I don't know, to tell the truth, if it's a fortune or a mere competency, Jack. But it's enough for us all to give M'Murray and his cursed *Camera* the go-by for life. We may start a *National Magazine* with it," in his old bragging tone.

"There will be no more of this for you then, father," glancing around. The bare floors, and pinched poverty, and the worn-out old man with his white hair in the midst, chafed Jack angry and sore continually.

"And here is the supper. At last?" cried Maddy.

"I had really forgotten I was hungry; but it is long past my usual dinner hour," said the

major, loftily. He rose with alacrity to help her spread the white cloth, and set the hot, dainty dishes on it, managing, as he lighted the lamp, to empty a half-filled goblet into the ashes. "Such abominable wine as these fellows furnish me now!" he muttered, and then suddenly stopped, looking at Jack, a shamed, defeated look creeping all over his big body. He went to him. "My son," he said, humbly, "it would be better you left me behind, you and Maddy. I'm a miserable, faulty old man."

"And I am a faulty young one," said Jack, hastily. "But there's that between you and me, father, which God will look to find in us all underneath these weeds that grow atop."

Maddy came closer to the two men. "I think I know what you mean. And I too," she said with infinite love, and very bad grammar, putting her hand softly into theirs.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY.[1]

AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF DR. POZZ, IN TEN VOLUMES, FOLIO, WRITTEN BY JAMES BOZZ, ESQ., WHO FLOURISHED WITH HIM NEAR FIFTY YEARS.

——We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. Talking of books, I mentioned *The History of Tommy Trip*, and said it was a great work. *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, it is great relatively; it was a great work to you when you were a little boy; but now, sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little man."

Feeling somewhat hurt at this comparison, I believe he perceived it, for as he was squeezing a lemon he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison; I have been compared to many things, yet I never was affronted at a comparison. No, sir; if they were to call me a dog, and you a cannister tied to my tail, I should not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in *such* company, I asked him what he thought of a friend of ours who was always making comparisons. *Pozz.* "Sir, that fellow has a simile for everything. I knew him when he kept shop—he then made money, and now he makes comparisons; he would say, for instance, that you and I were two figs stuck together, two figs in adhesion, and then he would laugh."

To this vivid exertion of intellect I observed in reply, "Certain great writers have determined that comparisons are odious." *Pozz.* "No, sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious; the whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house, when I took an opportunity of showing him a copy of verses I had made on a pair of breeches.

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[1] This satire, written, it is believed, by the Rev. James Beresford, appeared shortly after the publication of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Mr. Beresford, besides many sermons, produced *The Miseries of Human Life; or, the Last Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive*—an amusing book of facetiæ, by which a man may be brought to laugh at himself for allowing the accidents of life to ruffle him. The author was born in 1764, and died in 1840.

Pozz. "Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in Scotland?" *Bozz.* "The greater the proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry." *Pozz.* "Yes, sir; but it is an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark. It affords a proof of that profundity which he displayed in every branch of literature.

Having accidentally asked him if he approved of green spectacles, he made answer: "As to green spectacles, sir, the question seems to be this,—If I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them; but if a man were to tell me he did not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them. No, sir; I would rather dissuade him from making use of them."

A few months after I consulted him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which he confirmed his former opinion; it may be found in its proper place, vol. vi. page 2789. And having since that time maturely considered the point myself, I must needs confess that in all such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

The next day I left town for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. During this time I received only one letter from him, which is as follows:—

"*To James Bozz, Esq.*

"DEAR SIR,

"My bowels have been very bad; pray buy for me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your tour.

"Write me soon, and write me often.

"I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. POZZ."

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind.

On my return to town we met again at the chop-house, and had a long as well as a highly interesting conversation; indeed, there is not one hour of my life in which I do not profit by some part of his valuable communications.

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me that one of our friends had just been attacked by a most alarming complaint. He had entirely lost the use of his limbs—he was speechless—his eyes swollen, and every vein distended; yet his face was pale, and his extremities cold, at the same time his pulse beat one hundred and sixty strokes in a minute.

I said, with tenderness, that I would immediately go and see him, and take Dr. Bolus with me. *Pozz.* "No, sir, don't go." I was startled at so unexpected a reply, well knowing his compassionate heart, and earnestly demanded of him the reason why I should not procure for the afflicted person instant relief. *Pozz.* "Sir, you do not know his disorder" *Bozz.* "Pray, what is it?" *Pozz.* "Sir, the man is *dead drunk.*"

This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about, as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke; but he afterwards checked me by the following words: "Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said, for he who laughs at what another man says will soon laugh at that other man. Sir, you ought to laugh but seldom; you should laugh only at your own jokes."

Talking of a friend of ours, who was a very violent politician, I said, "I did not like his company." *Pozz.* "No, sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, sir, his mind is ulcerated, he has a political whitlow; you cannot touch him, sir, without giving him pain. I would never venture to speak on political subjects with that man; I would talk of cabbage and of pease; sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, but I would not meddle with politics." *Bozz.* "But perhaps, sir, he would talk of nothing else." *Pozz.* "Then it is plain what he would do." On my earnestly entreating him to tell me what that was, Dr. Pozz replied, "Sir, he would let everything else alone."

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up a coach. *Pozz.* "He is right, sir; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot be too soon off his legs. You tell me he keeps a coach; now, sir, a coach is better than a chaise; sir, it is better than a chariot." *Bozz.* "Why, sir?" *Pozz.* "Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this valuable observation, in order to impress it on my memory, and he complied with great good humour.

Taking a hint from the subject of our present conversation, I said, "Dr. Pozz, *you* ought to keep a coach." *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, I ought." *Bozz.* "But you do not, and this has often surprised me." *Pozz.* "Surprised you! There, sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you ought to be surprised at nothing; a man who has lived half so long as you ought to be above surprise; it is a rule with me, sir, never to be surprised."

"This is an error," continued Dr. Pozz, "produced by ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are sur-

prised; now, sir, if you did know, you would not be surprised." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear sir, you will let me know before I leave town." *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, you shall know now; the reason why I do not keep a coach is because I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking; I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear. *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, and then nobody could bear them; a man who is drunk, sir, is a very foolish fellow." *Bozz.* "But, sir, as the poet says, he is devoid of all care." *Pozz.* "That is true, sir, he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, sir, for he is unable to write his name; he cannot be a politician, sir, for he is almost speechless; he cannot be an artist, sir, for he is nearly blind; and yet, sir, there is a science in drinking." *Bozz.* "I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks." *Pozz.* "No, sir; to know what one drinks is nothing, but the science consists of three parts—in knowing when we have had too little, when we have had enough, and when we have had too much. For instance, there is our friend ——, he can always tell when he has too little, and when he has too much, but never knows when he has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of subjects, but I find few memorandums in my journal; on small beer he said it was a flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power, and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posts, he observed, had very much degenerated within his memory, and he found great fault with the moral of the *Beggar's Opera.*

I endeavoured to defend a play which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not muster that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he afterwards communicated to me a method of curing corns by the application of a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world he preferred Sir Isaac Newton's chronology; but as they gave employment to so many hands, he did not dislike the large shoe-buckles then in the fashion.

Next day we dined at the Mitre; I mentioned spirits. *Pozz.* "Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it; you may not believe it, but you cannot deny it." I told him that my great-grandmother once saw a spirit; he desired me to relate the circumstances, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention.

When I mentioned that the spirit had once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me. *Pozz.* "There, sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency; we cannot deny that the spirits appeared in these shapes, but then we cannot reconcile them, for what has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton?

"The objects, sir, are neither terrific nor contemporaneous; they are never seen at the same time, nor in the same place." *Bozz.* "I think, sir, that ghosts are most often seen by old women." *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, and their conversation is generally full of the subject; I would prefer old women to record such circumstances, their loquacity tends to minuteness."

A few days after this interesting and enlightened conversation we talked of a person who had a very bad character. *Pozz.* "Sir, he is a scoundrel." *Bozz.* "I hate a scoundrel." *Pozz.* "There you are wrong; I would not have you hate scoundrels; scoundrels, sir, are useful; there are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I should not choose to keep company with scoundrels; neither would I introduce them to my wife and children; but something may be got from them." *Bozz.* "Are not scoundrels for the most part fools?" *Pozz.* "No, sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool; but to be a complete rascal requires considerable abilities. I think a good book might be written on the subject of scoundrels—a *Biographia Flagitiosa,* or the lives of eminent scoundrels, from the earliest accounts to the present time."

Hanging was mentioned in the course of the conversation, and I observed that it was a very awkward situation. *Pozz.* "No, sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, sir, that a man whose actions tend to flagitious obliquity should himself be perpendicular at last."

I told Dr. Pozz that I had lately been in company with a number of gentlemen all of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged. *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, we know those who *have* been hanged—that is a circumstance we can easily recollect, and may safely mention, without fear of offence; but we must not name those who *deserve* it—such a proceeding would not be decorous in good company; it is one of those things we may *think,* but must not speak of."

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

[**Samuel Taylor Coleridge**, born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, 21st October, 1772; died at Highgate, 25th July, 1834. Soldier, journalist, metaphysician, and one of the three founders of the "Lake School" of poetry. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and Jesus College, Cambridge. Gifted with the highest powers of imagination, he lacked that balance of mind which gives unity and purpose to a life. Finding himself in London without resources, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons; but his friends soon purchased his discharge. Then with Southey and Wordsworth he contemplated the foundation of a new state of society on the banks of the Susquehanna, but, instead, married one of the Misses Fricker of Bristol and took a cottage in the Lake country, where he remained until 1810. He then visited Germany; and subsequently took up his abode in the family of Dr. Gilman, a physician at Highgate, where he remained until his death. In conversation he distinguished himself almost as much as in poetry; and it is said that in company he absorbed the whole attention by the eloquence of his discourse. His friend Charles Lamb once gave him a significant hint that he talked too much. "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" queried the poet (when young he had sometimes filled the Unitarian pulpit at Taunton). "I never heard you do anything else," replied Lamb. One of the best estimates of his character and powers is supplied by a letter written by Dr. Arnold: "I think, with all his faults, old Sam was more of a great man than any one that has lived within the four seas in my memory. It is refreshing to see such a union of the highest philosophy and poetry, with so full a knowledge, in so many points at least, of particular facts." Coleridge's chief works are *The Fall of Robespierre*, an historical drama; *Wallenstein*, a drama; *Remorse*, a tragedy; *Moral and Political Lectures; Essays on His Own Times; Lay Sermons; Christabel; Kubla Khan; Zapolya*, a Christmas tale; *Sibylline Leaves; The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, &c.]

PART I.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
A flash of joy. Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows for can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?
See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.
And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun. The spectre-woman and her deathmate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship.
Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew!

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) weneth the ancient Mariner.
The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.
The sun's rim dips: the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the moon.
We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another
One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates drop down dead.
Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.
The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

The Wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.
"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.[1]

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.
Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.
The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.
I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.
The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

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[1] For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.—*Coleridge.*

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered; the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

but not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:

Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies, Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

and appear in their own forms of light. A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The Hermit of the wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

approacheth the ship with wonder. "Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a feared"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh. Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat. Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

and to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

A CHOICE.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown, it is lasting—more pleasing, if fair:
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;
For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back;
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard;
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

RED EACHAN THE HUNTER.

A LEGEND OF GLENCOE.

[James Baillie Fraser, born at Reelig, Inverness-shire, 1784; died 1856. Although he has left a considerable number of stories to preserve his memory, it was as an Eastern traveller, and as an agreeable narrator of all the strange sights and customs he observed in the course of many years' wanderings, that he was best known during his life. His principal works were: "*A Tour through the Snowy Range of the Himala Mountains* (published at twenty guineas); *A Journey into Khorasan; Travels in the Persian Provinces; Kuzzilbash;* a tale of Khorasan; *The Khan's Tale; A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Tehran; The History of Persia;* &c. Besides the tales mentioned he also wrote: *The Highland Smugglers; Alice Neemroo; Dark Falcon;* &c. His books of travel were acknowledged to be amongst the best of their kind, and scarcely to be surpassed "in lively delineations, and rapid but graphic sketches." The author was also said to be "equally remarkable for the extent of his good humour and the depth of his information."]

It is some years since, in the progress of a tour, through part of the Western Highlands of Scotland, which I made in company with a friend, we visited the singularly romantic and well-known valley of Glencoe, and were forced to take shelter from a very threatening night, in the comfortless and miserable inn at the head of that glen.

The night fulfilled its threats to the uttermost, being howling and tempestuous; but, as if the ill-humour of the weather had exhausted itself in blustering, the following morning was fine, and the sun, rising in a bright and cloudless sky, made even the black and rugged hills around us smile under the cheering influence of his beams.—It was a lovely and a smiling season; and, desirous to take advantage of it, not only to explore the picturesque and savage beauties of the glen, but to examine the localities and trace the scenes of that bloody national tragedy of which it had been once made the theatre, I made known my wishes to the landlord of our lowly hospitium, and besought him to supply us with a guide, qualified to point out the places which have been so fearfully signalized.

Mine host, a sheep-farmer as well as an innkeeper to his trade, had already assumed his gray checkered plaid, and with a stout oaken plant in his hand, was about to stalk off to one of the adjacent hills, upon some matter connected with the sheep-shearing, when this application was made. Casting a somewhat impatient glance upon us, from a keen gray eye, deep-set among a thousand wrinkles, he regretted, in good English, though in Highland accent, "that all his *laads* were off to the hill, and that not one of them was nearer than three miles, even if they could be spared from the sheep; as for himself, he was for the big Bochall, at the top of Glen Etive, and wud na be back till night; the wife and the bit lassie was a' that wud be left in the house.—But the gentlemen needna be at a loss: there was old Allister Dhu,—they would find him at his little bothy, no four miles down the glen—or close by it surely—he was the only man to show the glen—proud was Allister of every gray stone and black rock in it—and as for stories about them, he had more than all the Sheanachies in the country—when he was in the humour."

This last was a species of reservation which needed to be explained; and the landlord, who evidently wished to get rid of the detention we were occasioning to him, merely said, that old Allister was at times something crabbed, and when he took a notion in his head that the gentlefolks were laughing at him, he would grow sulky and silent, and maybe turn his back and be off from them altogether. This was a conclusion which we resolved to avoid, by treating the old Highlander with due respect, and I had private hopes of mollifying the acerbities of his temper in which I trusted mightily; so, although we might have preferred a secure guide from the inn, and could not avoid looking a little blank upon our host when he intimated the impossibility of supplying us, we became reconciled to our disappointment, and with curiosity somewhat excited by this account of old Allister, we mounted our Highland ponies, and proceeded down the glen, according to the directions we had received.

The day kept up, as days seldom do in the proverbially moist climate of the West Highlands; and although clouds did occasionally curl round the rugged brows of the sharp and lofty crags on either side, and throw a darker shade over the narrow and naturally gloomy valley, the breeze was always sufficient to dispel them ere they broke in rain; and they served but to vary the splendid mountain scenery, by the magical effect of their flitting shadows, without making us pay for our pleasure by a drenching.

The four miles of our friend, mine host, proved somewhat of the longest, as Highland miles seldom fail to do; for it took us an hour's smart riding to bring us to the habitation of our proposed guide. The stream, collected from the peat-bogs and moss-cracks, in the moor, at the head of the glen, and swelled by numerous rills oozing from the surrounding

mountains, had worn a deep channel in the bottom of the valley, in some places tumbling and brawling amongst huge gray fragments of granite, in a very narrow space, in others spreading out into a broader bed as the receding banks afforded space. In one of these more open spots, where the better soil of a little basin had encouraged the growth of a turf as green as emerald, and as smooth as velvet, was situated the dwelling of Allister Dhu.

It was a black hut, constructed entirely of turf, or *divots*, as they are called in the Highlands, cut with the heather growing on them, and built into a wall; and but for the thin stream of blue smoke which found its way to upper air through a hole in the roof, it might have been mistaken for one of the moss-hags, or tufts of black earth, so abundantly scattered over the surrounding moors. A steep mountain brae, sprinkled with gray crags mingled with moss and fern, rose behind it to the foot of a frowning and overhanging precipice, from the brow of which the fragments that speckled its side had originally fallen; and before and around it sloped the green turf of which we have spoken, to the verge of the moss-brown bounding stream.

We had no difficulty in finding the object of our search in this lonely wilderness; for, carelessly thrown at length upon the green carpet before the hut, lay a figure which perfectly corresponded with the description we had received of old Allister Dhu. He was a man whose wrinkled countenance might have justified the belief that it bore the furrows of seventy winters, although the ruddy and healthy hue of his brown cheek, the glance of his keen gray eye, and the elastic spring of his gait, seemed to forbid the conclusion. His frame, though it rose not above the middle size, was square, and still athletic, exhibiting strong marks of the fine proportions which it must have borne in youth. The national garment, a philibeg of dark tartan, served to display his sinewy knees and well-shaped legs, which were but partially covered with short gray worsted hose. His jacket was of coarse and faded blue cloth; a shepherd's plaid of the dark gray check, which has now in great measure superseded the more showy tartans as a serviceable covering, was loosely cast across his breast and shoulders; and his head was covered by a broad blue bonnet, from under which his silver hair streamed down upon either shoulder. He was quite alone: indeed, the only living things beside himself which animated the wild landscape, were a huge shepherd's dog, which lay at its master's feet with its head couched between its fore-paws, and a few goats which were browsing among the crags above him.

A growl from the dog, ending in a loud bark, announced to its master the appearance of the strangers; and the old man, looking up, raised himself deliberately, and fixed upon us a keen glance of inquiry as we approached. "Failt 'herry!" said he, doffing his bonnet, and bowing with no undignified action, as we saluted him, "What is your will?"—"Good day to you, my friend," replied I, "but if you mean that we should understand one another, you must talk to us in English, which I am told you can do well." "Och! no just that—a little—a little," replied Allister; adding inquiringly, "The gentlemen will be English, then, no doubt?"—"No, not exactly so neither, Allister," said I. "Scotchmen—ay, and Highlanders—born are we, although not fortunate enough to speak our native language."—"Ochone, and that's a pity," said the old man with awakening interest: "and ye're from the Hielands then?—and o' what clan will ye be, sir?" I satisfied him in this particular, and intimated our wish that he would give us his services as guide in our exploratory ride down the glen. "In troth will I, sir," replied he, with alacrity; "and maybe there's no many leeving now that can tell ye as muckle about the place as old Allister Dhu Macdonald—good reason sure enough has he to ken about it.—And ye're a —— then?—a good name and a brave clan—they were out wi' *him* in the forty-five—ou! weel do I ken the ——'s, every family of them, and every foot o' their country.—And what part will ye be from, sir, if ye please?" persisted the old man, after a pause, during which he seemed to expect further information regarding myself——"Are ye o' —— or ——" mentioning by name several families, which, one after another, I was forced to disclaim, until at last, after having amused myself with his curiosity, I told him the designation of my family. He started at the name. "The Lord be here! sir—the Lord be here!—and are ye young ——. Ochone! weel did I ken your worthy father when he was in the ——d, for I was a while wi' them mysel—and a pretty man he was—ye'll no be so tall as him, sir,—but it's no many ye'll see like ——,—the Lord bless his father's son!"

This accidental recognition of my name and parentage was very favourable to our objects;—the old man quickly girt his plaid about him, drew close the rude screen of boards, which did duty as a door, in the orifice by which access was gained to the bothy; and,

giving some orders in Gaelic to his dog, which sent the animal towards the goats upon the hills, probably as a guard upon duty until his return, he announced himself ready to attend us.

I explained to old Allister that one of my principal objects in visiting the glen was to view with my own eyes the scene of that infamous massacre, which, to the eternal disgrace of the government of that day, had been perpetrated there in 1692. "In troth then," replied he, "your honour could scarcely have hit upon one better able to content you on these particulars than the auld man that speaks to you—a good right has he to know them, as you shall by-and-by understand." And accordingly not a rock, a corry, nor a ravine occurred during our ride, which was not the subject of some remark or traditionary tale.

A sharp descent brought us to a lower level of the glen, which opened out so far as to admit of a small lake, closely circled in by dark and precipitous mountains. "There," observed Allister, pointing to a cottage of late construction,—"there is Auchintriaton—the highest spot in the glen where blood was shed upon that fearful day—little thanks to them that plotted the mischief. The Laird of Auchintriaton was of near kin to Mackian himself—little chance was there of his being spared. But it was na here that he met his doom—ye'll see, ye'll hear all about it yet. Come away, we'll go a bit further down the glen yet."

A succession of the most savage yet picturesque scenery now greeted our regards, and the glen gradually expanded, until at length another lesser valley opened upon our left, sending down several streamlets to swell the torrent which had accompanied us from the lake.—"See," said our guide, pointing to several houses and huts that were visible in the small valley—"yonder is the bloody bit—yon is Inneriggin—and there is Auchnaghon—it was there that more than thirty brave Macdonalds, with women and children and all, were shot like wild beasts by the cowardly redcoats.—In these very touns—but oh they were blithe touns then, and many a braw lad and bonnie lass was there—in these very touns, sir, did the cruel soldiers and their false-hearted commanders, after living among them like friends,—eating of their bread and drinking of their cup, and pledging their hand in token of peace and friendship,—rise in the night, like traitors and butchers as they were, upon their unsuspecting hosts, and slew, while they slept, the men whom they dared not attack in the open face of day!—It was a foul, devilish work, your honour, as no doubt those who planned it and performed it have found out by this time—for the eye of the Lord was upon them, and his justice neither slumbers nor fails. I have been a soldier, sir, myself—but, thank God, I never heard of nor saw such duty put upon brave men—and the officers I have served with, your honour, would have flung their commissions wi' the orders at the head of any man who would have proposed it. Could any living creature believe, sir, that so much cold-blooded treachery could be in the heart of man, as to make him smile and flatter the very men whose blood he was going to spill; when, after doing all in their power to welcome him, but alarmed at the preparations they saw, they threw themselves upon his honour, and received his solemn assurances that they were safe—that no ill was intended them—yet thus did the false and cruel Campbell of Glenlyon even to his own kindred!—'What are ye frighted for,' said he to John, the eldest son of Mackian, who asked of him the reason why the soldiers were mustering so strong in the glen, and preparing their arms as if for service—'It's only some of these wild Glengarry men that want a dressing—if anything was brewing against you or yours, think ye I would not have told your brother Sandy and my niece?'—for ye'll understand Allister Macdonald, Glencoe's second son, was married to Glenlyon's niece—and yet did that very Glenlyon not only despatch the two Lindsays and their men against Allister and his worthy father, but with his own lips gave orders for the soldiers to shoot his own host, the good Laird of Inneriggin, with nine others of his family—ay, and stood by to see his orders executed. Even the poor boy, Eachan Beg, who ran and got hold of his knees for protection against the bloody butchers, did he shake off at the word of the hard-hearted Drummond, and cast upon the bayonets of the soldiers—but the Lord will repay him!"

"It was in truth a most bloody and infernal transaction," replied I, with an emphasis that was echoed from my very heart—"and so wholly unprovoked too—for I have heard that the clan was quiet, living at peace with all men, when the storm burst upon them."

"Ay, your honour—that they were," said the old guide. "They had all seen that it was useless to kick against the pricks, and needed no more to keep them quiet for that time at least. Mackian had taken the oaths to government, sir; and Inneriggin had Colonel Hill's protection in his pocket at the very time he was killed—no wonder they little suspected what was coming."

"And yet," said I, "it seems almost unaccountable that the mustering of troops and other preparations should not have roused them to some suspicion."

"Who would have thought of suspecting the king's government—ay, or the Highland troops in its pay, of such villanous treachery?" said the guide in reply.—"And yet some among them were not so entirely blind. I told your honour how John Mackian took occasion to question Glenlyon about his intentions. Before that, he met the soldiers on their way from Inverlochy, as they entered Glencoe, and put the same questions to Lieutenant Lindsay, who, showing him Colonel Hill's orders for the men to quarter in Mackian's country, assured him that no harm was intended. Accordingly they were received with hospitality and entertained with all kindness.—I'm thinking too, that old Auchintriaton was not without his doubts; for even on the very night of the slaughter, he and his brother, with seven or eight more, sat up watching at Auchnaghon. Little good did his watching do. In the morning, when the bloody villains stole like thieves to the house, and poured in eighteen or twenty shot upon them through the windows and door, as they sat or lay around the fire, Auchintriaton was killed outright with four others; the rest were all more or less wounded, although some of them, by a providential chance, escaped. And if your honour is na wearied of my talking already, I might tell ye the tale, although it's a strange one—weel may I ken it, for often have I heard it from them who kenned all about it; and it's an old story now, though I'm something concerned in it mysel."—It may easily be conceived that I was quite disposed to indulge the old man's garrulity, and my complaisance was rewarded with the following recital, which, in part at least, is given nearly in the words of Allister Dhu himself.

Eachan Ruah Challaher (or Red Hector the Hunter) was foster-brother to one of the sons of Mackian of Glencoe, and, according to the customs of the Highlands, lived much more in the laird's family than in that of his own parents. Eachan was a clean-limbed handsome young fellow, remarkable for his uncommon activity, quick eye, steady head, and firm foot; which, together with his invincible good-humour and manly spirit, made him a universal favourite. The young Mackians, in particular, who were themselves fond of the chase and all mountain sports, would never be easy without one who was so able an assistant in their favourite pastimes. In truth Eachan did little else than attend them upon such parties, and furnish the laird's table with fish and game.

In such pursuits, which led him over most of the surrounding country, young Eachan formed an intimacy with a family which occupied a remote dwelling in Glen-Leven, and with whom, after a weary day's stalking in the wild hills of the Black Mount, or the Muir of Rannoch, which in those days abounded in red-deer and game of all sorts, he would often find a welcome, with food and shelter for the night. In the course of time his friends and companions began to remark how frequently his steps were turned towards these muirs, and how often he found a resting-place in the bothy of Ian Bochal. That some object more attractive than even the bounding stags and hinds of the Black Mount occasioned his partiality for this beat, became soon the opinion of every gossiping neighbour, and it was remembered that old Ian the herdsman had a daughter, Isobel (Gaelicè, Ishpal), whose dark eyes and raven locks might very naturally have fixed the regards and fascinated the heart of the Red Hunter.

In truth the matter soon became notorious; for it was discovered that old Ian had absolutely signified his consent to resign his black-eyed daughter, with the few beasts which were to form her portion, together with certain household stores, such as sheets and blankets, held to be convenient, if not absolutely necessary in these primitive days, to the setting up of a young couple, so soon as the Laird of Glencoe should intimate what it might be his pleasure to do for the foster-brother and favourite of his son. Thus Eachan became an almost constant indweller of the black bothy which was the home of his mistress and her father, although duty to the chief and his sons occasioned his being very frequently during the brief daylight of the season in the several touns of Glencoe.

It was well on in February, 1692, and the ferment occasioned by the ill-starred movements in favour of the exiled royal family had in great degree subsided. Most of the Jacobite clans had given up all hope of success, and returned to a reluctant acknowledgment of and obedience to the reigning family, in order to save life and property. But still, as has been hinted at above, there remained upon the one hand a jealous suspicion, on the other an anxious alarm and concealed dissatisfaction, which kept the minds of men painfully upon the watch; nor was this irritable state at all lessened by the increase of an armed force,

which suddenly made its appearance in the lower part of the glen.

These troops, as has been already remarked, being received as friends, upon the solemn word of their officers that their coming was in peace, neither meditating nor intending injury to any of the inhabitants, were distributed in small parties in the various dwellings of the clan, in a manner altogether suitable for the murderous part they were destined to act; while their hosts, trusting in these hollow assurances, exerted themselves to greet them with such welcome as their means permitted.

Such being the state of affairs, young Eachan, who, from his erratic habits of life, was in the way of hearing every current report, pacific or alarming, divided his presence and his cares between the house of his mistress and the family of his chief; passing from Kinlochlevin to Glencoe, or Auchnaghon, as circumstances prompted, and frequently visiting all those places in the course of the same short-lived winter day.

It was upon the afternoon of February 12th, 1692, that Eachan came to the bothy of Ian Bochal, and with some agitation informed the old man that he had seen one from Ballachulish, who reported certain movements of the troops there and at Inverlochy, of a suspicious if not an alarming description—"Ye'll better look out for yourself," added he; "and ye had as good drive the cattle up the glen out of sight the night; and, Isobel dear, be ready for a start yourself. As for me, I must be off to the laird, and give him a word of warning;—but I'll be back here, please God, before this time to-morrow; and there's little chance of ill before that time, any way."

The dark eyes of Isobel bent upon the young man half-mournfully, half-reproachfully, as he spoke, and her lips severed as if she would have addressed him; when at that moment, a black shaggy sheep-dog, which lay basking before the peat-embers on the hearth, raised its head, and uttered a loud wailing howl. All eyes were turned upon the animal—Isobel started, and her father, running to the door, cast an anxious look around. "Oh go not to Glencoe the-night," said the girl, turning earnestly towards him when they were alone—"don't leave us at such a time, Eachan. See, the night will close in before you're half over the hill, and a wild road is that, even by daylight—see, Shulach won't have you to move."—"Hout, lass, what would keep me?" replied Eachan; "before the light's done I'll be across the water, and Auchnaghon is no that far off."—"What ails thee, Shulach?" said the father, now returning from his espial, and addressing the dog which was so named—"what ails you, poor beoch?—deil a creature is near." The only reply of the animal was another long dismal howl, with a glance at the door-way, and a look at Eachan. "The bitch smells a fox or some vermin," said Eachan; "and she wants me to go after it with her."—"Na, na," replied the father, "that's no the yelp Shulach would give if game or vermin were in the wind—the creature's no canny—she smells mischief, and it's for us to guard against it."—"Oh Eachan! my father says true," said Isobel, imploringly—"there is mischief about to happen, as sure as ye're before us—oh let Glencoe and Mackian alone the-night—there's plenty o' them to keep themselves—dinna leave the bothy at this time o' day."—"What! lass," said the father somewhat sternly—"would ye tempt the lad to forsake his chief at need, and leave his own foster-brother in danger? Na, na! he'll no hear such counsel from old Ian Bochal.—Off with you, young man—God speed and bless you—let me alone to tak care o' the beasts, and no fear of ourselves."

"I'll no say, sir," continued the old guide, "that there was not a weight upon Eachan's heart, as he took a kiss and a look at Isobel, and turned to leave the bothy: and scarcely had he passed the threshold when Shulach, suddenly rising from her lair, darted before him, and began to howl and to bark more wildly than ever, still crossing and recrossing his path, and seeking, as ye might think, to stop his progress.—'Down, Shulach! down, ye fool!' cried he, trying to caress the beast as it bounded past—but it still kept away out of reach, continuing its strange eldrich antics. 'Hear me, Eachan,' at length said Isobel—'it's a true word my father spoke when he said that beast's no canny. Shulach's no like other dogs—mind how often she has led us, by her yelping and tugging, to the beast that has fallen into a peat crack—and was na it she that took my father last winter to the place where old Callum was lying half-dead in the drift? Let the beast go wi' you, Eachan—she canna' do you ill, and I'll be easier for it in my mind—for, ochone! I wish there may na be some evil about to befal us!'—And in truth, sir, the creature would na be forbidden; and when at last he turned away with a determined step, and whistled her to him, the beast lap and jumped about him, as if it had been contented to follow since she could not keep him from going on his ill-fated journey.

"Well, sir—away went Eachan. The evening turned out a wild one, and it got so dark

with rain, and drift, and snow, that before the night set in it needed all his skill and stoutness of heart to make his way to Mackian's dwelling. There he told his story, but the good laird would na believe that any ill could be meant after the plighted words of Glenlyon and of Lindsay; and he set down all the stir among the soldiers to the score of the Glengarry and Keppoch men. He wanted Eachan to stay the night in the place, but he was keen to be with his foster-brother at Auchnaghon, and off he set straight for the house.

"It seems that the people of Auchnaghon and of Inneriggin had as little thought of danger as the Laird of Glencoe himself, for they all went to their beds as usual, except old Auchintriaton, who, no doubt alarmed by Eachan's tidings, which maybe strengthened his own suspicions, thought it as well to sit up all night along with his whole party.

"Eachan having seen his foster-brother, to whom he told all his suspicions, and whom he earnestly prayed to continue upon his guard, quitted the house, which was already full both of its own folk and of the soldiers quartered there, and retired to that where Auchintriaton kept watch, and took his place with others around a good fire of peats. The early part of the night was passed in talking cheerfully, and drinking moderately; in which the soldiers and officers of the party stationed there freely joined. But as it grew late the soldiers retired, leaving the room to the poor doomed Macdonalds, who towards morning began to be drowsy, and to watch less carefully. Among the rest, Eachan, wearied with the buffeting of the night's storm, lay down in his plaid upon the floor, behind the rest, and fell into a sound sleep.

"How long he lay in this way, sir, he could not tell, but he was awakened by a loud continued rattle, like that of thunder; and starting up to know what was the matter, was instantly felled to the ground again, by a shock, of which, at the moment, he did not know the nature. For a few moments his head swam round, and a sickness like death itself came over him; but soon recovering, and hearing around him a horrid uproar of cries, and groans, and curses, mixed with the heavy tread of men, and the clash of arms, he looked up: the room was filled with smoke of gunpowder; and by the dim light of the fire he saw himself surrounded by the bodies of his companions, stretched dead upon the floor, or writhing with their wounds, while a number of soldiers were bursting into the room, and some were already thrusting their bayonets into the bodies of those who had fallen by their fire. Not a moment had he to think or to recollect himself, sir, for scarcely had he opened his eyes when he saw the bayonet of one of the butcherly soldiers within a foot of his breast: a waft of his arm dashed the weapon aside, and on looking up at the man who aimed it, the faint gleam of the fire showed him a face he well knew. 'Hold, hold, Hamish, man!' cried he, 'would ye murder your friend Eachan Ruah?' 'Deoul! Eachan, are you there, and alive?' cried the man, stepping back a pace; 'but what can I do? see, they are all there, at my back.'—'Oh! but, man, dinna let me die by a friend's blow—let me go—let me die out of doors if it must be—not in this hole, to be burned like a beast, when the fire takes the bothy.'—'Weel, weel,' said Hamish, 'if I canna save you, I'll no kill you—off wi' you, man.' So he let him rise; and Eachan rushed through the throng to the door, where three of the red-coats were watching wi' fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. But Eachan was a supple chiel, sir; he pushed through the bayonets, and as the men lifted their guns to fire at him, he took his loose plaid, flung it over their faces, and off he started like a deer.

"There was a sergeant close by, who saw this daring act: 'Seize the fellow,' cried he; and off he set himself, wi' his drawn sword, after Eachan. But it was na the like o' him that could catch the lightest foot and best wind in Glencoe or Lochaber; and his useless attempt was the safety of Eachan; for the men, when they freed themselves of the plaid, could not fire after him, for fear of harming their officer. The sergeant saw this when it was too late, and flinging himself on the ground, called out, 'Fire away, boys—shoot the rascally rebel.' Bang went their pieces; but a dark morning and a running foot spoil a good aim—the balls whizzed by him harmlessly, and on bounded Eachan, dashing across the river, though it was roaring in speat, and up to the hills on the east of the glen.

"But his course was soon very near being stopped to some purpose; for as he turned the corner of a little knowe, at the foot of which the high-road passed up the glen, he found himself full in front of a dozen soldiers, who were hastily marching onwards. 'Halloo! that's one of them,' roared their leader, 'fire! shoot the fellow!' and Eachan, though he doubled like a hare, had scarcely time to dash across the road, and down a little heathery brae, before eight or ten musket-balls were rattling about him. Nor was theirs so bad an aim; for one of them cut the belt which fastened his philibeg round his waist, and

another gave him a deep flesh wound in the side. But the mischief was little, and he scarcely felt it at the time; and as for the soldiers, their power was spent with their powder —for who, while strength and breath remained, could keep foot with the Red Hunter?

"Away sprang the lad, like a horse that feels the spur; and before a red-coat was fit to follow he was deep among the wild rocks of the corry. But to skulk like a hunted fox was not the design of Eachan.—'No,' said he to himself—'Isobel!—Isobel!—while I have life and strength, let me strive to reach Glen-Leven—let me see if she be safe yet: and then, come life, come death, Eachan will care but little. Ochone! Ochone for Mackian!—Ochone for the brave young Allister! a black, black day is it for the clan, and the black curse rest on their bloody murderers!' The thought of poor Isobel, perhaps in the hands of these butchers, gave him force and speed, the light was increasing in spite of the driving storm; and Eachan neither halted nor breathed himself, until he saw the black glen below him, from the top of the wild hills above us, sir, which lie between Glencoe and Glen-Leven.

"The road was then easy, for it was all down hill, and he was eagerly looking through the mist for the black bothy of the Bochal. But will cannot strive against nature; the blood which had flowed from his wounds began now to tell—a sick faintness came over him, his knees trembled, and while still distant from the bothy, poor Eachan, in spite of his stout heart and best exertions, fell insensible upon the ground, which was now white with the driving snow; and he would soon have slept the sleep of death with the rest of his wounded clansmen—but there was a Providence watching over him, sir, and the hand of man could not prevail against it.

"The poor lassie, Isobel, had remained the whole night watching in her father's bothy, attended only by an old woman, who could have been of no use as a protector. For Ian Bochal had on the preceding evening, according to the advice of Eachan, set out with a protchach of a herd-boy, to drive the cattle to the hills, and she did not expect him back till the next day. The night passed without disturbance; and when morning dawned, she continued earnestly gazing about the bothy door, in hope, and partly in fear, of seeing some one approaching, until her attention was attracted by the sight of a dog running furiously towards the hut. It was Shulach, sir, the creature which had followed Eachan the whole way to Auchnaghon, and accompanied him back when fleeing from the soldiers, until she saw him fall, and lie like a dead man on the hill; and then it seems the poor beast must have kenned that better help than she could give was wanted, and off she set to the bothy to bring it.

"The moment Isobel saw the dog she gave a scream, and cried out, 'Eachan!—Oh Eachan! they have murdered you!'—and her heart failed her, so that she fell almost fainting against the door-post. But Shulach, running up, fawned upon her, tugging at the skirt of her gown—then ran off again—looked back, and then returned to pull again at her clothes. Isobel was not long of understanding what all this meant, sir.—'Oh Moraig!' said she to the old woman, 'he is not dead—I am sure of it—Shulach is calling me to him—he may be wounded, or dying in this wild weather—oh! let me go to him at once.'—And catching up her plaid, and whatever clothes came first to her hand, with a horn o' whisky and a bannock of bread—off she set, following the dog, which, bounding and scampering before her, led her straight to the hill. Sure enough, sir, there did Isobel find her poor Eachan, bloody and stiff; and the coldness of his body went to her heart like ice, for she thought he was dead and gone entirely. But, oh! muckle will a woman do for the lad of her heart, your honour. Isobel covered him wi' the plaid, and even laid her own warm body upon his—and, ochone! glad was she when she saw his hurts begin to bleed again, for that was a sure sign of returning life. And so it was in truth; for he opened his eyes, and gasped, and sobbed, while the dog, poor beast, kept licking at his wounds, till at last he glowered about him, and called out, 'Isobel!'

"Weel, sir! I need na tell you how she dressed his wounds, and covered him with the clothes and the plaid she had brought; and how he was recovered by a sup o' the whisky, and came to himself; and Isobel, blithe to see him in life again, was for going back to the bothy. 'No! no! Isobel, dear,—it's the mercy of God that the villains have na been there already—it would be rank madness to go back. No, no! let the trash that's in it go—we'll after your father, and be off to Rannoch, till this sore sough blow by; and then we'll do as the Lord pleases. As for Glencoe, there's as many corpses as gray stones in it by this time o' day.'

"It was well for them, your honour, that they went na back to the bothy; for Isobel had na left it ten minutes before the red-coats came. They murdered the poor creature Moraig, and, plundering it of all the few things it contained, set fire to it, and left the place,

cursing, no doubt, the chance that had saved the rest of its in-dwellers.

"Eachan, revived by the refreshment he had received, and by the warmth of the clothes which Isobel had brought him, was able to assist her through the drift and snow to the hill where her father had driven the cattle. To save his master's property and his own, as well as the lives of the whole party, was the point now; and accordingly they drove the beasts as fast as the wild weather and Eachan's wounds would permit, towards Rannoch, where Ian Bochal had a cousin, in whose good-will he could trust. There they remained until the false and bloody Glenlyon went off to Holland, and the great folk of the nation began to make a stir about the slaughter of Glencoe, when the surviving sons of Mackian were enabled to claim their own. Ye may believe, sir, that Eachan and Isobel were na long o' being married: and the man who now tells you the tale is grandson to that very Eachan Ruah."

"Indeed! my friend," said I, with some surprise; "I did expect to hear that you were in some way connected with this Red Hunter; but, old as you are, I certainly did not give you credit for being the grandson of a man who figured and married so long ago."—"Ay, sir, that may be, for I'm gay and stout, sure enough; but whatever ye may think, it's the truth. I was a weel-grown rattling chield at Culloden; and if I be spared to Lammas, I'll be just four-score and five years of age. It's a long-lived race we're of, your honour, and the glen is a braw place for health."

"And pray, my good friend, how do you live—what are your means?" demanded I, still more interested by the veteran's account of himself. "Oh, it's little that keeps the like o' me, sir," replied he. "The family are kind to me, as they have been to all my forebears. —I have the little bothy up by, from them, wi' leave for a few goats and some sheep; and the colonel, God bless him, gives me a pension; and the gentle folks that pass through the glen give me something for my guidance and my clavers, whiles; and the neighbours are all very kind too—so when it pleases the Lord to call old Allister from this weary world, there'll no be wanting something to bury him decently, and to gie a dram to the caillachs that cry his coronach."

Delighted with the old Highlander's simplicity and patriotic independence,—for, poor as he was, a slighting look, or an expression against his country or clan, he would not have endured from King George himself,—and gratified, perhaps, with his flattering attention to myself—or rather to my name and family, I would willingly have made substantial acknowledgments of the same. But not one penny would the old man accept in the shape of coin. "No, no," said he, "proud woud old Allister be, sir, to follow your father's son from the Mull o' Cantyre to Loch Eribol itsel,—forby showing him the bonniest glen in a' the Hielands. If young —— wad gi' him but a pinch o' snuff out o' his own mull, he wad think more of it than a' the siller."—"That will I, my good friend," said I, presenting him with a handsome Laurencekirk box, which I had lately bought and filled with right Lundyfoot; "and you shall keep the box and all for my sake." "Ochone!" said he, "it's too much trouble; may the Lord protect you and bless you, sir, when old Allister is put under his own gray-stone." "Amen!" responded I, "but I hope to see you at the bit bothy yet, once and again, before that." The old man turned to me with a softened eye:—"No, no," said he, shaking his head gravely,—"that's no to be thought of—but the Lord's will be done!" Alas! it was the truth. Many a year had passed, and through many a land had I wandered, before I again visited Glencoe. The scenes were the same, "unchangeable, unchanged," and my heart beat as recollections of the past rushed thick upon it—but a green turfy mound occupied the place of the bothy in the glen, and its former tenant, my honest old guide, had long been gathered to his fathers.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Katrine, in one of those small sheepfold-like burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood;
She has her brave ROB ROY!
Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
And let us chant a passing stave
In honour of that hero brave!

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,
And wondrous length and strength of arm:
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
A poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
As wise in thought as bold in deed:
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves:
They stir us up against our kind;
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, make a law,
Too false to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I graven on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind!
With them no strife can last; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see!
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds and creatures stand and fall,
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'Tis God's appointment who must sway
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow:
The eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least have been
But through untowardness of fate:
For polity was then too strong;
He came an age too late,

Or shall we say an age too soon?
For, were the bold man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds, and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre vales confined;
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind!

And to his sword he would have said,
"Do thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth!
Judge thou of law and fact!

"'Tis fit that we should do our part;
Becoming that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough:—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death:
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!
France would have had her present boast;
And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;
I would not wrong thee, champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch-Veol's heights,
And by Loch-Lomond's braes.

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes
At sound of ROB ROY'S name.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LITERARY INFLUENCE OF ACADEMIES.[1]

What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Not, certainly, an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Our greatest admirers would not claim for us that we have these in a pre-eminent degree; they might say that we had more of them than our detractors gave us credit for; but they would not assert them to be our essential characteristics. They would rather allege, as our chief spiritual characteristics, energy and honesty; and, if we are judged favourably and positively, not invidiously and negatively, our chief characteristics are, no doubt, these;—energy and honesty, not an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence were very signal characteristics of the Athenian people in ancient times; everybody will feel that. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence are remarkable characteristics of the French people in modern times; at any rate, they strikingly characterize them as compared with us; I think everybody, or almost everybody, will feel that. I will not now ask what more the Athenian or the French spirit has than this, nor what shortcomings either of them may have as a set-off against this; all I want now to point out is that they have this, and that we have it in a much lesser degree.

Let me remark, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities; that, for instance, of what we call genius, energy is the most essential part. So, by assigning to a nation energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristics,—by refusing to it, as at all eminent characteristics, openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence,—we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere, it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in poetry;—and we have Shakspeare. Again, the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in science;—and we have Newton. Shakspeare and Newton: in the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon, is freedom; entire independence of all authority, prescription, and routine,—the fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy, will not be very apt to set up, in intellectual matters, a fixed standard, an authority, like an academy. By this it certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry, these requisites are very important; and the poetry

[1] From *Essays in Criticism*, by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. Mr. Arnold is one of the most influential of modern essayists, as well as a poet of high calibre (see vol. ii. of the *Casquet*, page 164). His principle, as he states in the preface to these essays, is "to try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward on any one side, with violence and self-will,—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline."

of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this shortcoming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing; but in prose they are of first-rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation with no particular gifts for these will not be so successful. These are what, as I have said, can to a certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot. Academies consecrate and maintain them, and, therefore, a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies. So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and, to this extent, to the human spirit's general advance. But then this evil is so much compensated by the propagation, on a large scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender, genius itself, in the long run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it, that the general advance of the human spirit is perhaps, on the whole, rather furthered than impeded by their existence.

How much greater is our nation in poetry than prose! how much better, in general, do the productions of its spirit show in the qualities of genius than in the qualities of intelligence! One may constantly remark this in the work of individuals; how much more striking, in general, does any Englishman,—of some vigour of mind, but by no means a poet,—seem in his verse than in his prose! No doubt his verse suffers from the same defects which impair his prose, and he cannot express himself with real success in it; but how much more powerful a personage does he appear in it, by dint of feeling, and of originality and movement of ideas, than when he is writing prose! With a Frenchman of like stamp, it is just the reverse: set him to write poetry, he is limited, artificial, and impotent; set him to write prose, he is free, natural, and effective. The power of French literature is in its prose-writers, the power of English literature is in its poets. Nay, many of the celebrated French poets depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of intelligence which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive support of prose; many of the celebrated English prose-writers depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of genius and imagination which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive support of poetry. But, as I have said, the qualities of genius are less transferable than the qualities of intelligence; less can be immediately learned and appropriated from their product; they are less direct and stringent intellectual agencies, though they may be more beautiful and divine. Shakspeare and our great Elizabethan group were certainly more gifted writers than Corneille and his group; but what was the sequel to this great literature, this literature of genius, as we may call it, stretching from Marlow to Milton? What did it lead up to in English literature? To our provincial and second-rate literature of the eighteenth century. What, on the other hand, was the sequel to the literature of the French "great century," to this literature of intelligence, as, by comparison with our Elizabethan literature, we may call it; what did it lead up to? To the French literature of the eighteenth century, one of the most powerful and pervasive intellectual agencies that have ever existed, the greatest European force of the eighteenth century. In science, again, we had Newton, a genius of the very highest order, a type of genius in science, if ever there was one. On the Continent, as a sort of counterpart to Newton, there was Leibnitz; a man, it seems to me (though on these matters I speak under correction), of much less creative energy of genius, much less power of divination than Newton, but rather a man of admirable intelligence, a type of intelligence, in science, if ever there was one. Well, and what did they each directly lead up to in science? What was the intellectual generation that sprang from each of them? I only repeat what the men of science have themselves pointed out. The man of genius was continued by the English analysts of the eighteenth century, comparatively powerless and obscure followers of the renowned master; the man of intelligence was continued by successors like Bernouilli, Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, the greatest names in modern mathematics.

What I want the reader to see is, that the question as to the utility of academies to the intellectual life of a nation is not settled when we say, for instance: "Oh, we have never had an academy, and yet we have, confessedly, a very great literature." It still remains to be asked: "What sort of a great literature? a literature great in the special qualities of genius, or great in the special qualities of intelligence?" If in the former, it is by no means sure that either our literature, or the general intellectual life of our nation, has got already, without academies, all that academies can give. Both

the one and the other may very well be somewhat wanting in those qualities of intelligence, out of a lively sense for which a body like the French Academy, as I have said, springs, and which such a body does a great deal to spread and confirm. Our literature, in spite of the genius manifested in it, may fall short in form, method, precision, proportions, arrangement,—all of them, I have said, things where intelligence proper comes in. It may be comparatively weak in prose, that branch of literature where intelligence proper is, so to speak, all in all. In this branch it may show many grave faults to which the want of a quick, flexible intelligence, and of the strict standard which such an intelligence tends to impose, makes it liable; it may be full of hap-hazard, crudeness, provincialism, eccentricity, violence, blundering. It may be a less stringent and effective intellectual agency, both upon our own nation and upon the world at large, than other literatures which show less genius, perhaps, but more intelligence.

The right conclusion certainly is that we should try, so far as we can, to make up our shortcomings; and that to this end, instead of always fixing our thoughts upon the points in which our literature, and our intellectual life generally, are strong, we should, from time to time, fix them upon those in which they are weak, and so learn to perceive clearly what we have to amend. What is our second great spiritual characteristic,—our honesty,—good for, if it is not good for this? But it will,—I am sure it will,—more and more, as time goes on, be found good for this.

Well, then, an institution like the French Academy,—an institution owing its existence to a national bent towards the things of the mind, towards culture, towards clearness, correctness, and propriety in thinking and speaking, and, in its turn, promoting this bent,—sets standards in a number of directions, and creates, in all these directions, a force of educated opinion, checking and rebuking those who fall below these standards, or who set them at nought. Educated opinion exists here as in France; but in France the Academy serves as a sort of centre and rallying-point to it, and gives it a force which it has not got here. Why is all the *journeyman-work* of literature, as I may call it, so much worse done here than it is in France? I do not wish to hurt any one's feelings; but surely this is so. Think of the difference between our books of reference and those of the French, between our biographical dictionaries (to take a striking instance) and theirs; think of the difference between the translations of the classics turned out for Mr. Bohn's library and those turned out for M. Nisard's collection! As a general rule, hardly any one amongst us, who knows French and German well, would use an English book of reference when he could get a French or German one; or would look at an English prose translation of an ancient author when he could get a French or German one. It is not that there do not exist in England, as in France, a number of people perfectly well able to discern what is good, in these things, from what is bad, and preferring what is good; but they are isolated, they form no powerful body of opinion, they are not strong enough to set a standard, up to which even the journeyman-work of literature must be brought, if it is to be vendible. Ignorance and charlatanism in work of this kind are always trying to pass off their wares as excellent, and to cry down criticism as the voice of an insignificant, over-fastidious minority; they easily persuade the multitude that this is so when the minority is scattered about as it is here; not so easily when it is banded together as in the French Academy. So, again, with freaks in dealing with language; certainly all such freaks tend to impair the power and beauty of language; and how far more common they are with us than with the French! To take a very familiar instance. Every one has noticed the way in which the *Times* chooses to spell the word "diocese;" it always spells it diocess,[1] deriving it, I suppose, from *Zeus* and *census*. The *Journal des Débats* might just as well write "diocess" instead of "diocèse," but imagine the *Journal des Débats* doing so! Imagine an educated Frenchman indulging himself in an orthographical antic of this sort, in face of the grave respect with which the Academy and its dictionary invest the French language! Some people will say these are little things: they are not; they are of bad example. They tend to spread the baneful notion that there is no such thing as a high, correct standard in intellectual matters; that every one may as well take his own way; they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture; they confirm us in habits of wilfulness and eccentricity, which hurt our minds, and damage our credit with serious people. . . .

In a production which we have all been reading lately, a production stamped throughout with a literary quality very rare in this country—*urbanity;* in this production, the work of a man never to be named by any son of

[1] The *Times* has now (1868) abandoned this spelling and adopted the ordinary one.

Oxford without sympathy, a man who alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment, which this exquisite place itself conveys,—I mean Dr. Newman,—an expression is frequently used which is more common in theological than in literary language, but which seems to me fitted to be of general service; the *note* of so and so, the note of catholicity, the note of antiquity, the note of sanctity, and so on. Adopting this expressive word, I say that in the bulk of the intellectual work of a nation which has no centre, no intellectual metropolis like an academy, like M. Sainte-Beuve's "sovereign organ of opinion," like M. Renan's "recognized authority in matters of tone and taste,"—there is observable a *note of provinciality*. Now to get rid of provinciality is a certain stage of culture; a stage the positive result of which we must not make of too much importance, but which is, nevertheless, indispensable; for it brings us on to the platform where alone the best and highest intellectual work can be said fairly to begin. Work done after men have reached this platform is *classical;* and that is the only work which, in the long run, can stand. All the *scoriæ* in the work of men of great genius who have not lived on this platform, are due to their not having lived on it. Genius raises them to it by moments, and the portions of their work which are immortal are done at these moments; but more of it would have been immortal if they had not reached this platform at moments only, if they had had the culture which makes men live there.

The less a literature has felt the influence of a supposed centre of correct information, correct judgment, correct taste, the more we shall find in it this note of provinciality. I have shown the note of provinciality as caused by remoteness from a centre of correct information. Of course, the note of provinciality from the want of a centre of correct taste is still more visible, and it is also still more common. For here great—even the greatest—powers of mind most fail a man. Great powers of mind will make him inform himself thoroughly, great powers of mind will make him think profoundly, even with ignorance and platitude all round him; but not even great powers of mind will keep his taste and style perfectly sound and sure, if he is left too much to himself, with no "sovereign organ of opinion," in these matters, near him. . . .

The reader will ask for some practical conclusion about the establishment of an Academy in this country, and perhaps I shall hardly give him the one he expects. But nations have their own modes of acting, and these modes are not easily changed; they are even consecrated, when great things have been done in them. When a literature has produced Shakspeare and Milton, when it has even produced Barrow and Burke, it cannot well abandon its traditions; it can hardly begin, at this late time of day, with an institution like the French Academy. I think academies with a limited, special, scientific scope, in the various lines of intellectual work,—academies like that of Berlin, for instance,—we with time may, and probably shall, establish. And no doubt they will do good; no doubt the presence of such influential centres of correct information will tend to raise the standard amongst us for what I have called the *journeyman-work* of literature, and to free us from the scandal of such biographical dictionaries as Chalmers', or such translations as a recent one of Spinoza, or perhaps such philological freaks as Mr. Forster's about the one primeval language. But an academy quite like the French Academy, a sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion, a recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste, we shall hardly have, and perhaps we ought not to wish to have it. But then every one amongst us with any turn for literature will do well to remember to what shortcomings and excesses, which such an academy tends to correct, we are liable; and the more liable, of course, for not having it. He will do well constantly to try himself in respect of these, steadily to widen his culture, severely to check in himself the provincial spirit; and he will do this the better the more he keeps in mind that all mere glorification by ourselves of ourselves or our literature, is both vulgar, and, besides being vulgar, retarding.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LOVE'S CONTENT.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SHAKSPEARE.

RENSTERN.

[Henry David Inglis, born in Edinburgh, 1795; died in London, 20th March, 1835. He wrote various books of travels in Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, France, Ireland, Spain, &c. His most important works are: *The New Gil Blas*, presenting graphic sketches of life in Spain; *Travels in the Footsteps of Don Quixote;* and *Tales of the Ardennes*, from which our extract is taken. Although an able and industrious author, his life was one of hardship and ill-requited labour.]

Renstern was born to the inheritance of all the lands of Frankenthall. They extend from Ranstadt in Bavaria as far as Eindort; and he who could walk round them, from morning to his evening meal, would earn it well. Renstern was of an inquiring mind, more given to his studies than to his pleasures; for though his father left him in unrestricted possession at eighteen, he was rarely a partaker in those amusements and pursuits which his youth might have been supposed to incite him to, and which his fortune would have enabled him to follow. Renstern, though a philosopher, was not indifferent to the charms of woman. Philosophy, indeed, generally gave way in the beginning, but in the end it was sure to regain its ascendancy. A fearful inroad, however, was made upon his studies by the charms of Ermance Rosenheim, just growing into woman, the daughter of the Baron Rosenheim, a Bavarian. There may, perhaps, have been lovelier girls than Ermance Rosenheim, but never one more gentle and innocent. She had that, too, which beauty sometimes wants,—that perfect charm of youth and freshness, which seems as if sorrow never could shadow it. Her smile was like the daybreak on an Italian landscape, and the melody of her voice seemed an emanation from the harmony of her soul. Often would Renstern sit down to his metaphysics in the castle of Frankenthall, and remain absorbed in study, till suddenly, the image of Ermance presenting itself, he would close his books, order his horse, and gallop over to Eindort, to press a silky hand, and admire fair tresses. Do not imagine that, because Renstern was a philosopher, he knew not how to woo;—Renstern could say as gallant things as any man in Bavaria; but it was not gallantry he spoke to Ermance. He had an easy task; for he was sincere, and Ermance smiled upon him. It was often late when Renstern returned to Frankenthall; but finding his books lying as if waiting to be read, he would relight his lamp, and plunge into metaphysics again, and morning would often surprise him at his studies. But this could not last. Renstern married Ermance on his twenty-first birth-day; she was seventeen; and for more than a year he forgot in her arms all his metaphysics and theology. But the dominant passion of the human mind will continue to be dominant. Love is only an episode in a man's life; it cannot occupy his existence. The other sex give up all to the affections, and many of them can live for ever upon their exercise; but they are always deceived. Gentle, kind, affectionate woman! we are too hard-hearted to be your mates: it is true we can love ardently; but it is you alone who know to love constantly. Renstern was again often among his books; and Ermance wondered that he was so often absent from her, and so silent when with her. Renstern still loved Ermance: he mingled in no amusement in which she was not a partaker, nor could he have found any pleasure where she did not share it. He thought he loved her as much as on the day when he led her from the altar in maiden bashfulness and beauty; and if his affection had depended upon her charms and her bashfulness, he would have been right; for Ermance was as lovely and as bashful as ever. But Renstern deceived himself; Ermance could no longer satisfy his existence. Ermance was no metaphysician: he could not talk to her of first causes and future contingents. The marriage state gives rise to many subjects of conversation less elevated than that which precedes it; and it is not wonderful that Renstern should often be silent and thoughtful in her company, since domestic affairs, or even tenderer topics, would cut but a sorry figure in the mind of a man who had just been travelling in the immensity of time and space, and whose mind was occupied with eternal existences, and the nature of a Supreme Intelligence.

Renstern betrayed, indeed, no want of affection, excepting that she had little of his company: his time was divided betwixt study and reverie. Poor Ermance! she was often given up to reverie too; for often did she think of the first months that succeeded her marriage, and often did she recall the words of Renstern, that he had attained the summit of happiness in possessing her. Alas! he spake too truly:—happiness cannot continue at one elevation.

Six months had passed away. One evening said Renstern to Ermance,

"Ermance, there is no reason why we should not live as our fortune and rank entitle us to do. We must enjoy life, my love."

"Do we not, Otto?" replied she. "How would you that we should live?"

"I would carry you to Vienna," replied he; "I would introduce you at court; I would show you the world."

Ermance did not see that living in greater splendour, or being introduced at the court of Vienna, would add to her enjoyment. Her happiest days had been spent at Frankenthall; and if Renstern would be again the Renstern he had once been, she could be as happy as ever. The recollection of those days, however, led her to indulge an undefined hope, that perhaps a change of scene might produce good. Besides, Ermance was too affectionate to oppose anything which Renstern might desire, whatever might be her own wishes. She immediately, therefore, expressed her willingness to go to Vienna.

Their journey might be called a happy one:—Renstern was himself again, and with Ermance former days were renewed. Renstern had an end in view, and all was novelty to Ermance. She was astonished, pleased, and affrighted by turns; she felt all that exhilaration of spirit, and infantine enjoyment, in crossing the boundaries of another kingdom, which every young person experiences when it is the first time it has happened. There is no circumstance in life which draws closer the affections than travelling. In everything that occurs there is a certain degree of common sympathy; and numerous occasions arrive in which the protector must show an interest in the protected. There was nothing to distract Renstern's mind; and the simplicity and astonishment and happiness of Ermance pleased and occupied him. Never had she appeared more charming either. The excitation had restored for a season that tint to her cheek which reminded him of Eindort; and one of the chains which had originally bound Renstern was beauty. Let no one speak lightly of the charm of beauty: it is fragile indeed; and what is not? Are health and youth more durable? and do we despise them? Is the painted flower we gaze upon less perishable? Beauty may be perchance a fatal dowry, and at rare times it may interpret falsely, like the Pontine marshes, which are covered with verdure and flowers; but how beautifully is an angelic soul reflected in celestial features!

Behold the Baron Renstern of Frankenthall and the fair Ermance at the court of Vienna. The manners of Vienna are not those of Ranstadt. There, as in every other capital city, innocence and simplicity are despised,—vice and virtue are judged by the changing verdict of fashion, in place of at the eternal tribunal of truth,—and things can no longer be recognized by their names. Ermance found herself singular in her opinions, and for their correctness she appealed to Renstern; but Renstern saw no distinction betwixt vice and virtue.

The ladies of Vienna are not more virtuous than those of Paris or London. In Paris the spur to intrigue is *éclat*, and therefore there is no concealment. In London, it is the love of it, and therefore there is a great deal of hypocrisy. In Vienna, fashion and inclination conjoin. Judge, then, how much intrigue there must be in Vienna.

Ermance had lost nothing of the beauty which had first captivated Renstern; a slight shade of sadness perhaps added to it, like the *chiaro scuro* which augments the beauty of a *Claude*. She possessed the attraction of novelty, besides, which, if it could not increase the lustre of her charms, had the effect of adding to their *éclat*. It may easily be supposed, therefore, that many were the worshippers of her beauty, and many the suitors for her favour; but it was soon discovered that she loved her husband; a circumstance that had never been imagined. The ladies of Vienna were sufficiently jealous of the beautiful stranger. They were jealous of her charms, and hated her for her virtue. Virtue has perhaps no triumph so great as the hatred of the vicious towards those who practise it; but as Ermance was virtuous and loved her husband, his fall might satisfy jealousy and expiate her faults; and Renstern being rich, and one of the handsomest men of his age, this revenge would neither be devoid of interest nor reward.

Six months of Vienna ruined Renstern. No one in Vienna gave such magnificent entertainments; no one was more distinguished for the splendour of his equipages. These, however, his fortune could have supported; but he gave magnificent presents to his favourites —gambled—and was ruined.

During this period what were the feelings and occupations of Ermance? Alas! sadness had begun to grow to her heart, and had already overcast her brow. Her charms were more touching than ever, though the light of her beauty was gone, like the charm of a southern night, whose beauty testifies to the splendours of the day which preceded it. She had mingled in gaiety without relish, and in society she had found no friend. The flattery she met with disgusted her, and the court that was paid to her fatigued her. She had seen

her husband play deep, and she feared that he played deeper when she saw him not. Of his intrigues she knew nothing, and suspected nothing. She was too innocent to suppose it possible that her husband would forget his vows, and plight his faith to others; but she saw that he too often preferred to hers the society of others; and she wished that she possessed their charms, or that she had never left Frankenthall.

"Ermance," said Renstern to her one morning, "we must leave Vienna."

Ermance was delighted to hear the intelligence. "I have no desire to remain in Vienna," replied she; "I love Frankenthall better."

"But we shall not go to Frankenthall," said he; "Frankenthall is no longer mine."

The truth flashed upon Ermance; but her looks expressed affection and resignation, not reproach. Renstern was for a moment touched by her charms and her goodness, and fondly took her hand, and called her his dear Ermance, and embraced her. It is strange how mysteriously pain and pleasure are sometimes mingled. In the moment of learning her ruin, Ermance tasted a moment of perfect happiness; and Renstern, in communicating it, forgot in that moment that he was ruined. There is a certain point at which the human mind gathers strength from its calamity; it grasps, as with giant strength, the very shaft that pierces; and, in the consciousness of its power, rises for a time above humanity, and consequently above that calamity which is human. But Renstern had told the truth:—the lands of Frankenthall had passed into other hands. Renstern, however, like all gamblers, thought it possible that his fortune might be regained, and therefore made it a condition of the sale, that he should have a power of redeeming his possessions within one year.

In a few days after this communication, Renstern and Ermance left Vienna, and retired to the village of Holt in Swabia, in the neighbourhood of which his uncle resided, who had offered Renstern a house upon his property. The Comte Font-barre was a man of immense fortune, of retired habits, and of a philosophical turn of mind; he had been long a widower, and his only son had, a few years before, married contrary to his father's wish, and gone abroad under his displeasure: but Font-barre often talked of forgiving him, and of recalling him, to cheer the evening of his days. It was impossible that Renstern's uncle should not disapprove of the conduct which had brought his nephew to ruin; but he felt so much interest in Ermance, that he would not wound her feelings by looking cold upon her husband; and it may be also, that he was too happy to have a philosophical companion, to dwell much upon the cause which brought about the event.

For some time after Renstern arrived at Holt he was silent and gloomy, seeming to enjoy nothing, and to exist without interest. He had joined in pleasures whose enjoyment is a fever, but which leaves an apathy and a void more insupportable than the agonies which attend it; and he had tasted of unholy joys, which had left the memory of their intoxication. Renstern, in the village of Holt, was differently regarded by the world from Renstern in the castle of Frankenthall; and he knew not that the world's homage was sweet, until it was refused to him. One pang, the severest of all, his principles spared him,—the consciousness that his misfortunes were the fruit of his own misconduct. He laid them at the door of destiny; but he had forgotten to acquire that philosophy, the most important of all, which teaches man to accommodate himself to the lot which that destiny shall point out.

Suddenly a change was visible in the manners of Renstern:—he was often more cheerful than he was ever remembered to have been. He was still sometimes thoughtful, but he was no longer gloomy or morose; and at times there was a playfulness in his manner which reminded Ermance of happier days. It would have required a deeper discerner of human character than Ermance, to have discovered that it was like an occasional ripple upon deep water, which hinders its profundity from being seen. She was rejoiced at the change:—she had more of Renstern's company than she had had since the first year of their marriage; and though she was somewhat surprised at its suddenness, it was not the less agreeable on that account, and she fondly flattered herself that former times were about to be renewed. She could not, however, help remarking one circumstance as somewhat extraordinary; it was, that when Renstern was with his uncle his gaiety was unbounded, and even unnatural to his character; but that before and after his visit he was always thoughtful, gloomy, and absent. The circumstance would have remained unnoticed by Ermance had it not been that these occasional reminiscences of former days were painful to her. They were all that she had now to complain of; and as her husband's change of manner

had restored to her almost all her former familiarity, she determined to ask the reason.

"Otto," said Ermance one morning, extending to him in sweet confidence her fair hand, "how I rejoice to see your spirits so much improved!" She paused a moment, and then timidly added, "There is now only one occasion on which you are gloomy."

"What is that, my love?" demanded Renstern.

"Before and after visiting your uncle; and you are always so gay when with him."

Before Ermance had finished the sentence, Renstern had risen, and walked across the room; but he immediately returned, and said—

"I am not aware, Ermance, of my being either gay or sad on these occasions; but is it not natural to be gay when with our friends, and sorry when we leave them?"

Ermance asked no further explanation, and hardly thought more of it. It passed rapidly across her mind, indeed, that one ought not to be sad *before* visiting one's friends, and that quitting those whom we are to see next day is hardly a cause for sadness,—but the thought passed away.

About the commencement of Renstern's change of manner, a circumstance occurred which it is necessary to notice. One evening, when Renstern and Ermance were with Font-barre, he addressed his nephew thus:—

"Renstern," said he, "I feel that I can forgive my son; but the overture must come from him. Do you write to your cousin, and say you have reason to think that, if he would ask his father's pardon, it would be granted." Renstern promised; and often since, the good man had expressed his disappointment that there was yet no answer from his son.

It was now ten months since Renstern had left Vienna. He had gone to Ulm on account of some little affair, and returned upon the day which he and Ermance were in the weekly habit of passing with Font-barre.

"Ermance," said he, "I have some business to talk over with my uncle to-day, and I have brought you some baubles from Ulm to amuse you in my absence."

Renstern returned late from his uncle's, and found Ermance reading her prayers. Next morning Font-barre was no more. An early summons informed Renstern of his loss. Being the nearest relation on the spot, he acted as executor; and a will was discovered, by which Font-barre's son was disinherited, and Renstern made heir to his uncle's wealth. Ermance trusted that her lord would be generous to his cousin,—she was sure he would: but is it to be wondered at, that she was pleased at an event which restored her husband to the rank which she thought him so worthy to hold?

The year was about to expire within which Renstern had the power to redeem his lands. The gold was told out, and Renstern was again lord of Frankenthall.

Do you hear how merrily the bells of Ranstadt are ringing? Children strew flowers on the streets; and the sound of welcome and rejoicing fills the air, as the magnificent equipage drives under the Munich gate. Six horsemen, upon richly-caparisoned Hungarians, ride before, blowing silver trumpets; six horses in magnificent trappings lead rapidly on the chariot, where sit the Baron of Frankenthall and the fair Ermance; and twelve of the chief vassals upon prancing steeds bring up the rear, arrayed in the colours of the house, and bearing its trophies. Sweetly did Ermance smile, and kiss her hand to the people who adored her, as she passed along the streets; and often did the Baron bow in affable dignity.

It was a beautiful May day: the sun looked out joyfully, and the gaiety of external nature seemed to invite happiness to harmonize with it. Never had the abode of Renstern looked more lovely. The trees were covered with leaves and blossoms; the earth was full of flowers, the last of the spring, and the first-born of summer; the perfumes of the hawthorn and the violet mingled together, and made harmony of sweet smells, as the birds made harmony of sounds. Ermance was happy.

There was a great feast that day at Frankenthall: all Ranstadt and Eindort were invited to partake of it, and many nobles came from far to renew their friendship with its possessor. The feast was loud and joyous, and long after the vassals had retired the hall resounded with the mirth of the nobles; but at length it was past, and all was silent, and Renstern walked forth to taste the cool of the night air. He looked down upon Ranstadt and Eindort: the fires yet blazed on the neighbouring heights, the illuminations were not quite extinct, and the sound of distant mirth occasionally broke upon the silence:—around and above all was calm and still.

It had been intended that Renstern and Ermance should remain a short time at Frankenthall, and then repair to Vienna. Sad as were Ermance's associations with Vienna, she looked forward to the time with eagerness and

joy; for, alas! she was miserable at Frankenthall. Renstern was hardly ever with her, and his presence brought no comfort with it. All day long he would walk or ride over the country, and it was only when day closed that he returned to Frankenthall. When Ermance spoke to him, he seemed hardly to hear her: he was in a state of constant restlessness: the least noise seemed to alarm him; and if at night a knock was heard at the gate, he would start from his chair. He invited the neighbouring gentry to the castle; but they liked not the visit, and seldom came. Renstern, they said, was changed; he seemed absent and uncourtly, and looked upon his guests suspiciously. Sometimes he would drink deep, Ermance the only witness; and then he would laugh loud, and speak of the pleasures of Vienna, and call her his sweet mistress, and declare that life must be enjoyed. Remorse is like a cancer: it eats life away;—the mind becomes a volcano. The flame may burn low; but the fire lives on; and, beneath an outward calmness, there is hell.

All was mystery to Ermance; but she was miserable. How changed was her smile! They came, like unlooked for strangers, to those lips, where, in former days, they lay enamoured, like the golden clouds that worship around the sun. They came suddenly, as if to keep tears down in the fountain of sorrow; they were like sunbeams falling upon thick mists, or like the lamps which illumine a sepulchre. Often would her tears choke the utterance of her prayers; and then she would raise her streaming eyes to heaven, and think of the goodness of God, and the misery of her husband; that misery which, though hidden from her, was no mystery to the Eternal. Often would she wander slowly among the beautiful environs of the castle, to try if the beauty and calmness of nature would communicate tranquillity to her soul. Alas! the charm of nature can soothe that sorrow alone whose pangs would yield to time; but the sorrows which are mingled with uncertainty the calmness of nature cannot still. Sometimes she was on the point of telling her misery to Renstern,—of throwing herself into his arms, and asking leave to console him; but his looks were forbidding, and she feared to learn evil. At last the misery of uncertainty triumphed over her diffidence and her fears.

"Otto," said she, fearfully and with a trembling voice, "when we drove through Ranstadt I thought we should be happy at Frankenthall."

Renstern made no reply; but she could no longer hide her wretchedness and her tears: she threw herself upon her husband's neck, and sobbed bitterly. Renstern did not repulse her.

"Ermance," said he, "my kind one, I shall be less gloomy to-morrow, and then you will be happier."

The morrow came, and Ermance perceived a change in his manner: he remained at Frankenthall all day, and spoke more, and looked with more kindness upon her than she had remembered for a long time.

It was the evening, and they were sitting together, and alone; a bright fire blazed on the hearth, and Ermance felt that a ray of hope and happiness had entered her heart.

"Ermance," said Renstern to her, "I will tell you a story. There was once a Silesian, and this Silesian was an atheist. You know, Ermance, what an atheist is?"

"Yes," replied she, "but I do not wish to hear a story about atheists."

"This Silesian," continued he, "inherited great possessions; but they passed from him, no matter how. The Silesian had a rich relative, who had an only son; but the son was in a foreign land; and what do you think the Silesian did?"

"I know not," said Ermance.

"Nay, but guess," said he; "the sequel is the best of it."

"Indeed I cannot; but look less wildly, Otto."

"He forged a will in his own favour, and poisoned his uncle."

"His uncle, did you say!" interrupted Ermance.

"I know not," continued he; "his relative; but it matters not: the Silesian recovered his lands, and he thought he should then enjoy himself."

"Enjoy himself!" interrupted Ermance: "how could a murderer hope to enjoy himself?"

"But I have told you," continued Renstern, "that the Silesian was an atheist. He knew that the deed could not be discovered in this world; and as he did not believe in any other, he thought he had nothing to fear."

"He had his conscience to fear," said Ermance.

"I know not," continued Renstern; "but the Silesian was deceived. He became the slave of fear, and he knew not of what, but yet he was miserable. He was afraid to look around him, lest he should see his uncle; but his fear was foolish, for he knew his uncle could not rise from his grave. He heard for ever a silent talking in the air—a horrid silence, which was not silence. The most

common things became in his eyes objects of terror; even the implements of household use took, in his imagination, shapes of hideous deformity, which he dared not look upon. The least noise would alarm him."

Ermance trembled: the traits of resemblance had produced no suspicion;—still the resemblance affrighted her; and an undefined horror thrilled through her.

"Renstern, Otto," said she, "finish this dreadful tale."

"Presently," continued he. "The Silesian dreaded his sleeping hours the most; and he tried to keep himself awake. His dreams!—but they were too dreadful to tell you. He thought of requesting his wife to awake him when he slept."

"Alas! he had a wife then?" said Ermance.

"He had," continued Renstern; "but she knew nothing of his deeds until the day when he poisoned himself."

"Alas! his poor wife!" said Ermance.

"The Silesian found existence insupportable; and he knew that death would terminate his misery. It might be in the evening, about this time, that the Silesian entered the room where his wife was, after he had drunk poison, and he said he would tell her the story of a Bavarian who—"

Renstern stopped—death was upon his cheek—his eyes closed.

"Mercy!" cried Ermance,—and she sprung to him. But death kept his prey. He was buried at the old churchyard of Ranstadt, and Ermance lived a life of sorrow, loved and lamented by all, and said daily masses for the soul of Renstern.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS,

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimsor. banks; and then a traveller go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard who, on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON IN 1755.

[Sir Charles Lyell (born at Kinnordy, Scotland, 1797, died, 1875) wrote "*The Principles of Geology*," and many contributions to the Geological Society of London.]

In no part of the volcanic region of Southern Europe has so tremendous an earthquake occurred in modern times as that which began on the 1st of November, 1755, at Lisbon. A sound of thunder was heard underground, and immediately afterwards a violent shock threw down the greater part of that city. In the course of about six minutes, sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired and laid the bar dry; it then rolled in, rising fifty feet above its ordinary level. The mountains of Arrabida, Estrella, Julio, Marvan, and Cintra, being some of the largest in Portugal, were impetuously shaken, as it were, from their very foundations; and some of them opened at their summits, which were split and rent in a wonderful manner, huge masses of them being thrown down into the subjacent valleys. Flames are related to have issued from these mountains, which are supposed to have been electric; they are also said to have smoked; but vast clouds of dust may have given rise to this appearance.

The most extraordinary circumstance which occurred at Lisbon during the catastrophe, was the subsidence of a new quay, built entirely of marble, at an immense expense. A great concourse of people had collected there for safety, as a spot where they might be beyond the reach of falling ruins; but suddenly the quay sank down with all the people on it, and not one of the dead bodies ever floated to the surface. A great number of boats and small vessels anchored near it, all full of people, were swallowed up as in a whirlpool. No fragments of these wrecks ever rose again to the surface, and the water in the place where the quay had stood is stated, in many accounts, to be unfathomable; but Whitehurst says he ascertained it to be one hundred fathoms.

In this case, we must either suppose that a certain tract sank down into a subterranean hollow, which would cause a 'fault' in the strata to the depth of six hundred feet, or we may infer, as some have done, from the entire disappearance of the substances engulfed, that a chasm opened and closed again. Yet in adopting this latter hypothesis,

we must suppose that the upper part of the chasm, to the depth of one hundred fathoms, remained open after the shock. According to the observations made at Lisbon, in 1837, by Mr. Sharpe, the destroying effects of this earthquake were confined to the tertiary strata, and were most violent on the blue clay, on which the lower part of the city is constructed. Not a building, he says, on the secondary limestone or the basalt was injured.

The great area over which this Lisbon earthquake extended is very remarkable. The movement was most violent in Spain, Portugal, and the north of Africa; but nearly the whole of Europe, and even the West Indies, felt the shock on the same day. A seaport called St. Ubes, about twenty miles south of Lisbon, was engulfed. At Algiers and Fez, in Africa, the agitation of the earth was equally violent; and at the distance of eight leagues from Morocco, a village with the inhabitants, to the number of about eight or ten thousand persons, together with all their cattle, were swallowed up. Soon after, the earth closed again over them.

The shock was felt at sea, on the deck of a ship to the west of Lisbon, and produced very much the same sensation as on dry land. Off St. Lucar, the captain of the ship *Nancy* felt his vessel so violently shaken, that he thought she had struck the ground, but, on heaving the lead, found a great depth of water. Captain Clark, from Denia, in latitude 36° 24′ N., between nine and ten in the morning, had his ship shaken and strained as if she had struck upon a rock. Another ship, forty leagues west of St. Vincent, experienced so violent a concussion, that the men were thrown a foot and a half perpendicularly up from the deck. In Antigua and Barbadoes, as also in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Corsica, Switzerland, and Italy, tremors and slight oscillations of the ground were felt.

The agitation of lakes, rivers and springs in Great Britain was remarkable. At Loch Lomond, in Scotland, for example, the water, without the least apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level. The greatest perpendicular height of this swell was two feet four inches. It is said that the movement of this earthquake was undulatory, and that it travelled at the rate of twenty miles a minute. A great wave swept over the coast of Spain, and is said to have been sixty feet high at Cadiz. At Tangier, in Africa, it rose and fell eighteen times on the coast; at Funchal, in Madeira, it rose full fifteen feet perpendicular above high-water mark, although the tide, which ebbs and flows there seven feet, was then at half-ebb. Besides entering the city and committing great havoc, it overflowed other seaports in the island. At Kinsale, in Ireland, a body of water rushed into the harbour, whirled round several vessels, and poured into the market-place.

It was before stated that the sea first retired at Lisbon; and this retreat of the ocean from the shore at the commencement of an earthquake, and its subsequent return in a violent wave, is a common occurrence. In order to account for the phenomenon, Michell imagined a subsidence at the bottom of the sea from the giving way of the roof of some cavity, in consequence of a vacuum produced by the condensation of steam. Such condensation, he observes, might be the first effect of the introduction of a large body of water into fissures and cavities already filled with steam, before there had been sufficient time for the heat of the incandescent lava to turn so large a supply of water into steam, which, being soon accomplished, causes a greater explosion.

INTERVIEW WITH LADY JANE GREY.

[Roger Ascham, (born 1515, died 1568) university orator at Cambridge, at one time preceptor, and ultimately Latin secretary, to Queen Elizabeth. He must be considered as the first writer on education in our language, and it is remarkable that many of his views on this subject accord with the most enlightened of modern times. Ascham was born in 1515 at Kirby Wiske, a village near Northallerton, in Yorkshire. His father was house-steward in the family of Lord Scroop. Through the patronage of Sir Anthony Wingfield, he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, and he was afterwards Professor of Greek in the university. In 1545, he had a grant of a pension of £10, which was continued to him by Edward VI., whom he taught to write. The principal work of this learned teacher, "*The Schoolmaster*," printed by his widow in 1570, contains, besides the good general views of education above alluded to, what Johnson has acknowledged to be "perhaps the best advice that ever was given for the study of languages." It also presents judicious characters of ancient authors. Another work, entitled *Toxophilus*," published in 1544, is a dialogue on the art

of Archery, designed to promote an elegant and useful mode of recreation among those who, like himself, gave most of their time to study, and also to exemplify a style of composition more purely English than what was generally practised. Ascham also wrote a Discourse on the affairs of Germany, where he had spent three years in attendance on the English ambassador during the reign of Edward VI.]

One example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me: 'I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

STUDY SHOULD BE RELIEVED BY AMUSEMENT.

[The following is an extract from "*Toxophilus*," the first paragraph in the original spelling:]

Philologus. How moche in this matter is to be giuen to ye auctoritie either of Aristotle or Tullie, I can not tel, seeing sad men may wel ynough speke merily for a merie matter, this I am sure, whiche thing this faire wheat (God save it!) maketh me remembre yat those husbandmen which rise erliest, and come latest home, and are content to have their diner and other drinckinges broughte into the fielde to them, for feare of losing of time, haue fatter barnes in haruest than they which will either slepe at none time of the daye, or els make merie with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholar yet purposeth to be a good husband, and desireth to repe and enjoy much fruite of learning, must tylle and sowe thereafter. Our beste seede tyme, which be scholers, as it is verie tymelye, and whan we be yonge; so it endureth not overlonge, and therefore it may not be let slippe one houre, oure grounde is verye harde, and full of wedes, our horse wherewith we be drawen very wylde, as Plato sayth. And infinite other mo lettes [hindrances] whiche wil make a thriftie scholer take hede how he spendeth his tyme in sporte and playe.

Toxophilus. That Aristotle and Tully spake earnestly, and as they thought, the earnest matter which they entreat upon, doth plainly prove. And as for your husbandry, it was more probably told with apt words, proper to the thing, than thoroughly proved with reasons belonging to our matter. For, contrarywise, I heard myself a good husband at his book once say, that

to omit study for some time of the day, and some time of the year, made as much for the increase of learning, as to let the land lie some time fallow, maketh for the better increase of corn. This we see, if the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh thin up; the ear is short, the grain is small, and when it is brought into the barn and threshed, giveth very evil faul. So those which never leave poring on their books, have oftentimes as thin invention as other poor men have, and as small wit and weight in it as in other men's. And thus your husbandry, methink, is more like the life of a covetous snudge, that oft very evil proves, than the labour of a good husband, that knoweth well what he doth. And surely the best wits to learning must needs have much recreation, and ceasing from their book, or else they mar themselves, when base and dumpish wits can never be hurt with continual study; as ye see in luting, that a treble minikin string must always be let down, but at such time as when a man must needs play, when the base and dull string needeth never to be moved out of his place. The same reason I find true in two bows that I have, whereof the one is quick of cast, trig and trim, both for pleasure and profit; the other is a lugge slow of cast, following the string, more sure for to last than pleasant for to use. Now, sir, it chanced this other night, one in my chamber would needs bend them to prove their strength, but (I cannot tell how) they were both left bent till the next day after dinner: and when I came to them, purposing to have gone on shooting, I found my good bow clean cast on the one side, and as weak as water, that surely, if I were a rich man, I had rather have spent a crown; and as for my lugge, it was not one whit the worse, but shot by and by as well and as far as ever it did. And even so, I am sure that good wits, except they be let down like a treble string, and unbent like a good casting bow, they will never last and be able to continue in study. And I know where I speak this, Philologe, for I would not say thus much afore young men, for they will take soon occasion to study little enough. But I say it, therefore, because I know, as little study getteth little learning, or none at all, so the most study getteth not the most learning of all. For a man's wit, fore-occupied in earnest study, must be as well recreated with some honest pastime, as the body, fore-laboured, must be refreshed with sleep and quietness, or else it cannot endure very long, as the noble poet [Ovid] saith:

WHAT THING WANTS QUIET AND MERRY REST, ENDURES BUT A SMALL WHILE.

THE FIRST PREDICTED ECLIPSE.

[O. M. MITCHELL was born of Virginia parentage in Union Co., Ky., August 28, 1810. His father died when he was about three years old, and the family removed to Lebanon, Ohio. There he received his first education, and at the age of thirteen began life as a clerk in a store. In 1825, he entered West Point; he was a bright, zealous student, and graduated with credit in the class of 1829, as Second Lieutenant of Artillery. He remained two years as assistant professor of mathematics and was then stationed at St. Augustine, Fla.

In 1832, he resigned his military commission, engaged in the study of the law, was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati, Ohio, and practised for two years; when he was appointed professor at Cincinnati College.

From the successful prosecution of his favorite science, Prof. Mitchell was called by the opening of the great rebellion. He hastened to offer his services to his country, which were accepted, and he assumed command of the Department of the Ohio, as Brigadier-General of volunteers. He rendered distinguished service in command of a division of Buell's army in the advance upon Bowling Green, Ky., the occupation of Nashville, Tenn., and the subsequent movements in Alabama, in the spring campaign of 1862. For his energetic capture of Huntsville, Ala., he was made a Major-General of volunteers. In the autumn of the same year he succeeded Gen Hunter at Hilton Head, S. C., in command of the Department of the South. There, while he was engaged with his habitual ardor, he was stricken by yellow fever, and died after a few days' illness, at Beaufort, Oct. 30, 1862. From his Lectures, published in 1863, we extract the following:]

Rapidly have we traced the career of discovery. The toil and watching of centuries have been condensed into a few moments of time, and questions requiring ages for their solution have been asked, only to be answered. In connection with the investigations just developed, and as a consequence of their successful prosecution, the query arose whether in case science had reached to a true exposition of the causes producing the eclipse of the sun, was it not possible to stretch forward in time, and anticipate and predict the coming of these dread phenomena?

To those who have given but little attention to the subject, even in our own day, with all the aids of modern science, the

prediction of an eclipse, seems sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. How then it was possible, thousands of years ago, to accomplish the same great object, without any just views of the structure of the system, seems utterly incredible. Follow me, then, while I attempt to reveal the train of reasoning which led to the prediction of the first eclipse of the sun, the most daring prophecy ever made by human genius. Follow in imagination, this bold interrogator of the skies to his solitary mountain summit—withdrawn from the world—surrounded by his mysterious circles, there to watch and ponder through the long nights of many, many years. But hope cheers him on, and smooths his rugged pathway. Dark and deep as is the problem, he sternly grapples with it, and resolves never to give over till victory crowns his efforts.

He has already remarked, that the moon's track in the heavens crossed the sun's, and that this point of crossing was in some way intimately connected with the coming of the dread eclipse. He determines to watch and learn whether the point of crossing was fixed, or whether the moon in each successive revolution, crossed the sun's path at a different point. If the sun in its annual revolution could leave behind him a track of fire marking his journey among the stars, it is found that this same track was followed from year to year, and from century to century with undeviating precision. But it was soon discovered, that it was far different with the moon. In case she too could leave behind her a silver thread of light sweeping round the heavens, in completing one revolution, this thread would not join, but would wind around among the stars in each revolution, crossing the sun's fiery track at a point west of the previous crossing. These points of crossing were called the *moon's nodes*. At each revolution the node occurred further west, until after a cycle of about nineteen years, it had circulated in the same direction entirely round the ecliptic. Long and patiently did the astronomer watch and wait: each eclipse is duly observed, and its attendant circumstances are recorded, when, at last, the darkness begins to give way and a ray of light breaks in upon his mind. He finds that no eclipse of the sun ever occurs unless the *new moon is in the act of crossing the sun's track*. Here was a grand discovery.—He holds the key which he believes will unlock the dread mystery, and now with redoubled energy, he resolves to thrust it into the wards and drive back the bolts.

To predict an eclipse of the sun, he must sweep forward, from new moon to new moon, until he finds some new *moon* which should occur, while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track.—This certainly was possible. He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eye he seizes the moon's place in the heavens, and her age, and rapidly computes where she will be at her next change. He finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track; he runs round another revolution; the place of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path, and the next yet closer, until reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon, he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world, that the son shall expire in dark eclipse.—Bold prediction!—Mysterious prophet! with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration. How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace. Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and at last hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone—the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round and bright and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith, as the morning hours roll away. But the time of

his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes!—Blackness is eating away his round disc,—onward with slow but steady pace, the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights,—the gloom deepens,—the ghastly hue of death covers the universe,—the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air,—the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds,—an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory. Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm.—And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man! Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital.—He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race,—who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron, and the point of a diamond," even this one has perished from the earth—name, age, country are all swept into oblivion, but his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands, and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.

A thousand years roll by: the astronomer stands on the watch tower of old Babylon, and writes for posterity the records of an eclipse; this record escapes destruction, and is safely wafted down the stream of time. A thousand years roll away: the old astronomer, surrounded by the fierce, but wondering Arab, again writes, and marks the day which witnesses the sun's decay. A thousand years roll heavily away; once more the astronomer writes from amidst the gay throng that crowds the brightest capital of Europe. Record is compared with record, date with date, revolution with revolution, the past and present are linked together,—another struggle commences, and another victory is won. Little did the Babylonian dream that he was observing for one who, after the lapse of three thousand years, should rest upon this very record, the successful resolution of one of nature's darkest mysteries.

From "*Planetary and Stellar Worlds.*"

ORMSBY MCKNIGHT MITCHELL.

LIFE AT THREE-SCORE AND TEN.

[ALBERT BARNES, the eminent commentator, was born in Rome, New York, Dec. 1, 1798; died 1870. He entered the Senior Class in Hamilton College, and graduated in July, 1820. He had intended studying law; but feeling it his duty to study theology, he went to the Theological Seminary at Princeton; he remained three years, and was licensed to preach April 23, 1823. He published an edition of "*Butler's Analogy*," with an Introduction of rare ability; "*Sermons on Revivals*;" "*Practical Sermons*;" "*Episcopacy tested by Scripture*;" "*the Way of Salvation*;" "*Tracts on Temperance and Slavery*;" "*the Supremacy of the Laws*;" "*Inquiry into the Scriptural Views of Slavery*;" "*the Church and Slavery*;" "*Inquiries and Suggestions in Regard to the Foundation of Faith in the Word of God*;" "*Life at Three-Score and Ten*," a sermon. His Commentaries are eminently practical, and among the best of the kind in the language. From his lectures we extract the following:]

To him, however, who has reached the period of Three-Score and Ten years, no such change is possible; no such new plan is to be entered on. The purpose of life is accomplished; the changes have been all passed through. There is no new profession to be chosen; there are no new plans to be formed; there is no new distinction to be acquired; there are no books to be written, no houses to be built, no fields to be cultivated, no forests to be levelled, no works of art to be entered on. Painful as the thought may be, society, and the business walks of life, have no place for the old man; there is no place for him in the social circles of the gay, in the mercantile calling, at the bar, in the medical profession, in the pulpit, on the bench, in the senate chamber, in embassies to foreign courts. Distinctions and honors are no longer to be divided between him and his competitors; and the accumulating wealth of the world is no more to be the subject of partnership between him and others. Without plan now except as to the future world; his old

companions, rivals and friends having fallen by the way; the active pursuits of life, and the offices of trust and honor now in other hands; the busy world not caring for his aid, and hoping nothing from him, it is his now, except as far as the friends of earlier years may have been spared to him, or as he may have secured the respect of the new generation that is coming on the stage of action, to tread his solitary way, already more than half forgotten, to the grave. He has had his day, and the world has nothing more to give him, or to hope from him.

Most men in active life look forward, with fond anticipation, to a time when the cares of life will be over, and when they will be released from its responsibilities and burdens; if not with an absolute desire that such a time should come, yet with a feeling that it will be a relief when it does come. Many an hour of anxiety in the counting room; many an hour of toil in the workshop or on the farm; many an hour of weariness on the bench; many a burdened hour in the great offices of state, and many an hour of exhaustion and solicitude in professional life, is thus relieved by the prospect of rest—of absolute rest—of entire freedom from responsibility. What merchant and professional man, what statesman, does not look forward to such a time of repose, and anticipate a season—perhaps a long one—of calm tranquillity before life shall end? and when the time approaches, though the hope often proves fallacious, yet its approach is not unwelcome. Diocletian and Charles V. descended from their thrones to seek repose, the one in private life, and the other in a cloister; and the aged judge, merchant or pastor welcomes the time when he feels that the burden which he has long borne may be committed to younger men.

Yet when the time comes, it is different from what had been anticipated. There is, to the surprise, perhaps, of all such men, this new—this strange—idea; an idea which they never had before, and which did not enter into their anticipations; *that they have now nothing to live for;* that they have no motive for effort; that they have no plan or purpose of life. They seem now to themselves, perhaps to others, to have no place in the world; no right in it. Society has no place for them, for it has nothing to confer on them, and they can no longer *make* a place for themselves. General Washington, when the war of Independence was over, and he had returned to Mount Vernon, is said to have felt "lost," because he had not an army to provide for daily; and Charles V., so far from finding rest in his cloister as such, amused himself, as has been commonly supposed, in trying to make clocks and watches run together, and so far from actually withdrawing from the affairs of state—miserable in his chosen place of retreat—still busied himself with the affairs of Europe, and sought in the convent at Yuste to govern his hereditary dominions, which he had professedly resigned to his son, and as far as possible still to control the empire where he had so long reigned. The retired merchant, unused to reading, and unaccustomed to agriculture or the mechanical arts, having little taste, it may be, for the fine arts or for social life, or opportunity for indulging in those tastes, finds life a burden, and sighs for his old employments and associations, for in his anticipations of this period he never allowed the idea to enter his mind that he would then have really closed all his plans of life; that he would have nothing to do; that as he had professedly done with the world, so the world has actually done with him.

How great, therefore, is the difference in the condition of a man of twenty and one of seventy years! To those in the former condition the words of Milton in relation to our first parents when they went out from Eden into the wide world may not improperly be applied:—

> "The world was all before them then, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;"

those, in the other case, have nothing which they *can* choose. There is nothing before them but the one path—that which leads to the grave—to another world. To them the path of wealth, of fame, of learning, of ambition, is closed forever. The world has nothing more for them; they have nothing more for the world.

If an inference should be drawn from these remarks, it should *not* be one of melancholy and gloom. There are cheerful views which an aged man may take of life, perhaps not *less* cheerful than those which are taken in early years. If early life is full of hope, it is also full of anxiety and uncertainty; if in advanced life the world has now nothing to offer to a man, it may be that much is gained by being free from the cares, the burdens, and the anxieties of

earlier years; if to such an one this world has nothing now to give, there may be much more than it ever gave even in anticipation, and infinitely more than it has given in reality, in the hope of the life to come.

ALBERT BARNES.

THE ANCESTORS OF ENGLISHMEN.

[A "*Short History of the English People*" (of which an enlarged edition for general readers was begun in 1878), by JOHN RICHARD GREEN, Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford, 1875, has been exceedingly popular. The work is lively, spirited, and picturesque, and must be invaluable in imbuing young minds with a love of history. The opening sentence at once arrests attention]:

For the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ, the one country which bore the name of England was what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with sunless woodland, broken only on the western side by meadows which crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district were one out of three tribes, all belonging to the same low German branch of the Teutonic family, who, at the moment when history discovers them, were bound together into a confederacy by the ties of a common blood and a common speech. To the north of the English lay the tribe of the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. To the south of them the tribe of the Saxons wandered over the sandflats of Holstein, and along the marshes of Friesland and the Elbe. How close was the union of these tribes was shewn by their use of a common name, while the choice of this name points out the tribe which, at the moment when we first meet them, must have been strongest and most powerful in the confederacy. Although they were all known as Saxons by the Roman people, who touched them only on their southern border where the Saxons dwelt, and who remained ignorant of the very existence of the English or the Jutes, the three tribes bore among themselves the name of the central tribe of their league, the name of Englishmen.

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight
From the molten-golden notes!
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon,
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan;
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute or human—
They are Ghouls!
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he kneels, kneels, kneels,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

BEAUTY'S PRAYER.

[Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, born in Boston, U.S., 1812; died in New York, 12th May, 1850. A favourite American poet; author of the *Casket of Fate; A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England;* and editor of several volumes of poetry.—"Grace of expression, and delicacy of moral feeling pervade all she ever wrote."—*Sarah J. Hale.*]

Round great Jove his lightning shone,
Rolled the universe before him,
Stars, for gems, lit up his throne,
Clouds, for banners, floated o'er him.

With her tresses all untied,
Touched with gleams of golden glory,
Beauty came, and blushed, and sighed,
While she told her piteous story.

"Hear! oh, Jupiter! thy child:
Right my wrong, if thou dost love me!
Beast, and bird, and savage wild,
All are placed in power above me.

"Each his weapon thou hast given,
Each the strength and skill to wield it:
Why bestow, Supreme in heaven!
Bloom on me with naught to shield it?

"Even the rose—the wild-wood rose,
Fair and frail as I, thy daughter,
Safely yields to soft repose,
With her lifeguard thorns about her."

As she spake in music wild,
Tears within her blue eyes glistened;
Yet her red lip dimpling smiled,
For the god benignly listened.

"Child of Heaven!" he kindly said,
"Try the weapons Nature gave thee;
And if danger near thee tread,
Proudly trust to them to save thee.

"Lance and talon, thorn and spear:
Thou art armed with triple power,
In that blush, and smile, and tear!
Fearless go, my fragile flower.

"Yet dost thou, with all thy charms,
Still for something more beseech me?—
Skill to use thy magic arms?
Ask of Love—and Love will teach thee?"

MILLY LANCE.

[**Dutton Cook**, born in London, 1831. Died 1883. *Paul Foster's Daughter; A Prodigal Son; The Trials of the Tredgolds; Leo; Sir Felix Foy, Baronet; Hobson's Choice; Over Head and Ears; Dr. Muspratt's Patients*, and other Tales (from which we quote); and *Art in England*, a Series of Essays and Studies, are his principal works. Mr. Cook's stories display the genius of pathos and humour in a remarkable degree.]

CHAPTER I.

Dr. Dendy was not good-looking. He might even have been called ugly, but that there is an excellent precept impressed on all well-cared-for minds in their nursery stage of formation, to the effect that no one may be so offensively described, except it be a certain notorious personage whom it will not be necessary to name. Let us say, therefore, that Dr. Dendy was plain.

He was a physician in large practice. Jocose people said of him that, in the course of his professional career he had had occasion to thrust so many guineas into his pockets that eventually the gold coin, carried so much about his person, had got into his own circulation, and affected the colour of his skin. Certainly his complexion was deeply tinged with yellow. He was very bald, with a narrow festoon of iron-gray hair at the back of his head. His small, neat, wiry figure was always clothed in black—his coat being invariably buttoned tightly across his chest. He was of middle age, perhaps a little better; which expression, as applied to age, is generally understood to signify a little worse, or older. He lived in a grand, gaunt, murky house in Harley Street, seldom setting foot in more than two rooms in it, however—his library and his bedroom. He was the author of an admired Treatise on the Pathology of the Heart, to which work he was constantly adding annotations and commentaries, with a view to completely exhausting and settling the subject. When he was able to devote a little more time to it, his book, he was satisfied, would be the only authority on the heart—physiologically and pathologically considered.

But his time was very much occupied. He saw patients at his own house almost before he had swallowed his breakfast; later in the day, he saw other patients at their own homes; he was one of the physicians to St. Lazarus Hospital, and gave lectures on Materia Medica, course after course, to the students of that excellent institution; he was a Fellow, or a Member, of all sorts of scientific societies, and on certain days in the week he attended the boards of various Assurance companies, examined papers, and passed or rejected lives proposed for insurance. He was hard-working and prosperous. Few men in the profession, it was said, made so large an income. Go to what part of the town you would, you seemed to be for ever encountering Dr. Dendy's two-horse carriage rattling along at a great pace, going to or from patients and the accompanying golden fees.

When the doctor started in the morning, he gave his coachman a list of the places he was to drive to. In this list the coachman had known entered now for some months a certain house in Calthorpe Street. You called it Calthorpe Street, Russell Square, if you were desirous of consulting the predilections of its inhabitants; if you were heedless in that respect, you spoke of it with perhaps greater accuracy as Calthorpe Street, Gray's Inn Road. Dr. Dendy always appeared to prefer the first-mentioned designation.

The coachman treated himself to a furtive smile whenever he read Calthorpe Street in his list. The doctor had a patient there, of course. But then, as the coachman noted, his master went there oftener and stayed there longer than anywhere else. Of course the patient might be in a more deplorable state, might stand more in need of protracted visits from a medical adviser than any other of Dr. Dendy's patients; but the coachman was inclined to think that such was not the case.

On the first floor of the house in Calthorpe Street visited by Dr. Dendy, there lodged one Captain Lance, a retired Indian officer, and his only child, Miss Milly Lance. Captain Lance was in feeble health from a distressing asthma, and from other infirmities of a painful nature. He did not bear his sufferings patiently; was, indeed, very peevish and petulant and hard to please; exhibited all the selfishness and want of consideration which a long course of ill-health is apt to develop in almost any one, however great may have been his original stock of equanimity and good-nature. But Captain Lance had not begun with much excellence of temper; and now, a confirmed invalid, it may be said of him that he had no temper at all, except of the very worst sort. He was attended, however, with a ceaseless solicitude, an untiring affection, by his daughter Milly, a slim, fair girl of eighteen or so, not very remarkable-looking, beyond that she possessed a profusion of glossy brown hair, and a pair of large, luminous, dove-like eyes.

No wonder she was pale. She was always by the side or within call of her invalid father. She was hardly ever permitted to stir from his sick room. It was dull, tiring work. "Don't go, Milly," he would say, sharply; "I may want you; there's no knowing." She could only escape when he dozed: his asthma lulled for a while by anodynes. Awake, he would have her ever near him, waiting on him, slaving for him, nursing him. Now and then he would upbraid her bitterly for some fancied neglect of him, the poor child with a twitching face patiently standing by him the while, replying only by her tears, her caresses, and her increased exertions for his comfort. Then he would make her the audience of his repinings, tell over and over again the story of his sufferings, bursting out occasionally into passionate lamentations over his broken health and ruined fortunes. What could she say? What could she do? It was tiring, cruel work for poor Milly Lance.

The Captain was poor. The fact was too often harped on and groaned over for Milly not to be conscious enough of it.

Yet it must be said that Dr. Dendy had made no inroads on the sick officer's straitened means.

"No, my dear," he said to Milly, on his first visit, putting from him with a smile the proffered fee, "it musn't be. We doctors have all our crotchets. Each of us has his free list. One enters clergymen upon it; another, authors; a third, artists. For my part, I never take a fee from a soldier. I should be ashamed to do it. My father was a soldier, and served in India, as your father has served; only he was more fortunate. He was a general of division when he died. Don't let us hear any more talk about fees. It musn't be thought of for a moment."

"Oh, Dr. Dendy, how good of you! But—you'll come and see him again?" Milly said, timidly thankful, yet alarmed. Would so great a man as the physician be content to continue labouring without his due reward?

"My dear, I shall come again and again, as often as possible, till between us we've made poor papa quite well again."

This was on the occasion of Dr. Dendy's first visit to Calthorpe Street. Milly's gratitude seemed to know no bounds. And then, thanks to Providence and the doctor's remedies, her invalid's health had certainly mended of late. He had not scolded her for nearly three days, and for about a quarter of an hour he had been almost cheerful. Indeed, she had reason to be grateful.

CHAPTER II.

The doctor left Milly Lance with a fluttering sensation about his heart, such as he had taken no account, made no mention of whatever, in his famous treatise upon that organ. He returned to Calthorpe Street often. He alleged that it was very necessary for him to watch closely the effect of his prescriptions upon his patient. And each time that he saw Milly Lance—and he now felt a curious desire to see her as frequently as possible—he experienced a return of that strange fluttering sensation in the cardiac region. He was not alarmed at it; he did not think it was disease; and if it was, he didn't care, for it was not at all disagreeable. Indeed, he liked it. Professionally, he was inclined to regard it as a new development of action—quite healthy in its nature.

For the first time he felt the chosen pursuits of his life not sufficiently attractive or absorbing. Thoughts of a new kind broke in upon his studies, disturbed his practice, interrupted the flow and harmony of his lectures. His great house seemed to him very dreary, his existence very desolate. "Who would nurse and tend me," he asked himself, "if I were to fall ill like that poor Captain Lance?" Yet he dismissed the reflections suggested by that inquiry as selfish and unworthy. "No," he said, "I couldn't wish to chain a fair young creature like that to my side only to be my nurse and my servant. If I fall ill—which Heaven forbid!—I must have a paid attendant from the hospital; that will be quite good enough for me. It isn't for such a reason I should wish to make her mine."

For it had come to that. He wished to make Milly Lance his wife.

It was love that was so restless in his heart—playing as many pranks with him as "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow" among "maidens of the villagery," housewives and night wanderers. At least, he surmised that love was the disturbing cause of his heart's pulsing. He had had no experience of the sort of thing before; but still he thought he could hardly be mistaken. His disorder must arise from what people generally called Love.

It got to be more than he could bear at last. So he plucked up courage, and in an old-fashioned formal way he spoke to Captain Lance on the subject, and besought permission to address himself to Miss Lance. And

he named a very handsome sum which he proposed to settle on his future wife—if he might regard Miss Lance in that light.

"It shall make no difference to you, captain," he said in conclusion, with an adroit consideration for his patient's selfishness. "There's plenty of room in my house. You must pitch your tent there. You shan't be deprived of your nurse. And your medical attendant will be on the spot always. We'll soon make you your old self again."

"I congratulate you, Milly," Captain Lance said presently to his daughter, the doctor having taken his departure. "You'll accept him, of course. He's ill-looking enough, but he can't help that, and one gets accustomed to ill looks. I don't think him nearly so plain as I first thought him. And he's old; he can't help that either, and he'll the sooner make you his widow. And he's rich, Milly; very rich. Thank goodness, we shall have done with this infernal poverty! You'll accept him at once?"

"You wish it, papa?"

Her face was very white, and there was a sort of choke in her throat as she spoke.

"Of course I do," he answered sharply. "You must be a fool to ask. You don't expect such another chance, do you? And there's no one else in the way. You don't love any one else?"

"No," she answered faintly.

"I congratulate you. You'll be a happy woman. You'll have more money than you'll know what to do with. The luck's turned at last. Give me a glass of wine, and I'll drink your health and his."

She obeyed; then stooped to kiss him, by way of thanks for his good wishes. Soon she made an excuse to quit the room. She did not want him to see how fast the tears were streaming down her face.

The doctor received a favourable answer to his suit. Milly only pleaded in a faint voice, with a frightened look on her face, that there might be no hurry—that time might be allowed her—because—because she so wanted her father's health to improve before she left him, if only for a day.

"Certainly, certainly," said the elated doctor. "Your will is my law," he added, gallantly; but, at the same time, he thought she need not have seemed quite so much scared at him. Then, not a little embarrassed at so unaccustomed a performance, he kissed her on the forehead. It was hard to say which was the more blushing and confused, the kisser or the kissed.

CHAPTER III.

After this the doctor was more than ever at the captain's lodgings in Calthorpe Street. His care for his patient was unremitting. Captain Lance mended—slowly, but certainly.

The doctor's coachman treated himself to more and more smiles of a furtive sort, especially when the doctor persuaded Milly now and then to take a drive, and accompany him on a round of professional calls; she remaining in the carriage, of course, while he saw his patients, wrote prescriptions, and fingered pulses and fees. The coachman even ventured to confide to a few favoured intimates his opinion that there would, before long, be a "young missus" presiding over the establishment in Harley Street.

Dr. Dendy was very happy. Perhaps he wished, now and then, that Milly would look a little less grave; but then he consoled himself with the reflection that it was best so.

"It would be too absurd, at my time of life, to marry a romping, giggling girl. I have no right to expect from her extravagant affection. I must work for her love and earn it. In that way I shall surely gain it at last; at present it is a little too like gratitude. But time will change that—time and my own great affection for her. Dear little Milly!"

He was himself a staid, forbearing, rather stately lover. In such wise he surely recommended himself to Milly, and obtained a ready grant of all her regard and esteem. For her love he was content to wait, and labour, and hope.

Like most men of great mental activity, the doctor was always very busy with his fingers. His abundant vitality demonstrated itself in a certain restlessness of body and limb. As he talked he liked to curl up a string, or fold up a pipelight, or snip paper with a pair of scissors. He toyed with Milly's tapes and cottons, let loose her needles from their case, stuck pins into her pin-cushion in curious forms and patterns. One day as he sat by her in a playful mood (Captain Lance being asleep in an adjoining room), he turned her workbox over bodily, strewing its contents all about the table.

He took up a carved ivory card-case, and examined it curiously.

"That was a present from Hong-Kong. Is it not beautifully cut?" Milly demanded.

There was a flush upon her cheek as she spoke. He had opened the card-case, which was deemed, perhaps, too good for use; indeed,

Milly had few friends upon whom to call and leave cards, and her case contained none; but a photograph fell out.

"That is my cousin, Mark Lance. He it was who sent me the card-case. He represents a mercantile house at Hong-Kong." Her voice trembled a little as she volunteered this explanation.

"Has he been out there long?" the doctor asked, quietly.

"He came home two years ago. He went out first of all quite as a boy."

"A very good-looking young fellow."

The doctor closed the card-case. He next took up a small, carefully tied-up packet.

"Those are Mark's letters," said Milly, rather breathlessly. "He generally writes about every other mail. Of late, however, he has not been so regular. I thought we should have heard from him last week; but no letter came."

The doctor looked thoughtful. Had not something like a sigh escaped her as she said that no letter had come? Did she, then, long so very much to have tidings of her cousin? He turned the letters over and over, poising them in his hand.

"I see they are addressed to you, Milly," he said. There was further inquiry in the expression of his face.

"Would you like to read them?" she asked, simply. "Mark writes very amusing letters. He gives such a capital account of his life at Hong-Kong. I think it would amuse you to read it."

"No, thank you, Milly." And he pressed her hand tenderly, as he gave her back the letters. For a moment he had doubted her; but he dismissed his doubts. Still he could not repress a feeling of jealousy in regard to this cousin of Milly's—this Mark Lance. It was a comfort to reflect, however, that Hong-Kong was a very long way off.

CHAPTER IV.

In the course of a few days there was another visitor calling in Calthorpe Street. Mark Lance had arrived from Hong-Kong. He had written no letter, it appeared, because he was coming in person.

Dr. Dendy, attending his patient with customary punctuality, found the young man in the drawing-room, and recognized him at once. Only, the doctor was not especially pleased to discover the photograph hardly did Mr. Mark Lance justice. He was, in truth, far handsomer than he appeared in his carte de visite—a tall, broad, muscular gentleman, with a sunburnt skin, bright, unflinching, blue eyes, and a very white and perfect set of teeth.

Milly seemed nervous and ill at ease, avoided her cousin's gaze, answered him monosyllabically. He had brought with him all sorts of presents for her—shawls, scarfs, fans, feathers, paintings, Oriental curiosities, and valuable knick-knackery. She hardly looked at these treasures, however; could with difficulty return her cousin common words of thanksgiving. She was at pains to avoid conversing with him—sought excuses for quitting him. He surveyed her with surprised eyes. "Was this Milly?" he was asking himself. And he felt wronged and hurt.

Dr. Dendy cast searching glances at the cousins.

"I must go now," said Mark, abruptly. "I have business at the ship's agents in the city."

"I suppose we shall see you again soon?" Milly asked, in faint tones, looking away from him as she spoke.

"I suppose so," he answered, carelessly.

"I'm going your way into the city—to the Ostrich Insurance Office, in Cornhill," said Dr. Dendy to the young man. "Let me give you a lift in my brougham; you'll find I go faster than most cabs."

They went away together.

"I'm a madman and a fool, that's what I am!" said Mark Lance, impetuously, as he sat in the doctor's carriage.

"How so?"

"I can't, of course, expect you to understand or sympathize with a lover's miserable imbecilities," the young man went on. "You have never loved as I have. You don't know what love is, as I know it."

"Perhaps not—perhaps not," said the doctor, with perfect composure.

"I must speak out," cried Mark. "I must tell some one—any one—what I suffer, or I shall go mad! Do you know why I came home so suddenly? Because I loved that girl; because I was sick and dying for love of her; because I couldn't bear to live longer away from her; because it seemed to me that, at all costs, I must set eyes on her again; speak to her of my love for her, whole and true and tender as it is, and entreat her to give me some portion of her love in return. I have been mastered by my love; it has possessed me—it possesses me now, absolutely. To what end? What good has come of it all? You saw how she treated me. She shrinks from, loathes, despises me. I have come home for that!"

"You have loved her long?"

"I have loved her all my life. As a child and a schoolboy I loved her—years, years ago. I used to long, while we were playing together, that some wild beast might spring upon her, so that I might destroy it, and save her or perish for her. I would have done anything for her even then. Any mad task she set me I strove to execute. I was delighted to peril life or limb in her cause. Any mischief that she did, I took the blame of, ever. I have been horsewhipped for her many a time. What did I care for the pain, so long as Milly came afterwards to comfort me and dry my tears? What suffering would not yield to a kiss from her, a smile, or a kindly word? But I am a fool to complain—I gave her my heart for a plaything. She has put it from her now with the rest of her playthings ruined and broken—quite done with. I had no right to expect she would do otherwise."

"She knew of your love?"

"How could she not know of it? Yet I was wrong, perhaps, not to speak out. I ought to have put it plainly before her. No; she does not know of my love. I have never dared to speak openly to her concerning it. I was too poor when I came home before—or, rather, I wanted to be richer, and so in some sort worthy of her, before I spoke to her. I thought she cared for me then a little. But that is all over now. Her love for me, if she ever felt any, has quite died out of her heart now. It is hard, very hard to bear. I have toiled only for her; I am rich now. Even her father, my uncle, he is an exacting gentleman enough—but even he would own that I am now rich enough to think of marrying even his daughter. And now it seems it is too late. What have I got by my toils, my long waiting, my forbearance? Nothing. A great gulf has opened between Milly and me, I know not how or why. I have lost all hope of her. I am the most miserable fellow on this earth."

And Mark Lance covered his face with his hands.

"I am, I know, a fool, a weak fool, to talk like this," he said, presently recovering himself. "What must you think of me? What are my sorrows to you? What can you care for a lover's troubles, and longings, and despair? What is my heart to you? What can you know or care about it? Nothing, of course not; nothing."

"Nothing, of course not," the doctor echoed, mechanically. "No; I know nothing of the human heart."

CHAPTER V.

From the city Dr. Dendy, having parted with Mark Lance, returned to Calthorpe Street.

As he entered the drawing-room with the cautious and noiseless tread of a man well used to sick chambers and acutely sensitive patients, he heard a faint moaning sound.

Milly Lance, with tearful eyes, was reading over once again her cousin's letters—was contemplating once more the photograph contained in the ivory card-case. She started, with a half scream, as she found the doctor at her side.

"Forgive me!" she cried, in an agonized voice. "I—I am going to burn them." And then, hardly knowing what she did, she seemed to be trying to fall on her knees at the doctor's feet. He raised her up with tenderness.

"Calm yourself, Milly," he said.

She made an effort to throw the letters into the fire-place, but her courage or her strength failed her, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Have mercy," she moaned; "have mercy."

"You are ill, Milly," he said, gently. "Don't be afraid of me, my dear. I wouldn't wrong you or pain you for the world. Calm yourself; dry your eyes. Come, that's better. But what a pulse! Give me a sheet of note-paper. I must write you a prescription at once. Mind, you must obey my instructions to the letter. He scribbled a few lines. "Read that, Milly," he said.

She glanced at the paper, expecting to find the usual unintelligible medical hieroglyphics. She started. To her amazement, she found she could understand the prescription—it was written in English, being the first and last prescription which Dr. Dendy in the whole course of his professional career had written out of the Latin tongue.

It ran something in this wise—

R. Take cousin Mark to church with you as soon as possible, and make him your husband. God bless you.

(*Signed*) JOHN DENDY, M.D.

How her heart beat!

"But does he love me?"

"You know he does. And you love him. Tell him so when he comes this evening. You needn't speak; only let him read it in your eyes."

"And my father?"

"He shall give his consent. I'll take care of that."

With a cry of joy, she threw herself into his arms. She could not speak her thanks, but this action of hers was sufficiently explicit.

He kissed her on the forehead. She put up her lips to him; but he didn't, or wouldn't, or couldn't see what she meant.

He went away sighing, very grave in aspect, and yet lightened and comforted by the thought that he had acted rightly.

"Perhaps I shall be able to finish that book of mine now," he said, gravely. "It's time it was done. One thing—I know more about it than I did. It's but a poor, weak, troublesome organ, after all, the heart. And its ache is very hard to bear. I don t believe there's any certain cure for that in the whole range of the pharmacopæia."

Poor Dr. Dendy looked very miserable. "This won't do," he said, presently. "I must prescribe for myself. Hard work; that's my best medicine. It cures a good many complaints. At any rate, it prevents the patient having time to think about them."

THE BLIND LINNET.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The sempstress's linnet sings
  At the window opposite me;—
It feels the sun on its wings,
  Though it cannot see.
Can a bird have thoughts? May be.

The sempstress is sitting,
  High o'er the humming street,
The little blind linnet is flitting
  Between the sun and her seat.
All day long
  She stitches wearily there,
And I know she is not young,
  And I know she is not fair;
For I watch her head bent down
  Throughout the dreary day,
And the thin meek hair o' brown
  Is threaded with silver gray;
And now and then, with a start
At the fluttering of her heart,
  She lifts her eyes to the bird,
And I see in the dreary place
The gleam of a thin white face,
  And my heart is stirr'd.

Loud and long
The linnet pipes his song!
For he cannot see
  The smoky street all round,
But loud in the sun sings he,
  Though he hears the murmurous sound;
For his poor, blind eyeballs blink,
  While the yellow sunlights fall,
And he thinks (if a bird can think)
  He hears a waterfall,
Or the broad and beautiful river
  Washing fields of corn,
Flowing for ever
  Through the woods where he was born;
And his voice grows stronger,
  While he thinks that he is there,
And louder and longer
  Falls his song on the dusky air.
And oft, in the gloaming still,
  Perhaps (for who can tell?)
The musk and the muskatel,
That grow on the window sill,
  Cheat him with their smell.

But the sempstress can see
How dark things be;
How black through the town
  The stream is flowing;
And tears fall down
  Upon her sewing.
So at times she tries,
  When her trouble is stirr'd,
To close her eyes,
  And be blind like the bird.
And *then*, for a minute,
  As sweet things seem,
As to the linnet
  Piping in his dream!
For she feels on her brow
  The sunlight glowing,
And hears nought now
  But a river flowing—
A broad and beautiful river,
  Washing fields of corn,
Flowing for ever
  Through the woods where she was born—
And a wild bird winging
Over her head, and singing!
And she can smell
The musk and the muskatel
  That beside her grow,
And, unaware,
She murmurs an old air
  That she used to know!

London Poems.

CONTENT.

Would you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say;
Come on, I'll show thee, friend, the certain way:
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
While bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize
By thine own use and not by others' eyes;
If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish:
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian king's a slave compared with thee.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (from Martial).

THE GOLDEN CITY.

[JOHN BUNYAN, the author of "*Pilgrim's Progress*," was born near Bedford, England, in 1628, and learned the trade of a tinker. He was a drunkard in his youth, and enlisted in the Parliamentary Army in 1645, at the age of twenty, and leaving the army, became a Baptist preacher. He preached at Bedford till 1660, and was then committed to Bedford jail, where he remained twelve years. While in prison, he wrote the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," and other works, amounting to about sixty volumes. After his liberation, he resumed his ministerial labors, till he died at Bedford, August 31st, 1688.]

THE GOLDEN CITY.—FROM "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for the season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them." Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying: "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!" Here all the inhabitants of the country called them "the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out," &c.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing nearer to the city yet, they had a more perfect view thereof: it was built of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease: wherefore here they lay by it a while, crying out, because of their pangs: "If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love."

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said: "Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these?" He answered: "They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims:" so the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties; he also showed them there the King's walks and arbors, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now, I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me: "Wherefore musest thou at the matter?" It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly, as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city—for the city was pure gold—was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in their way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them: "You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian and his companion then asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge

to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said: "You must go through, or you cannot come to the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered: "Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then—especially Christian—began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said: "No; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said:

"I sink in deep waters: the billows go over my head; all the waters go over me. Selah."

Then said the other: "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good."

Then said Christian: "Ah! my friend, the sorrow of death hath encompassed me about: I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey."

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom also, Hopeful added these words: "Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole:" and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice—"Oh! I see him again; and he tells me: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; but thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along toward the gate. Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones:

"These are the men who loved our Lord when they were in the world, and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy." Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying: "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb." There came also out at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious and loud noises, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left—as it were to guard them through the upper regions—continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them; and now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes.

Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there were written over in letters of gold: 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit: Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c.; to whom it was said: These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said: Where are the men? To whom it was answered: They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them: 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying: 'Blessing, honour, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

JOHN BUNYAN.

FANCY.[1]

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoil'd by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;

[1] It will be interesting to read, at this distant date, a few of the sentences from the article on *Endymion* in the *Quarterly Review* which was said to have killed the poet. There is no doubt the severity of this article painfully afflicted Keats, although consumption, and not criticism, was the cause of his early death. The *Quarterly*, after confessing that the reviewer had not been able to read more than the first four books of the poetic romance, and knew as much about them as about the three books which were still unread, observed: "It is not that Mr. Keats (if that is his real name,—for we almost doubt whether any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody), it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius; he has all these: but he is unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry, which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language. This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt, but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype." Sometime after, Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, said: "We are very much inclined to add that we do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm." The one critic was as warm in praise of the poet, as the other was severe in condemnation.—See Library, vol. i. page 215.

She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearl'd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoil'd by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipp'd its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

STANDARD NOVELS.[1]

[William Hazlitt, born at Maidstone, 10th April, 1778; died 18th September, 1830. The son of a Unitarian minister, it was at first intended to educate him for his father's profession. He, however, preferred art, and spent several years in the study of painting. He achieved some success as a portrait-painter, but, dissatisfied with the results of his labour, he laid down the brush in 1803 and took up the pen. As a critic of art and literature his best talents were displayed, and he earned an enduring reputation. In 1813 he delivered a course of lectures at the Russell Institution, London, on the "History of English Philosophy;" and at the Surrey Institution, in 1820, another course on "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, chiefly Dramatic." Of his other works the principal are *Table-Talk*, *The Plain Speaker*, *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, *The English Poets*, and *The English Comic Writers*, from which the following essay is taken. He was a constant contributor to the periodicals of his time.[2]]

There is an exclamation in one of Gray's letters—"Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!" If we do not utter a similar aspiration, it is not from any want of affection for the class of writing to which it belongs; for, without going quite so far as the celebrated French philosopher, who thought that more was to be learned from good novels and romances than from the gravest treatises on history and morality, we

[1] Hazlitt was regarded as, in many respects, one of the best of our English critics, but it was lamented that he so often allowed prejudice, or what seemed to be prejudice, to interfere with his judgment. Professor Wilson observed of him: "One would suppose that he had a personal quarrel with all living writers, good, bad, or indifferent. . . . With him to be alive is not only a fault in itself, but it includes all other possible faults. . . . In short, if you want his praise, you must die for it; and when such praise is deserved and given *con amore*, it is almost worth dying for." In the *History of Europe* Sir Archibald Alison commented upon the refined taste and chastened reflection contained in Hazlitt's disquisitions on the drama, "and which are more perspicuous in detached passages than in any entire work. He appears greater when quoted than when read. Possibly had his life been prolonged it would have been otherwise, and some work emanated from his gifted pen which would have placed his fame on a durable foundation."

[2] He wrote a life of the first Napoleon, which he regarded as his best work. He had an enthusiastic admiration for his hero, and it is said of him that he was "hardly able to forgive the valour of the conquerors" of Waterloo.

must confess that there are few works to which we oftener turn for profit or delight, than to the standard productions in this species of composition. With the exception of the violently satirical and the violently sentimental specimens of the art, we find there the closest imitation of men and manners; and are admitted to examine the very web and texture of society, as it really exists, and as we meet with it when we come into the world. If the style of poetry has "something more divine in it," this savours more of humanity. We are brought acquainted with an infinite variety of characters—all a little more amusing, and, for the greater part, more true to general nature than those which we meet with in actual life—and have our moral impressions far more frequently called out, and our moral judgments exercised, than in the busiest career of existence. As a record of past manners and opinions, too, such writings afford both more minute and more abundant information than any other. To give one example only:—We should really be at a loss where to find, in any authentic documents of the same period, so satisfactory an account of the general state of society, and of moral, political, and religious feeling, in the reign of George II., as we meet with in the *Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams.* This work, indeed, we take to be a perfect piece of statistics in its kind; and do not know from what other quarter we could have acquired the solid information it contains, even as to this comparatively recent period. What a thing it would be to have such a work of the age of Pericles or Alexander! and how much more would it teach us as to the true character and condition of the people among whom it was produced, than all the tragedies and histories, and odes and orations, that have been preserved of their manufacture! In looking into such grave and ostentatious performances, we see little but the rigid skeleton of public transactions—exaggerations of party zeal, and vestiges of literary ambition; and if we wish really to know what was the state of manners and of morals, and in what way, and into what forms, principles and institutions were actually moulded in practice, we cannot do better than refer to the works of those writers who, having no other object than to imitate nature, could only hope for success from the fidelity of their pictures; and were bound (in their own defence) to reduce the boasts of vague theorists, and the exaggerations of angry disputants, to the mortifying standard of reality.

We will here confess, however, that we are a little prejudiced on the point in question; and that the effect of many fine speculations has been lost upon us, from an early familiarity with the most striking passages in the little work to which we have just alluded. Thus, nothing can be more captivating than the description somewhere given by Mr. Burke, of the indissoluble connection between learning and nobility; and of the respect universally paid by wealth to piety and morals. But the effect of this splendid representation has always been spoiled to us by our recollection of Parson Adams sitting over his cup of ale in Sir Thomas Booby's kitchen. Echard on the *Contempt of the Clergy*, in like manner, is certainly a very good book, and its general doctrine most just and reasonable; but an unlucky impression of the reality of Parson Trulliber always checks, in us, the respectful emotions to which it should give rise; while the lecture which Lady Booby reads to Lawyer Scout on the expulsion of Joseph and Fanny from the parish, casts an unhappy shade over the splendid pictures of practical jurisprudence that are to be found in the works of Blackstone or De Lolme. The most moral writers, after all, are those who do not pretend to inculcate any moral: the professed moralist almost unavoidably degenerates into the partisan of a system: and the philosopher warps the evidence to his own purpose. But the painter of manners gives the facts of human nature, and leaves us to draw the inference: if we are not able to do this, or do it ill, at least it is our own fault.

The first-rate writers in this class are of course few; but those few we may reckon, without scruple, among the greatest ornaments and the best benefactors of our kind. There is a certain set of them, who, as it were, take their rank by the side of reality, and are appealed to as evidence on all questions concerning human nature. The principal of these are Cervantes and Le Sage; and, among ourselves, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne.[1] As this is a department of criticism which deserves more attention than we have ever yet bestowed on it, we shall venture to treat it a little in detail; and endeavour to contribute something towards settling the standard of excellence, both as to degree and kind, in these several writers.

We shall begin with the renowned history of *Don Quixote;* who always presents something more stately, more romantic, and at the same

[1] We have not forgotten De Foe as one of our own writers. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* was an Englishman; and one of those Englishmen who make us proud of the name.

time more real to our imagination, than any other hero upon record. His lineaments, his accoutrements, his pasteboard visor, are familiar to us, as the recollections of our early home. The spare and upright figure of the hero paces distinctly before our eyes; and Mambrino's helmet still glitters in the sun! We not only feel the greatest love and veneration for the knight himself, but a certain respect for all those connected with him—the Curate, and Master Nicolas, the barber—Sancho and Dapple—and even for Rosinante's leanness and his errors! Perhaps there is no work which combines so much originality with such an air of truth. Its popularity is almost unexampled; and yet its real merits have not been sufficiently understood. The story is the least part of them; though the blunders of Sancho, and the unlucky adventures of his master, are what naturally catch the attention of ordinary readers. The pathos and dignity of the sentiments are often disguised under the ludicrousness of the subject; and provoke laughter when they might well draw tears. The character of Don Quixote itself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of the most amiable kind—of a nature equally open, gentle, and generous; a lover of truth and justice, and one who had brooded over the fine dreams of chivalry and romance, till the dazzling visions cheated his brain into a belief of their reality. There cannot, in our opinion, be a greater mistake than to consider *Don Quixote* as a merely satirical work, or an attempt to explode by coarse raillery "the long-forgotten order of chivalry." There could be no need to explode what no longer existed. Besides, Cervantes himself was a man of the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament; and even through the crazed and battered figure of the knight, the spirit of chivalry shines out with undiminished lustre; and one might almost imagine that the author had half-designed to revive the example of past ages, and once more "witch the world with noble horsemanship;" and had veiled the design, in scorn of the degenerate age to which it was addressed, under this fantastic and imperfect disguise of romantic and ludicrous exaggeration. However that may be, the spirit which the book breathes, to those who relish and understand it best, is unquestionably the spirit of chivalry: nor perhaps is it too much to say, that if ever the flame of Spanish liberty is destined to break forth, wrapping the tyrant and the tyranny in one consuming blaze, it is owing to Cervantes and his knight of La Mancha that the spark of generous sentiment and romantic enterprise from which it must be kindled has not been quite extinguished.

The character of Sancho is not more admirable in the execution than in the conception, as a relief to that of the knight. The contrast is as picturesque and striking as that between the figures of Rosinante and Dapple. Never was there so complete a *partie quarre;*—they answer to one another at all points. Nothing can surpass the truth of physiognomy in the description of the master and man, both as to body and mind;—the one lean and tall, the the other round and short;—the one heroical and courteous, the other selfish and servile;—tho one full of high-flown fancies, the other a bag of proverbs;—the one always starting some romantic scheme, the other always keeping to the safe side of tradition and custom. The gradual ascendency, too, obtained by Don Quixote over Sancho, is as finely managed as it is characteristic. Credulity, and a love of the marvellous, are as natural to ignorance as selfishness and cunning. Sancho by degrees becomes a kind of lay-brother of the order; acquires a taste for adventures in his own way, and is made all but an entire convert, by the discovery of the hundred crowns in one of his most comfortless journeys. Towards the end, his regret at being forced to give up the pursuit of knight-errantry almost equals his master's; and he seizes the proposal of Don Quixote to turn shepherds, with the greatest avidity,—still applying it, however, in his own fashion; for while the Don is ingeniously torturing the names of his humble acquaintance into classical terminations, and contriving scenes of gallantry and song, Sancho exclaims, "Oh, what delicate wooden spoons shall I carve! what crumbs and cream shall I devour!"—forgetting in his milk and fruits the pullets and geese at Camacho's wedding.

This intuitive perception of the hidden analogies of things, or, as it may be called, this *instinct of imagination*, is what stamps the character of genius on the productions of art, more than any other circumstance: for it works unconsciously, like nature, and receives its impressions from a kind of inspiration. There is more of this unconscious power in Cervantes than in any other author except Shakspeare. Something of the same kind extends itself to all the subordinate parts and characters of the work. Thus we find the curate confidentially informing Don Quixote, that if he could get the ear of the government, he has something of considerable importance to propose for the good of the state; and the knight afterwards meets with a young gentle-

man, who is a candidate for poetical honours, with a mad lover, a forsaken damsel, &c.—all delineated with the same inimitable force, freedom, and fancy. The whole work breathes that air of romance,—that aspiration after imaginary good,—that longing after something more than we possess, that in all places, and in all conditions of life,

> ——"still prompts the eternal sigh,
> For which we wish to live, or dare to die!"

The characters in *Don Quixote* are strictly individuals; that is, they do not belong to, but form a class of themselves. In other words, the actions and manners of the chief *dramatis personæ* do not arise out of the actions and manners of those around them, or the condition of life in which they are placed, but out of the peculiar dispositions of the persons themselves, operated upon by certain impulses of imagination and accident: yet these impulses are so true to nature, and their operation so truly described, that we not only recognize the fidelity of the representation, but recognize it with all the advantages of novelty superadded. They are unlike anything we have actually seen—may be said to be purely ideal—and yet familiarize themselves more readily with our imagination, and are retained more strongly in memory, than perhaps any others:—they are never lost in the crowd. One test of the truth of this ideal painting, is the number of allusions which *Don Quixote* has furnished to the whole of civilized Europe—that is to say, of appropriate cases, and striking illustrations of the universal principles of our nature. The common incidents and descriptions of human life are, however, quite familiar and natural; and we have nearly the same insight given us here, into the characters of innkeepers, barmaids, hostlers, and puppet-showmen, as in Fielding himself. There is a much greater mixture, however, of sentiment with *naïveté*, of the pathetic with the quaint and humorous, than there ever is in Fielding. We might instance the story of the countryman whom Don Quixote and Sancho met in their search after Dulcinea, driving his mules to plough at break of day, and "singing the ancient ballad of Roncesvalles!" The episodes which are introduced are excellent; but have, upon the whole, been overrated. Compared with the serious tales in Boccacio, they are trifling. That of Marcella, the fair shepherdess, is the best. We will only add, that *Don Quixote* is an entirely original work in its kind, and that the author has the highest honour which can belong to one, that of being the founder of a new style of writing.

There is another Spanish novel, *Gusman d'Alfarache*, nearly of the same age as *Don Quixote*, and of great genius, though it can hardly be ranked as a novel, or a work of imagination. It is a series of strange adventures, rather dryly told, but accompanied by the most severe and sarcastic commentary. The satire, the wit, the eloquence, and reasoning, are of the most powerful kind; but they are didactic, rather than dramatic. They would suit a sermon or a pasquinade better than a romance. Still there are, in this extraordinary book, occasional sketches of character, and humorous descriptions, to which it would be difficult to produce anything superior. This work, which is hardly known in this country except by name, has the credit, without any reason, of being the original of *Gil Blas*. There is only one incident the same, that of the supper at the inn. In all other respects these two works are the very reverse of each other, both in their excellences and defects.

Gil Blas is, next to *Don Quixote*, more generally read and admired than any other novel—and, in one sense, deservedly so: for it is at the head of its class, though that class is very different from, and inferior to, the other. There is very little individual character in *Gil Blas*. The author is a describer of manners, and not of character. He does not take the elements of human nature, and work them up into new combinations (which is the excellence of *Don Quixote*); nor trace the peculiar and striking combinations of folly and knavery as they are to be found in real life (like Fielding); but he takes off, as it were, the general, habitual impression, which circumstances make on certain conditions of life, and moulds all his characters accordingly. All the persons whom he introduces carry about with them the badge of their profession; and you see little more of them than their costume. He describes men as belonging to certain classes in society —the highest, generally, and the lowest, and such as are found in great cities—not as they are in themselves, or with the individual differences which are always to be found in nature. His hero, in particular, has no character but that of the accidental circumstances in which he is placed. His priests are only described as priests; his valets, his players, his women, his courtiers and his sharpers, are all the same. Nothing can well exceed the monotony of the work in this respect;—at the same time that nothing can exceed the truth and precision with which the general manners of these different characters are preserved, nor the felicity of the particular traits by which

their leading foibles are brought out to notice. Thus, the Archbishop of Grenada will remain an everlasting memento of the weakness of human vanity; and the account of Gil Blas's legacy, of the uncertainty of human expectations. This novel is as deficient in the fable as in the characters. It is not a regularly constructed story; but a series of adventures told with equal gaiety and good sense, and in the most graceful style possible.

It has been usual to class our own great novelists as imitators of one or other of these two writers. Fielding, no doubt, is more like *Don Quixote* than *Gil Blas;* Smollett is more like *Gil Blas* than *Don Quixote;* but there is not much resemblance in either case. Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* is a more direct instance of imitation. Richardson can scarcely be called an imitator of any one; or, if he is, it is of the sentimental refinement of Marivaux, or the verbose gallantry of the writers of the seventeenth century.

There is very little to warrant the common idea, that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes, —except his own declaration of such an intention, in the title-page of *Joseph Andrews,*— the romantic turn of the character of Parson Adams (the only romantic character in his works),—and the proverbial humour of Partridge, which is kept up only for a few pages. Fielding's novels are, in general, thoroughly his own; and they are thoroughly English. What they are most remarkable for is neither sentiment, nor imagination, nor wit, nor humour, though there is a great deal of this last quality; but profound knowledge of human nature—at least of English nature—and masterly pictures of the characters of men as he saw them existing. This quality distinguishes all his works, and is shown almost equally in all of them. As a painter of real life, he was equal to Hogarth: as a mere observer of human nature, he was little inferior to Shakspeare, though without any of the genius and poetical qualities of his mind. His humour is less rich and laughable than Smollett's; his wit as often misses as hits; he has none of the fine pathos of Richardson or Sterne— but he has brought together a greater variety of characters in common life, marked with more distinct peculiarities, and without an atom of caricature, than any other novel writer whatever. The extreme subtlety of observation on the springs of human conduct in ordinary characters, is only equalled by the ingenuity of contrivance in bringing those springs into play in such a manner as to lay open their smallest irregularity. The detection is always complete—and made with the certainty and skill of a philosophical experiment, and the ease and simplicity of a casual observation. The truth of the imitation is indeed so great, that it has been argued that Fielding must have had his materials ready made to his hands, and was merely a transcriber of local manners and individual habits. For this conjecture, however, there seems to be no foundation. His representations, it is true, are local and individual; but they are not the less profound and natural. The feeling of the general principles of human nature operating in particular circumstances is always intense, and uppermost in his mind: and he makes use of incident and situation only to bring out character.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to give any illustration of these remarks. *Tom Jones* is full of them. The moral of this book has been objected to, and not altogether without reason —but a more serious objection has been made to the want of refinement and elegance in the two principal characters. We never feel this objection, indeed, while we are reading the book; but at other times we have something like a lurking suspicion that Jones was but an awkward fellow, and Sophia a pretty simpleton. We do not know how to account for this effect, unless it is that Fielding's constantly assuring us of the beauty of his hero, and the good sense of his heroine, at last produces a distrust of both. The story of *Tom Jones* is allowed to be unrivalled: and it is this circumstance, together with the vast variety of characters, that has given the *History of a Foundling* so decided a preference over Fielding's other novels. The characters themselves, both in *Amelia* and *Joseph Andrews,* are quite equal to any of those in *Tom Jones.* The account of Miss Matthews and Ensign Hibbert—the way in which that lady reconciles herself to the death of her father—the inflexible Colonel Bath, the insipid Mrs. James, the complaisant Colonel Trent—the demure, sly, intriguing, equivocal Mrs. Bennet—the lord who is her seducer, and who attempts afterwards to seduce Amelia by the same mechanical process of a concert-ticket, a book, and the disguise of a greatcoat—his little, fat, short-nosed, red-faced, good-humoured accomplice, the keeper of the lodging-house, who, having no pretensions to gallantry herself, has a disinterested delight in forwarding the intrigues and pleasures of others (to say nothing of honest Atkinson, the story of the miniature-picture of Amelia, and the hashed mutton, which are in a different style), are master-pieces of description. The whole scene at the lodging-house, the masquerade,

&c., in *Amelia*, is equal in interest to the parallel scenes in *Tom Jones*, and even more refined in the knowledge of character. For instance, Mrs. Bennet is superior to Mrs. Fitzpatrick in her own way. The uncertainty in which the event of her interview with her former seducer is left, is admirable. Fielding was a master of what may be called the *double-entendre* of character, and surprises you no less by what he leaves in the dark (hardly known to the persons themselves), than by the unexpected discoveries he makes of the real traits and circumstances in a character with which, till then, you find you were unacquainted. There is nothing at all heroic, however, in the style of any of his delineations. He never draws lofty characters or strong passions;—all his persons are of the ordinary stature as to intellect; and none of them trespass on the angelic nature by elevation of fancy or energy of purpose. Perhaps, after all, Parson Adams is his finest character. It is equally true to nature and more ideal than any of the others. Its unsuspecting simplicity makes it not only more amiable, but doubly amusing, by gratifying the sense of superior sagacity in the reader. Our laughing at him does not once lessen our respect for him. His declaring that he would willingly walk ten miles to fetch his sermon on vanity, merely to convince Wilson of his thorough contempt of this vice—and his consoling himself for the loss of his *Æschylus*, by suddenly recollecting that he could not read it if he had it, because it is dark—are among the finest touches of *naïveté*. The night-adventurers at Lady Booby's with Beau Didapper and the amiable Slipslop are the most ludicrous; and that with the huntsman, who draws off the hounds from the poor parson, because they would be spoiled by following *vermin*, the most profound. Fielding did not often repeat himself: but Dr. Harrison, in *Amelia*, may be considered as a variation of the character of Adams: so also is Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield;* and the latter part of that work, which sets out so delightfully, an almost entire plagiarism from Wilson's account of himself, and Adams' *Domestic History*.

Smollett's first novel, *Roderick Random*, which is also his best, appeared about the same time as Fielding's *Tom Jones:* and yet it has a much more modern air with it: But this may be accounted for, from the circumstance that Smollett was quite a young man at the time, whereas Fielding's manner must have been formed long before. The style of *Roderick Random*, though more scholastic and elaborate, is stronger and more pointed than that of *Tom Jones:* the incidents follow one another more rapidly (though it must be confessed they never come in such a throng, or are brought out with the same dramatic facility); the humour is broader, and as effectual; and there is very nearly, if not quite, an equal interest excited by the story. What then is it that gives the superiority to Fielding? It is the superior insight into the springs of human character, and the constant development of that character through every change of circumstance. Smollett's humour often arises from the situation of the persons, or the peculiarity of their external appearance, as, from Roderick Random's carrotty locks, which hung down over his shoulders like a pound of candles, or Strap's ignorance of London, and the blunders that follow from it. There is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions. The incidents frequently resemble detached anecdotes taken from a newspaper or magazine; and, like those in *Gil Blas*, might happen to a hundred other characters. He exhibits only the external accidents and reverses to which human life is liable—not "the stuff" of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick, or penetrates beyond the surface of his characters: and therefore he leaves no stings in the minds of his readers, and in this respect is far less interesting than Fielding. His novels always enliven, and never tire us: we take them up with pleasure, and lay them down without any strong feeling of regret. We look on and laugh, as spectators of an amusing though inelegant scene, without closing in with the combatants, or being made parties in the event. We read *Roderick Random* as an entertaining story; for the particular accidents and modes of life which it describes have ceased to exist: but we regard Tom Jones as a real history; because the author never stops short of those essential principles which lie at the bottom of all our actions, and in which we feel an immediate interest;—*intus et in cute.*—Smollett excels most as the lively caricaturist: Fielding as the exact painter and profound metaphysician. We are far from maintaining that this account applies uniformly to the productions of these two writers: but we think that, as far as they essentially differ, what we have stated is the general distinction between them. *Roderick Random* is the purest of Smollett's novels; we mean in point of style and description. Most of the incidents and characters are supposed to have been taken from the events of his own life; and are therefore truer to nature. There is a rude conception of generosity in some of his characters, of which Fielding seems to have

been incapable; his amiable persons being merely good-natured. It is owing to this, we think, that Strap is superior to Partridge; and there is a heartiness and warmth of feeling in some of the scenes between Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew which is beyond Fielding's power of impassioned writing. The whole of the scene on shipboard is a most admirable and striking picture, and we imagine very little, if at all exaggerated, though the interest it excites is of a very unpleasant kind. The picture of the little profligate French friar, who was Roderick's travelling companion, and of whom he always kept to the windward, is one of Smollett's most masterly sketches. *Peregrine Pickle* is no great favourite of ours, and *Launcelot Greaves* was not worthy of the genius of the author.

Humphry Clinker and *Count Fathom* are both equally admirable in their way. Perhaps the former is the most pleasant gossiping novel that ever was written—that which gives the most pleasure with the least effort to the reader. It is quite as amusing as going the journey could have been, and we have just as good an idea of what happened on the road as if we had been of the party. Humphry Clinker himself is exquisite; and his sweetheart, Winifred Jenkins, nearly as good. Matthew Bramble, though not altogether original, is excellently supported, and seems to have been the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in the *Rivals*. But Lismahago is the flower of the flock. His tenaciousness in argument is not so delightful as the relaxation of his logical severity, when he finds his fortune mellowing with the wintry smiles of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. This is the best preserved and most original of all Smollett's characters. The resemblance of Don Quixote is only just enough to make it interesting to the critical reader, without giving offence to anybody else. The indecency and filth in this novel are what must be allowed to all Smollett's writings. The subject and characters in *Count Fathom* are, in general, exceedingly disgusting: the story is also spun out to a degree of tediousness in the serious and sentimental parts; but there is more power of writing occasionally shown in it than in any of his works. We need only refer to the fine and bitter irony of the Count's address to the country of his ancestors on landing in England; to the robber-scene in the forest, which has never been surpassed; to the Parisian swindler, who personates a raw English country squire (Western is tame in the comparison); and to the story of the seduction in the west of England. We should have some difficulty to point out, in any author, passages written with more force and nature than these.

It is not, in our opinion, a very difficult attempt to class Fielding or Smollett; the one as an observer of the characters of human life, the other as a describer of its various eccentricities. But it is by no means so easy to dispose of Richardson, who was neither an observer of the one, nor a describer of the other; but who seemed to spin his materials entirely out of his own brain, as if there had been nothing existing in the world beyond the little shop in which he sat writing. There is an artificial reality about his works, which is nowhere to be met with. They have the romantic air of a pure fiction, with the literal minuteness of a common diary. The author had the strangest matter-of-fact imagination that ever existed, and wrote the oddest mixture of poetry and prose. He does not appear to have taken advantage of anything in actual nature, from one end of his works to the other; and yet, throughout all his works (voluminous as they are—and this, to be sure, is one reason why they are so), he sets about describing every object and transaction as if the whole had been given in on evidence by an eye-witness. This kind of high finishing from imagination is an anomaly in the history of human genius; and certainly nothing so fine was ever produced by the same accumulation of minute parts. There is not the least distraction, the least forgetfulness of the end; every circumstance is made to tell. We cannot agree that this exactness of detail produces heaviness; on the contrary, it gives an appearance of truth, and a positive interest to the story; and we listen with the same attention as we should to the particulars of a confidential communication. We at one time used to think some parts of *Sir Charles Grandison* rather trifling and tedious, especially the long description of Miss Harriet Byron's wedding-clothes, till we met with two young ladies who had severally copied out the whole of that very description for their own private gratification. After this, we could not blame the author.

The effect of reading this work is like an increase of kindred; you find yourself all of a sudden introduced into the midst of a large family, with aunts and cousins to the third and fourth generation, and grandmothers both by the father's and mother's side,—and a very odd set of people too, but people whose real existence and personal identity you can no more dispute than your own senses,—for you see and hear all that they do or say. What

is still more extraordinary, all this extreme elaborateness in working out the story seems to have cost the author nothing: for it is said that the published works are mere abridgments. We have heard (though this, we suppose, must be a pleasant exaggeration) that *Sir Charles Grandison* was originally written in eight-and-twenty volumes.

Pamela is the first of his productions, and the very child of his brain. Taking the general idea of the character of a modest and beautiful country girl, and of the situation in which she is placed, he makes out all the rest, even to the smallest circumstance, by the mere force of a reasoning imagination. It would seem as if a step lost would be as fatal here as in a mathematical demonstration. The development of the character is the most simple, and comes the nearest to nature that it can do, without being the same thing. The interest of the story increases with the dawn of understanding and reflection in the heroine. Her sentiments gradually expand themselves, like opening flowers. She writes better every time, and acquires a confidence in herself, just as a girl would do writing such letters in such circumstances; and yet it is certain *that no girl would write such letters in such circumstances.* What we mean is this. Richardson's nature is always the nature of sentiment and reflection, not of impulse or situation. He furnishes his characters, on every occasion, with the presence of mind of the author. He makes them act, not as they would from the impulse of the moment, but as they might upon reflection, and upon a careful review of every motive and circumstance in their situation. They regularly sit down to write letters: and if the business of life consisted in letter-writing, and was carried on by the post (like a Spanish game at chess), human nature would be what Richardson represents it. All actual objects and feelings are blunted and deadened by being presented through a medium which may be true to reason, but is false in nature. He confounds his own point of view with that of the immediate actors in the scene; and hence presents you with a conventional and factitious nature, instead of that which is real. Dr. Johnson seems to have preferred this truth of reflection to the truth of nature, when he said that there was more knowledge of the human heart in a page of Richardson than in all Fielding. Fielding, however, saw more of the practical results, and understood the principles as well; but he had not the same power of speculating upon their possible results, and combining them in certain ideal forms of passion and imagination—which was Richardson's real excellence.

It must be observed, however, that it is this mutual good understanding and comparing of notes between the author and the persons he describes; his infinite circumspection, his exact process of ratiocination and calculation, which gives such an appearance of coldness and formality to most of his characters,—which makes prudes of his women, and coxcombs of his men. Everything is too conscious in his works. Everything is distinctly brought home to the mind of the actors in the scene, which is a fault undoubtedly: but then, it must be confessed, everything is brought home in its full force to the mind of the reader also; and we feel the same interest in the story as if it were our own. Can anything be more beautiful or affecting than Pamela's reproaches to her "lumpish heart" when she is sent away from her master's at her own request—its lightness when she is sent for back—the joy which the conviction of the sincerity of his love diffuses in her heart, like the coming-on of spring—the artifice of the stuff gown—the meeting with Lady Davers after her marriage—and the trial scene with her husband? Who ever remained insensible to the passion of Lady Clementina except Sir Charles Grandison himself, who was the object of it? Clarissa is, however, his master-piece, if we except Lovelace. If she is fine in herself, she is still finer in his account of her. With that foil, her purity is dazzling indeed: and she who could triumph by her virtue and the force of her love over the regality of Lovelace's mind, his wit, his person, his accomplishments, and his spirit, conquers all hearts. We should suppose that never sympathy more deep or sincere was excited than by the heroine of Richardson's romance, except by the calamities of real life. The links in this wonderful chain of interest are not more finely wrought, than their whole weight is overwhelming and irresistible. Who can forget the exquisite gradations of her long dying scene, or the closing of the coffin-lid, when Miss Howe comes to take her last leave of her friend; or the heart-breaking reflection that Clarissa makes on what was to have been her wedding-day? Well does a modern writer exclaim—

> "Books are a real world, both pure and good,
> Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness may grow!"

Richardson's wit was unlike that of any other writer;—his humour was so too. Both were the effect of intense activity of mind;—laboured, and yet completely effectual. We might refer

to Lovelace's reception and description of Hickman, when he calls out Death in his ear, as the name of the person with whom Clarissa had fallen in love: and to the scene at the glove-shop. What can be more magnificent than his enumeration of his companions—"Belton so pert and so pimply—Tourville so fair and so foppish," &c.? In casuistry he is quite at home; and, with a boldness greater even than his puritanical severity, has exhausted every topic on virtue and vice. There is another peculiarity in Richardson, not perhaps so uncommon, which is, his systematically preferring his most insipid characters to his finest, though both were equally his own invention, and he must be supposed to have understood something of their qualities. Thus he preferred the little selfish, affected, insignificant Miss Byron, to the divine Clementina; and again, Sir Charles Grandison, to the nobler Lovelace. We have nothing to say in favour of Lovelace's morality; but Sir Charles is the prince of coxcombs, whose eye was never once taken from his own person and his own virtues; and there is nothing which excites so little sympathy as this excessive egotism.

It remains to speak of Sterne;—and we shall do it in few words. There is more of *mannerism* and affectation in him, and a more immediate reference to preceding authors;—but his excellences, where he is excellent, are of the first order. His characters are intellectual and inventive, like Richardson's—but totally opposite in the execution. The one are made out by continuity, and patient repetition of touches; the others, by rapid and masterly strokes, and graceful apposition. His style is equally different from Richardson's—it is at times the most rapid, the most happy, the most idiomatic of any of our novel writers. It is the pure essence of English conversational style. His works consist only of *morceaux*,—of brilliant passages. His wit is poignant, though artificial; and his characters (though the groundwork has been laid before) have yet invaluable original differences;—and the spirit of the execution, the master-strokes constantly thrown into them, are not to be surpassed. It is sufficient to name them—Yorick, Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, Susanna, and the Widow Wadman: and in these he has contrived to oppose, with equal felicity and originality, two characters,—one of pure intellect, and the other of pure good nature, in my Father and my Uncle Toby. There appears to have been in Sterne a vein of dry, sarcastic humour, and of extreme tenderness of feeling —the latter sometimes carried to affectation, as in the tale of *Maria*, and the apostrophe to the recording angel; but at other times pure, and without blemish. The story of *Le Fevre* is perhaps the finest in the English language. My Father's restlessness, both of body and mind, is inimitable. It is the model from which all those despicable performances against modern philosophy ought to have been copied, if their authors had known anything of the subject they were writing about. My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature. He is the most unoffending of God's creatures; or, as the French express it—*un tel petit bon homme!* Of his bowling-green, his sieges, and his amours, who would say or think anything amiss?

DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, SEPTEMBER 9, 1087.

[Edward A. Freeman.—Author of various historical works, was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, in 1823, was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1862, filled the office of examiner in law and modern history in 1857-1864; and was created honorary D. C. L. in 1841. He began his career as a writer on architecture, having published in 1846 a volume on *Church Restoration* and in 1849, a *History of Architecture*. This was followed by the *Architectural Antiquities of Gower* in 1850, which reached a second edition in 1851, as did also the *Window Tracery of England*, which had also been published in the previous year. The *Architecture of Landaff Cathedral* followed, and then the *History and Conquest of the Saracens* in 1856. The *History of the Federal Government* appeared in 1863. The first volume of *The Norman Conquest of England*—which was merely introductory—appeared in 1867, and the second in 1868, both reaching a second edition in 1870, whilst the third volume was published in 1869, the fourth in 1872, and the fifth in 1876. The *Popular Old English History* was published in 1871, as well as *Historical Essays*, collected from various reviews. Mr. Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* may be ranked among the great works of the present century.]

The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence which we may trust was more than formal. The English Chronicler (William of Malmesbury), after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance, late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes. He

made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes, and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank. He then spoke of his own life and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race: but they needed the curb of a strong and righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest born; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor; he could only leave the disposal of the island-realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword. The harrying of Northumberland now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm, which he had won by so many crimes, he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Æthelling, Henry the Clerk. "And what dost thou give me, my father?' said the youth. "Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard," was the Conqueror's answer. "But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?' 'Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee.' It is perhaps by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and mightier than either of them. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was left to him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety.

And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer. . . .

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects which he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the church of our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake

his last words: "To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and Duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, has gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. Till a new king was chosen and crowned, there was no longer a power in the land to protect or to chastise. All bonds were loosed; all public authority was in abeyance; each man had to look to his own as he best might. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither.

The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their own homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoils of the royal chamber. Weapons, clothes, vessels, the royal bed and its furniture, were carried off, and for a whole day the body of the Conqueror lay well-nigh bare on the floor of the room in which he died.

SOCIAL INTOLERANCE.

[JOHN STUART MILL. This philosophical author has professed to supersede the Baconian principle of induction, without which, according to Reid, "experience is as blind as a mole." In 1846, Mr. Mill published "*A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation*," two volumes. He was author, also, of "*Essays on some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy*," 1844, and "*The Principles of Political Economy*," two volumes, 1848. The metaphysical opinions of Mr. Mill warped his judgment as to the Baconian system, but he expounds his views with clearness and candour, and is a profound as well as independent thinker. This was still further evinced in his work "*On Liberty*," 1859, in which he describes and denounces that "strong permanent leaven of intolerance which at all times abides in the middle classes of this country," and which, he thinks, subjects society to an intolerable tyranny.

Mr. Mill held the office long possessed by his father, that of Examiner of Indian Correspondence, India House. On the dissolution of the East India Company, 1859, he retired with a liberal provision, and, we may add, with universal respect. Subsequently he published "*Considerations on Representative Government*," 1861; "*Utilitarianism*," 1862; "*Comte and Positivism*," and "*Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*," 1865; "*England and Ireland*," 1868; "*The Subjection of Women*," 1869. Mr. Mill was returned to the House of Commons as one of the members for Westminster, and retained his seat for about three years, from 1865 to 1868. As a politician, he acted with the Liberal party, but made little impression on the House or the country. He was aware, he said, of the weak points in democracy as well as in Conservatism, and was in favour of a plurality of votes annexed to education, not to property. His speeches on Ireland and the Irish Land Question were published. Mr. Mill died at Avignon in 1873. Shortly after his death appeared his "*Autobiography*," one of the most remarkable narratives in the language. He was trained by his father with extraordinary care. He had no recollection of beginning to learn Greek, and before he was eight years old he had read in Herodotus, Xenophon, and Plato, and had devoured such English books as the histories of Hume, Robertson and Gibbon. "My father," he added, "never permitted anything which I learned to degenerate into a mere exercise of memory. He strove to make the understanding not only go along with every step of the teaching, but, if possible, precede it." The father had entirely given up religious belief. Though educated in the Scotch creed of Presbyterianism, he had come to reject not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called natural religion. Hence the son received no religious instruction. "I grew up," he says, "in a negative state with regard to it: I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me." The result of this system of education and unbelief was not favourable. The elder Mill thought "human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by;" and the son fell into a state of mental depression, the habit of analysis having worn away feeling and pleasure in the ordinary objects of human desire. He never seems to have possessed the vivacity and tenderness of youth; in his autobiography he does not once mention his mother. At length he became acquainted with a married lady, a Mrs. Taylor, of whom he speaks in the most extravagant terms, comparing her to Shelley in her general spiritual characteristics as well as in temperament and orginization; but in thought and intellect the poet, he says, "so far as his powers were developed in his short life, was but a child to what she ultimately became." This lady was to Mill an object of idolatry—a being that seemed to supply the want of religion and veneration. After twenty years of Platonic affection, and the death of Mr. Taylor, she be-

came the wife of the philosopher. He adds: "For seven years and a half that blessing was mine; for seven and a half only! I can say nothing which could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was and is. But because I know that she would have wished it, I endeavour to make the best of what life I have left, and to work for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her, and communion with her memory." He survived her about fifteen years.]

Though we do not inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian Church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social intolerance kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain or even lose ground in each decade or generation. They never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons, among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. . . . A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the genuine principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world.

The sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to commonplace or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles—that is, to small practical matters which would come right of themselves if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then—while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the highest subjects, is abandoned.

ON THE LAWS AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

Under the name of preventing intemperance, the people of one English colony, and of nearly half the United States, have been interdicted by law from making any use whatever of fermented drinks, except for medical purposes; for prohibition of their sale is, in fact, as it is intended to be, prohibition of their use. And though the impracticability of executing the law has caused its repeal in several of the states which had adopted it, including the one from which it derives its name, an attempt has notwithstanding been commenced, and is prosecuted with considerable zeal by many of the professed philanthropists, to agitate for a similar law in this country. The association, or "Alliance," as it terms itself, which has been formed for this purpose, has acquired some notoriety through the publicity given to a correspondence between its secretary and one of the very few English public men who hold that a politician's opinions ought to be founded on principles. Lord Stanley's share in this correspondence is calculated to strengthen the hopes already built on him, by those who know how rare such qualities as are manifested in some of his public appearances, unhappily are among those who figure in political life. The organ of the Alliance, who would "deeply deplore the recognition of any principle which could be wrested to justify bigotry and persecution," undertakes to point out the "broad and impassable barrier" which divides such principles from those of the association. "All matters relating to thought, opinion, conscience, appear to me," he says, "to be without the

sphere of legislation; all pertaining to social act, habit, relation, subject only to a discretionary power vested in the state itself, and not in the individual, to be within it." No mention is made of a third class, different from either of these—namely, acts and habits which are not social, but individual—although it is to this class, surely, that the act of drinking fermented liquors belongs. Selling fermented liquors, however, is trading, and trading is a social act. But the infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the state might just as well forbid him to drink wine, as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it. The secretary, however, says: "I claim, as a citizen, a right to legislate whenever my social rights are invaded by the social act of another." And now for the definition of these "social rights." "If anything invades my social rights, certainly the traffic in strong drink does. It destroys my primary right of security, by constantly creating and stimulating social disorder. It invades my right of equality, by deriving a profit from the creation of a misery I am taxed to support. It impedes my right to free moral and intellectual development, by surrounding my path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralising society, from which I have a right to claim mutual aid and intercourse." A theory of "social rights," the like of which probably never before found its way into distinct language; being nothing short of this—that it is the absolute social right of every individual, that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; that whosoever fails thereof in the smallest particular, violates my social right, and entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance. So monstrous a principle is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify; it acknowledges no right to any freedom whatever, except, perhaps, to that of holding opinions in secret, without ever disclosing them; for the moment an opinion I consider noxious passes any one's lips, it invades all the "social rights" attributed to me by the Alliance. The doctrine ascribes to all mankind a vested interest in each other's moral, intellectual, and even physical perfection, to be defined by each claimant according to his own standard.

JOHN STUART MILL.

THE LIMITS OF GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE.

The objections to government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this Essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which they are thus left to deal. This is a principal, though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions; of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical part of the political education of a free people, taking them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the comprehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns—habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved; as is exemplified by the too often transitory nature of political

freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the localities, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser, of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others ; instead of tolerating no experiments but his own.

The third, and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government, is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government, causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint-stock companies, the universities, and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if, in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration; if the employés of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name.

JOHN STUART MILL.

CONCEPTIONS OF THE DEITY.

[THOMAS HOBBES, (1588–1679) was one of the foremost thinkers of his time. His system of philosophy has a materialistic basis, and his political teachings tend to absolutism. His writings are enlivened by a graceful, animated style. Among his works may be named: "*Treatise on Human Nature*;" "*Leviathan, or the Matter, Power and Form of a Commonwealth*;" and "*Philosophical Rudiments.*"]

Forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and, consequently, all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, except only this, That there is a God. For the effects, we acknowledge naturally, do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that, again, by something else before that, till we come to an eternal—that is to say, the first—Power of all Powers, and first Cause of all Causes: and thus is it which all men conceive by the name of GOD, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And thus all that consider may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

PITY AND INDIGNATION.

Pity is imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity. But when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less. And therefore men are apt to pity those whom they love; for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity. Thence it is also that men pity the vices of some persons at the first sight only, out of love to their aspect. The contrary of pity is hardness of heart, proceeding either from slowness of imagination, or some extreme great opinion of their own

exemption from the like calamity, or from hatred of all or most men.

Indignation is that grief which consisteth in the conception of good success happening to them whom they think unworthy thereof. Seeing, therefore, men think all those unworthy whom they hate, they think them not only unworthy of the good-fortune they have, but also of their own virtues. And of all the passions of the mind, these two, indignation and pity, are most raised and increased by eloquence; for the aggravation of the calamity, and extenuation of the fault, augmenteth pity; and the extenuation of the worth of the person, together with the magnifying of his success, which are the parts of an orator, are able to turn these two passions into fury.

LAUGHTER.

There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy; but what joy, what we think and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all. And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected. Men laugh often—especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well—at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations; as also at their own jests: and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others, by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another; and in this case also the passion of laughter proceeded from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency; for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonor we participate, we never laugh thereat. I may therefore conclude, that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take heinously to be laughed at or derided—that is, triumphed over. Laughing without offence, must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh together; for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy and examination of themselves. Besides, it is vain-glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for his triumph.

THOMAS HOBBES.

THE UTOPIAN IDEA OF PLEASURE.

[SIR THOMAS MORE (1480–1535). Born the son of a judge of the King's Bench, and educated at Oxford, More entered life with all external advantages, and soon reached a distinguished situation in the law and in state employments He was appointed lord chancellor in 1529, being the first layman who ever held the office. At all periods of his life, he was a zealous professor of the Catholic faith, insomuch that he was at one time with difficulty restrained from becoming a monk. When Henry wished to divorce Catharine, he was opposed by the conscientious More, who accordingly incurred his displeasure, and perished on the scaffold.

The literary productions of More are partly in Latin, and partly in English: he adopted the former language probably from taste, the latter for the purpose of reaching the commonalty. Besides some epistles and other minor writings, he wrote in Latin, a curious philosophical work under the title of "*Utopia*, which, describing an imaginary model country and people, has added a word to the English language, every scheme of national improvement founded on extreme theoretical views being since then termed *Utopian*. Our extract is from Bishop Burnet's translation of the *Utopia*.]

They think it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantages as far as the laws allow it. They account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns. But they think it unjust for a man to seek for his own plea-

sure, by snatching another man's pleasures from him. And, on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good soul for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others; and that, by so doing, a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with another; for, as he may expect the like from others when he may come to need it, so, if that should fail him, yet the sense of a good action, and the reflections that one makes on the love and gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, give the mind more pleasure than the body could have found in that from which it had restrained itself. They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures with a vast and endless joy, of which religion does easily convince a good soul. Thus, upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind, in which nature teaches us to delight, a pleasure. And thus they cautiously limit pleasure only to those appetites to which nature leads us; for they reckon that nature leads us only to those delights to which reason as well as sense carries us, and by which we neither injure any other person, nor let go greater pleasure for it, and which do not draw troubles on us after them; but they look upon those delights which men, by a foolish though common mistake, call pleasure, as if they could change the nature of things, as well as the use of words, as things that not only do not advance our happiness, but do rather obstruct it very much, because they do so entirely possess the minds of those that once go into them with a false notion of pleasure, that there is no room left for truer and purer pleasures. . . .

But of all pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind; and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health. But they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those impressions that our natural infirmity is still making upon us; and, as a wise man desires rather to avoid diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than to find ease by remedies, so it were a more desirable state not to need this sort of pleasure, than to be obliged to indulge it. And if any man imagines that there is a real happiness in this pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men, if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and by consequence in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself, which, any one may easily see, would be not only a base but a miserable state of life. These are, indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure; for we can never relish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating; and here the pain outbalances the pleasure; and, as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for, as it is upon us before the pleasure comes, so it does not cease, but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it; so that they think none of those pleasures are to be valued, but as they are necessary. Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great Author of nature, who has planted in us appetites, by which those things that are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be, if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by those bitter drugs as we must use for those diseases that return seldomer upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper gifts of nature, do maintain the sprightliness of our bodies.

THOMAS MORE.

THE STYLE ROYAL AND CRITICAL —THE PLURAL 'WE.'

With respect to the style and title of kings, it may be here stated that the royal 'We' represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect in the august person of the sovereign. 'Le Roi le veut'—the King will have it so—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: 'For such is our good pleasure.' The royal subscription in Spain,

'Yo, el Re'—I, the King—has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the kings of France—that is, by the *married* kings. Thus, when the French monarch summoned a council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, his majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, 'Having previously consulted on this matter with the queen,' &c. It is very probable, almost certain, that the king had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had*, seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the grandees and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the kings of France. 'According to my thinking,' says the garrulous old abbé of Villeloin, 'this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time.' It may here be added, with respect to English kings, that the first 'king's speech' ever delivered was by Henry I. in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal 'We:' it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. 'Grace,' and 'My Liege,' were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. 'Excellent Grace' was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other; Edward IV. was 'Most High and Mighty Prince;' Henry VII. was the first English Highness. Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of 'Majesty;' and James I. prefixed to the last title 'Sacred and Most Excellent.'

DR. DORAN.

CARELESS CONTENT.*

[J. BYROM, (1691–1763) was a native of Manchester. He took his degree of B. A. in Trinity College, at Cambridge, in 1711, and studied medicine at Montpellier in France. On his return, he applied himself to teach a system of shorthand which he had invented, and which he had secured to him by an act of parliament passed in 1742. Among his pupils were Gibbon and Horace Walpole. The latter part of Byrom's life was, however, spent in easy and opulent circumstances. He succeeded by the death of an older brother to the family property in Manchester, and lived highly respected in that town. The poetical works of Byrom consist of short occasional pieces, which enjoyed great popularity in their day, and were included by Chalmers in his edition of the poets.]

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it wilt the world for me:
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see;
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet;
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humoured hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts:
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue, to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
For Fortune's favour or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down;
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide;
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're i' the wrong, and we're i' the right
I shun the rancours and the routs;
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint;
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;

* One poem, entitled *Careless Content*, is so perfectly in the manner of Elizabeth's age, that we can hardly believe it to be an imitation, but are almost disputed to think that Byrom had transcribed it from some old author.—SOUTHEY.

But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave;
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose whate'er I link:
Though if a business budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or nations make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath;
For should I burn, or break my brains,
Pray who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbor as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Come to crouch, as I conceive;
Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

JACOBITE TOAST.

God bless the king!—I mean the faith's Defender;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is king,
God bless us all! that's quite another thing.

FROM "CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE."

[MICHAEL FARADAY (1781-1867), a native of Newington, in Surrey, the son of a poor blacksmith, who could only give his son the bare rudiments of education. He was apprenticed to a bookbinder, and early began to make experiments in chemistry and electricity. He had attended Sir Humphry Davy's lectures, and taken notes which he transmitted to Sir Humphry, desiring his assistance to "escape from trade and enter into the service of science." Through Davy's exertions he was appointed chemical assistant in the Royal Institution in 1813. In 1824 he was admitted a member of the Royal Society. In 1831, the first series of his "*Experimental Researches in Electricity*" was read before the Royal Society—a work which was continued to 1856, and afterwards published separately in four volumes. For many years he gave lectures at the Royal Institution, which were highly popular from the happy simplicity of his style and his successful illustrations. His publications on physical science are numerous.]

What is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things, that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you, in the briefest possible manner, what this process is. We consume food: the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially; and alternately the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface: the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat; so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering, combines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place: we may thus look upon the food as fuel. Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion; the proportions in sugar being as shown in this table:

Carbon	72	
Hydrogen	11	99
Oxygen	88	

This is, indeed, a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water; and it is the

carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles; producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar; or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three-fourths sugar and a little water. If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water, and leaves the carbon in a black mass. (The Lecturer mixed the two together.) You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidise the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidiser—a quicker one than the atmosphere: and so we shall oxidise this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced. Just what occurs in my lungs—taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere—takes place here by a more rapid process.

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six or seven hours. What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration! A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid; a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four hours burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere. As much as five million pounds, or 548 tons, of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty-four hours. And where does all this go? Up in the air. If the carbon had been like the lead which I shewed you, or the iron which, in burning produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapour, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over), is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water; for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air.

LANGUAGE THE BARRIER BETWEEN BRUTE AND MAN.

[Friedrich Maximilian Müller (usually contracted to F. Max Müller) is, as his name imports, a native of Germany, born at Dessau in 1823. He studied at Leipsic, and was early distinguished for his proficiency in Sanscrit. He repaired to Berlin and to Paris for the prosecution of his philological studies, and especially to collate MSS. relative to his "*Rig-Veda-Sanhita*," or "Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans." He has contributed many valuable works on the Study of Languages, and is now Professor of Modern Languages at Oxford]

We see that the lowest of savages—men whose language is said to be no better than the clucking of hens, or the twittering of birds, and who have been declared in many respects lower than even animals—possess this one specific characteristic, that, if you take one of their babies, and bring it up in England, it will learn to speak as well as any English baby, while no amount of education will elicit any attempts at language from the highest animals, whether biped or quadruped.

Language is the one great barrier between the brute and man. Man speaks, and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is something more palpable than a fold of the brain or an angle of the skull. It admits of no cavilling, and no process of natural selection will ever distill significant words out of the notes of birds or the cries of beasts. No scholar, so far as I know, has ever controverted any of these state-

ments. But when evolution became, as it fully deserved, the absorbing interest of all students of nature; when it was supposed that, if a *moneres* could develop into a man, *bow-wow* and *pooh-pooh* might well have developed by imperceptible degrees into Greek and Latin, I thought it was time to state the case for the science of language—a statement of facts, showing that the results of the science of language did not at present tally with the results of evolutionism, that words could no longer be derived directly from imitative and interjectional sounds, that between these sounds and the first beginnings of language, in the technical sense of the word, a barrier had been discovered, represented by what we call roots, and that, as far as we know, no attempt, not even the faintest, has ever been made by any animal, except man, to approach or to cross that barrier. I went one step further. I showed that roots were with men the embodiments of general concepts, and that the only way in which man realized general concepts, was by means of those roots, and words derived from roots.

We cannot be reminded too often, that in many things we are like the beasts of the field, but that like ourselves, and like ourselves only, we can rise superior to our bestial self, and strive after what is unselfish, good, and Godlike. The wing by which we soar above the sensuous, was called by wise men of old the *logos;* the wing which lifts us above the sensual, was called by good men of old the *daimonion.* Let us take continual care, especially within the precincts of the temple of science, lest by abusing the gift of speech, or doing violence to the voice of conscience, we soil the two wings of our soul, and fall back, through our own fault, to the dreaded level of the gorilla.

The following is a short extract from "*Lectures on the Science of Language:*"

SPREAD OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

In the eighth century B. C. the Latin dialect was confined to a small territory. It was but one dialect out of many that were spoken all over Italy. But it grew—it became the language of Rome and of the Romans, it absorbed all the other dialects of Italy, the Umbrian, the Oscan, the Etruscan, the Celtic, and became by conquest the language of Central Italy, of Southern and Northern Italy. From thence it spread to Gaul, to Spain, to Germany, to Dacia on the Danube. It became the language of law and government in the civilized portions of Northern Asia, and it was carried through the heralds of Christianity to the most distant parts of the globe. It supplanted in its victorious progress the ancient vernaculars of Gaul, Spain, and Portugal, and it struck deep roots in parts of Switzerland and Wallachia. When it came in contact with the more vigorous idioms of the Teutonic tribes, though it could not supplant or annihilate them, it left on their surface a thick layer of foreign words, and it thus supplied the greater portion in the dictionary of nearly all the civilized nations of the world. Words which were first used by Italian shepherds are now used by the statesmen of England, the poets of France, the philosophers of Germany; and the faint echo of their pastoral conversation may be heard in the senate of Washington, in the cathedral of Calcutta, and in the settlements of New Zealand.

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER.

THE CHARACTER OF ION.

[THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, an eloquent English barrister and upright judge, whose sudden death was deeply lamented by a most attached circle of literary and accomplished friends, as well as by the public at large. Mr. Talfourd was born at Doxey, a suburb of Stafford, January 26, 1795. His father was a brewer in Reading. Having studied the law, Talfourd was called to the bar in 1821, and in 1833 got his silk gown. As Sergeant Talfourd, he was conspicuous for his popular eloquence and liberal principles, and was returned to parliament for the borough of Reading. In 1835, he published his tragedy of "*Ion,*" which was next year produced at Covent Garden Theatre with success. His next tragedy "*The Athenian Captive,*" was also successful. His subsequent dramatic works were "*The Massacre of Glencoe,*" and "*The Castilian,*" a tragedy. Besides these offerings to the dramatic muse, Talfourd published "*Vacation Rambles,*" 1851, comprising the recollections of three continental tours; a "*Life of Charles Lamb;*" and an "*Essay on the Greek Drama.*" In 1849, he was elevated to the bench; and in 1854 he died of apoplexy, while delivering his charge to the grand jury at Stafford. "*Ion,*" the highest literary effort of its author, seems an embodiment of the simplicity and grandeur of the Greek drama, and its plot is founded on the old Grecian notion of destiny, apart from all moral agencies. The oracle of Delphi had announced that the vengeance which the misrule of the race of Argos had brought on the people, in the form of a pestilence, could only be disarmed by

the extirpation of the guilty race; and Ion, the hero of the play, at length offers himself a sacrifice. The character of Ion—the discovery of his birth as son of the king—his love and patriotism, are the chief features in the play, and are drawn with considerable power and effect. Take, for example, the delineation of the character of Ion:]

EXTRACT FROM "ION."

Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud,
To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong!
By no internal contest is he trained
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquished—Love, the germ
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,
As if it feared to break its being's law,
And faltered into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

[Ion, having been declared the rightful heir to the throne, is installed in his royal dignity, attended by the high-priest, the senators, &c. The people receive him with shouts.]

Ion. I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am for the business of this hour.—
Must I sit here?

Medon. My son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.

Ion. Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter; yet sustained
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it.—
[*Sits on the throne.*
Stand forth, Agenor.

Agenor. I await thy will.

Ion. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people; thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life has earned,
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is;
And order my sad country.

Agenor. Pardon me——

Ion. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request;
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'t will not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give
Whether I live or die.

Agenor. Die! Ere that hour,
May even the old man's epitaph be moss-grown!

Ion. Death is not jealous of the mild decay
That gently wins thee his; exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His prey benumbed at noontide—Let me see
The captain of the guard.

Crythes. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestowed
On one who loved him well.

Ion. I cannot mark thee,
That wak'st the memory of my father's weakness,
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious issue wait it. In our realm
We shall not need it longer.

Crythes. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appalled, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foe?

Ion. No, Crythes; in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard; while we do not use
Our power towards others, so that we should blush
To teach our children; while the simple love
Of justice and their country shall be born
With dawning reason; while their sinews grow
Hard 'midst the gladness of heroic sports,
We shall not need, to guard our walls in peace,
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.
I would not grieve thee; but thy valiant troop—
For I esteem them valiant—must no more
With luxury which suits a desperate camp,
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.

Crythes. My lord——

Ion. No more—my word hath passed.—
Medon, there is no office I can add

To those thou hast grown old in; thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger
As thou didst me; there sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoiled inmate.

Medon. Think of thee, my lord?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign.

Ion. Prithee, no more.—Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affection crushed by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness; what he did,
Alas! ye know; could you know what he suffered,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty: our country's space,
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one; but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be governed—all degrees,
Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty; tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!

Medon. Wherefore ask this now?
Thou shalt live long; the paleness of thy face,
Which late seemed death-like, is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of glorious years.

Ion. The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience. Swear, that if I die,
And leave no issue, ye will seek the power
To govern in the free-born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise.

Medon and others. We swear it!

Ion. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*

Gracious gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now; and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven; to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows! [*Stabs himself.*

CLEMANTHE rushes forward.

Clemanthe. Hold!
Let me support him—stand away—indeed
I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cleave to him in death.

Ion. This is a joy
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed.
Bend thine eyes on me!

Clem. And for this it was
Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee!
Couldst thou think
I would be so divorced?

Ion. Thou art right, Clemanthe—
It was a shallow and an idle thought;
'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now;
No vain disguise, my girl. Yet thou wilt think
On that which, when I feigned, I truly spoke—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?

Clem. I will treasure all.

Enter IRUS.

Irus. I bring you glorious tidings——
Ha! no joy
Can enter here.

Ion. Yes—is it as I hope?

Irus. The pestilence abates

Ion. [*Springs to his feet.*] Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not? ye are strong—think not of me;
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos is dispelled!—My own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee—Argos lives again—
The offering is accepted—all is well! [*Dies.*

MACEDONIA,

IMMEDIATELY BEFORE ITS CONQUEST BY THE ROMANS 200 B. C.

[VICTOR DURUY, Member of the Institute and late Minister of Public Instruction, was born in Paris, Sept. 11, 1811. He was widely identified with institutions of learning, and his administration of educational affairs, was able and progressive. But his chief fame proceeds from his numerous and important historical works, which include histories of Greece, Rome, and France, a Universal History; Historical Geographies, etc.

We make the following extract from "*The History of Rome*," in course of translation for publication by Gebbie & Co., Philadelphia.]

Surrounded by the sea and by mountains difficult of access, inhabited by a warlike race, attached to her kings and proud of the role that they had enabled her to play in the world, Macedonia was truly a powerful state.

As with Carthage, it was necessary for Rome to make three efforts to subdue her. If Philip had possessed Macedonia alone, his course of action, no doubt, would have been as simple as his interests. But he still had Thessaly, Eubœa, Opuntius in Locris, Elateia and the greater part of Phocis, Acrocorinth, and Orchomenus of Arcadia. He kept garrisons in three of the Cyclades, Andros, Paros, and Cythnos, and in Thasos and some cities on the coast of Thrace and of Asia. A considerable part of Caria also belonged to him. These distant and scattered possessions multiplied hostile contacts. His Thracian cities, Perinthus, Sestus, and Abydos, which commanded the passage from Europe to Asia, made him dangerous to Attalus of Pergamus; his cities in Caria and the Isle of Iasus, to the Rhodians; Eubœa to Athens; Thessaly and Phocis to the Ætolians; and his Peloponnesian possessions to Lacedemonia.

With more unity in his designs and a wiser employment of his forces, he could have had dominion over Greece, for, as Antipater said, her fetters were in his hands. But he always made war, less as a king than as the chief of a tribe. In one campaign he ran from Macedonia to Cephallenia; from that island to Thermus; and from Ætolia to Sparta, subduing no enemy and leaving every enterprise unachieved. In these wars his forces never exceeded several thousand men, and Plutarch speaks of the difficulty he had in raising soldiers. He could not further decrease the garrison of Macedonia, for whenever they knew him to be absent, the Thracians, the Dardanians, and the Illyrians, assailed his kingdom. To subdue these barbarians, to crush the Ætolians, to drive the tyrants from Sparta, and to win the rest of Greece by gentle means, was the role of Philip; but he knew not how to play it. If he did not procure the poisoning of Aratus, he alienated his allies by excesses and perfidy. "A king," he dared to say, "is bound neither by his word nor his morals." The least observant eyes saw "approach the storm that the Ætolians attracted from the West." Philip alone neither saw nor comprehended. When the Senate sent to him a declaration of hostilities, he was at war in Asia against Attalus and the Rhodians, for some useless places in Thrace and Caria. His response to the deputy, M. Æmilius Lepidus, illustrates his mocking levity in the midst of the gravest concerns: "He pardoned the haughtiness of his (the deputy's) words, he said, for three reasons: first, he was young and inexperienced; then he was the handsomest among those of his age; and, finally, he bore a Roman name."

The Roman power, till then confined to the West, was now to penetrate into another universe, that of the successors of Alexander. The eternal glory of Rome, the immense benefaction by which she effaces the memory of so many unjust wars, is to have reunited those two worlds that in all former ages were divided in interest and strangers to each other; is to have mingled and fused the brilliant but corrupt civilization of the East with the barbaric energy of the West. The Mediterranean became a Roman lake,—*mare nostrum*, they said,—and the same life circulated on all its shores, called for the first and the last time to a common existence.

In this work were employed a century and a half of struggles and diplomacy: for Rome, working for a patient aristocracy and not for a man, was not compelled to attain her end at a bound. Instead of rearing suddenly one of those colossal monarchies, formed like the statue of gold with feet of clay, she founded slowly an empire which fell only under the weight of years and of the Northern hordes. After Zama, she could have attempted the conquest of Africa, but she left Carthage and the Numidians to enfeeble each other. After Cynoscephalæ and Magnesia, Greece and Asia were all ready for the yoke, but she accorded them fifty years more of liberty. This was because, along with the pride of the Roman name and the necessity for dominion, she always retained some of her ancient virtues. The Popiliuses were more numerous than the Verres. Now she preferred to rule the world; later she will put it to pillage. Thus, wherever Rome saw strength, she sent her legions; all power was broken; the ties of States and leagues were shattered; and when her soldiers were recalled, they left behind them only weakness and anarchy. But, the task of the legions accomplished, that of the Senate began. After force, came craft and diplomacy. Those senators, grown old amidst the terrors of the second Punic war, seemed now to have less pleasure in arms, than in the game of politics, the first, in all ages, of Italian arts.

Several other causes dictated this policy of reserve. Against the Gauls, the Samnites, Pyrrhus, and Hannibal,—in other words, for the defense of Latium and of Italy, Rome

had employed all her strength: it was then a question of her existence. Whereas, in the wars with Greece and with Asia, her ambition and her pride alone were interested; and wisdom demanded that some relaxation be given to the plebeians and the allies. The Senate had, moreover, too many affairs on its hands—the wars with Spain, with Corsica, with Cisalpina, and with Istria,—to admit of its becoming deeply involved in the East. Therefore two legions only will fight Philip and Antiochus—that will suffice to conquer, but would be too little to despoil, them. Furthermore the Senate believed that in penetrating into this Greek world, where an old glory concealed so much weakness, they could not accord too much to prudence. These pitiless enemies of the Volscians and the Samnites will not proceed in their next wars by exterminating their adversaries and wasting their country. "It was not with such a purpose," said they, "that they came to pour out their blood: they took in hand the cause of oppressed Greece." And that language, and that policy they will not change after victory. The first act of Flaminius, on the day after Cynoscephalæ, was to proclaim the liberty of the Greeks. All who bore that respected name, seemed to have the right to Roman protection, and the little Greek cities of Caria, and of the coasts of Asia and Thrace, received with astonishment their liberty from a people that they hardly knew. All were captivated by this apparent generosity. None perceived that in restoring independence to the cities and states, Rome wished to break up the confederations that sought to reorganize and would, perhaps, have given new force to Greece. In isolating them, and attaching them to herself by grateful ties, she placed them, almost insensibly, under her influence. She made allies of them; and every one knows what the allies of Rome became. Thus the Senate was so well satisfied with this policy, which created division everywhere and awakened extinct rivalries, that for half a century it followed no other.

Translated by J. Eugene Reed.

TENDENCY AND EFFECT OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES.

[Sir John Herschel was born at Slough, near Windsor, in 1792, and studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's Degree in 1813, coming out as Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. His first work was a *Collection of Examples of the Application of the Calculus to Finite Differences*, 1813. He contributed various papers to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and the Royal Society of Edinburgh (1819–24), and he was employed for eight years in re-examining the nebulæ and cluster of stars discovered by his father. The result was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1832; the nebulæ were about 2300 in number, and of these 525 were discovered by Sir John himself. He also discovered between three and four thousand double stars. Sir John received from William IV. the Hanoverian Guelphic order of knighthood, and Queen Victoria in 1838 conferred upon him a baronetcy. He was literally covered with honorary distinctions from learned societies and foreign academies. From 1850 till 1855 he held the office of Master of the Mint, which he was forced to resign from ill health. On the 11th of May, 1871, this most illustrious of European men of science died at his seat, Collingwood, near Hawkhurst, Kent, aged seventy-nine.]

Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow minded, against the study of natural philosophy—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt of the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and un-

promising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing them to bear on some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or the future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character. . . .

The question "*cui bono*"—to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend?—is one which the speculative philosopher who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations which ought to exempt them from such questioning; communicating as they do to his own mind the purest happiness (after the exercise of the benevolent and moral feelings) of which human nature is susceptible, and tending to the injury of no one, he might surely allege *this* as a sufficient and direct reply to those who, having themselves little capacity, and less relish for intellectual pursuits, are constantly repeating upon him this inquiry.

GRAMMAR AND MEDICINE.

A thriving doctor sent his son to school
To gain some knowledge, should he prove no fool;
But took him soon away with little warning,
On finding out the lesson he was learning—
How great Pelides' wrath, in Homer's rhyme,
Sent many souls to Hades ere their time.
"No need for this my boy should hither come;
That lesson he can better learn at home—
For I myself, now, I make bold to say,
Send many souls to Hades ere their day,
Nor e'er find want of Grammar stop my way."

AGATHIAS.

BACON'S MORAL COUNSELS.

[Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban's, born at York House, Strand, London, 22d January, 1561; died at Highgate, 9th April, 1626. Lawyer, statesman, and philosopher. Queen Elizabeth and James I. were his patrons; Ben Jonson was one of his most faithful friends. He attained the highest position as a statesman; he has earned immortality as an author; he reaped a rich harvest of success during his life, and endured its bane in the malice and contempt of those who envied him, or who were honestly opposed to him. He was accused of ingratitude to those who helped him to rise—notably to the Earl of Essex, the sometime favourite of Elizabeth,—and of corruption in his office of lord-chancellor. From this office he retired in disgrace, and had to pay a fine of £40,000 for his misdeeds. His defence has been warmly taken up by several modern writers; but the poet's portrait of him as—

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"

still clings to his memory. The book of *Essays or Moral Counsels* was the first of his published works, and his last days were occupied in revising it. Dugald Stuart said of this volume: "It is one of those where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of his subject. It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours; and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This indeed is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties." His chief works were: the *Novum Organum* —intended to be "the science of a better and more perfect use of reason in the investigation of things, and of the true aids to the understanding;" *The History of Henry VII.*; *The Advancement of Learning*; *De Sapientia Veterum* (the Wisdom of the Ancients); *Apothegms*, &c. He was lauded as "the glory and ornament of his age and nation."]

ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired. *Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen): It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a god. *Verè magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem dei.* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed. And the poets, indeed, have been busy with it: for it is, in effect, the

thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian: that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher: lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh, thorough the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean: the virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude; which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New; which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols: and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job, than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

DELAYS.

Fortune is like the market; where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sybilla's offer; which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken: or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light: and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some have been when the moon was low and shone on their enemies' back), and so to shoot off before the time; or to teach dangers to come on by over-early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must ever be well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes; and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands: first to watch, and then to speed. For the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the counsel, and celerity in the execution. For when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

DESPATCH.

Affected despatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call predigestion, or hasty digestion; which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of diseases. Therefore measure not despatch by the times of sitting, but by the advancement of the business. And as in races it is not the large stride, or high lift, that makes the speed; so in business the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth despatch. It is the care of some only to come off speedily for the time; or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of despatch. But it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off: and business so handled at several sittings or meetings goeth commonly backward and forward, in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.

On the other side, true despatch is a rich thing. For time is the measure of business, as money is of wares: and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small despatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small despatch; *Mi venga la muerte de Spagna*, let my death come from Spain, for then it will be sure to be long in coming. . . .

Above all things, order, and distribution, and singling out of parts, is the life of despatch; so as the distribution be not too subtle: for he that doth not divide will never enter well into business; and he that divideth too much will never come out of it clearly. To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air. There be three parts

of business: the preparation; the debate or examination; and the perfection. Whereof, if you look for despatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few. The proceeding upon somewhat conceived in writing, doth for the most part facilitate despatch: for though it should be wholly rejected, yet that negative is more pregnant of direction than an indefinite, as ashes are more generative than dust.

DISCOURSE.

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true: as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse and speech of conversation to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments; tales with reasons; asking of questions with telling of opinions; and jest with earnest: for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it: namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick; that is a vein which would be bridled;

Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.

And generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need to be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on; as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards.[1] If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself; and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another; especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house, the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given? to which the guest would answer, Such and such a thing passed. The lord would say, I thought he would mar a good dinner. Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, showeth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course, are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the grayhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances, ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

NATURE IN MEN.

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great nor too small tasks: for the first will make him dejected by often failings, and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailings. And, at the first, let him practise with helps, as swimmers do with bladders, or rushes; but, after a time, let him practise with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes: for it breeds great perfection if the practice be harder than

[1] The *galliard* was a light sprightly dance, as its name implies, and then much in fashion.

the use. Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be: first to stay and arrest nature in time; like to him that would say over the four-and-twenty-letters when he was angry: then to go less in quantity; as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal; and lastly, to discontinue altogether. But if a man have the fortitude and resolution to enfranchise himself at once, that is the best;

Optimus ille animi vindex, lædentia pectus
Vincula qui rupit, dedoluitque semel.

Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand, to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right: understanding it where the contrary extreme is no vice. Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission. For both the pause reinforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practise his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermissions. But let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation. Like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her. Therefore, let a man either avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it. A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affectation; in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts; and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him. They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations; otherwise they may say, *Multùm incola fuit anima mea*, when they converse in those things they do not affect. In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it: but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set times; for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves; so as the spaces of other business or studies will suffice. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

YOUTH AND AGE.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years: as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimus Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imò furoribus, plenam:* and yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmos Duke of Florence, *Gaston de Foix*,[1] and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this: that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first, and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them; like an unready horse that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period; but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both: and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors: and, lastly, good for externe accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favour and popularity youth. But for the moral part perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin, upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream.

[1] Gaston de Foix was nephew to Louis XII.; he commanded the French armies in Italy with brilliant success, but was killed at the battle of Ravenna, in 1512. His portrait by Giorgione, was bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mr. Rogers.

ALADDIN'S WONDERFUL LAMP.

[Adam Gottlob Oehlenschlager, the greatest poet of Denmark, was born in a suburb of Copenhagen in 1779. His boyhood was passed at the castle of Frideriksborg, a royal residence, of which his father was organist and steward or governor. The castle was occupied by the king and his court in the summer, but during the winter the boy "was left to wander at will through the lofty, magnificent and solitary apartments, to gaze on the portraits of kings and princes; and, surrounded by these splendors not his own, to pore over romances and fairy tales, obtained from some circulating library in town, to which he made frequent pilgrimages for this purpose, through storm and snow; or to listen to his father, who, as the autumnal evenings closed in, used to assemble his family about him, and read aloud to them accounts of voyages and travels."

In this manner the poet lived the first twelve years of his life. He was now transferred to the city, and commenced his studies under Edward Storm, a Norwegian scholar and poet.

In 1801, Oehlenschläger's professional studies were interrupted by the tumults of war, caused by the expedition of the British fleet against Copenhagen. The young lawyer became one of a company of volunteers raised for the defence of the country; but the hardest services they were called upon to perform were to march and countermarch in stormy weather. This military episode was of short duration. At the return of peace, Oehlenschläger resumed his studies, lightening his professional pursuits by private theatricals, literary clubs, and the careful study of the legendary lore of the North. In 1803 he published a small collection of poems, a dramatic lyrical sketch, and soon after a comic opera called "*Freya's Altar*," and "*Vaulundur's Saga*," a modernized fable from the Edda.

His first important work, however, was the Oriental drama of "*Aladdin*." He then went to Paris and made the acquaintance of all the notables in literature—Goethe, Madame de Staël, William Schlegel, Benjamin Constant, etc.

After an absence of five years from his country, Oehlenschläger began to feel an irresistible longing to return.

In his passage through Germany he visited Goethe, and his account of the interview—the last they ever had—presents, in curiously contrasted lights, the simple, genuine, affectionate and honest character of the Dane, and the cold, measured, diplomatic manner of the poet-minister of Weimar.

"I had dedicated to him," he says, "my '*Aladdin*,' had sent him a German copy of my '*Hakon Jarl*' and '*Palnatoke*,' with an affectionate letter, and I now expected a paternal reception, such as a scholar would anticipate from a master. Goethe received me courteously, but coldly and almost like a stranger. Had subsequent events, then, extinguished in his mind the recollection of happy hours spent together, which in vaine remained so dearly cherished, so incapable of being forgotten? or were these recollections slumbering only, and peradventure might be awakened? Was I too impatient, that the son did not at once find the father he had expected? I know not. In truth, I could not suppress the pain I felt,—but I thought that if I could be allowed to read my '*Correggio*' to him, our old communion and fellowship would revive. Matters, however, it seems, were otherwise arranged. When I told him, through Riemer, that I had written a new tragedy, which I wished to read to him, he sent me word that I might send him the manuscript, and he would read it himself. I told him he could not read it as I had only a very ill-written copy in my possession, full of corrections and interlineations. Such as it was, however, I gave it to Riemer. He brought it back to me, and told me that Goethe in fact found he could not read it; but that when I printed it, he would do so. This pained me, but I endeavoured to preserve my firmness and good humor. Goethe twice asked me politely to dinner, and there I was bold and satirical, because I found it impossible to be open-hearted and simple. Among other things, I recited some epigrams, which I had never printed, on some celebrated writers. Goethe said to me good-humoredly, 'This is not your field;—he who can make wine should not make vinegar.' 'And have you, then,' I answered, 'made no vinegar in your time?' 'The devil!' said Goethe 'Suppose I have, does that make it *right* to do so?' 'No,' rejoined I,—'but, wherever wine is made, some grapes will fall off which will not do for wine, though they make excellent vinegar, and vinegar is a good antidote against corruption.'

"Could we have had time only to become acquainted with each other again, all would have gone well, and Goethe would have allowed me to read my play to him. But, unfortunately, my departure could not be put off, and we took a cold farewell of each other. It grieved me, however, to the soul; for there was not a being in the world that I loved and honoured more than Goethe, and now we were parting, perhaps never again to meet in life. The horses had been ordered at five o'clock the next morning. It was now half-past eleven at night; I sat melancholy in my room, leaning my head upon my hand, the tears standing in my eye. All at once an irresistible longing came over me to press my old friend once more to my heart; though the pride of mortified feeling contended with it in my heart, and pleaded that I ought not to present myself to him in an attitude of humiliation.

"I ran to Goethe's house, in which there was still light; went to Riemer in his room and said, 'My dear friend, can I not speak to Goethe for a moment? I would willingly bid him farewell once more.' Riemer was surprised, but, seeing my agitation, and knowing its source, he answered, 'I will tell him; I will see whether he is still up.' He returned and told me to go in, while he himself took his leave. There stood the creator of '*Gotz of Berlichingen*' and '*Hermann and Dorothea*,' in his night-gown, winding up his watch before going to bed. When he saw me, he said to me kindly, 'Ah! friend, you come like Nicodemus.' 'Will the privy

councillor,' said I, 'permit me to bid a last farewell to the poet Goethe?' 'Now, then,' replied he with affection, 'farewell, my child!' 'No more! no more!' said I, deeply moved, and hastily left the room. For twenty years now I have not seen Goethe, nor written to him, but I have named my eldest son after him; I have repeatedly read through and lectured upon his noble productions; his picture hangs in my room. I love him, and am convinced that if fate should once more bring me into his neighbourhood, I should still find in him the old paternal friend. I know also that he has always spoken with kindness of me."

The admirable translations from Oehlenschläger's drama, which we have taken from "*Blackwood's Magazine*," is by Mr. Gillies. An analysis of his "*Axel and Valburg*," and of the "*Vaerings in Miklagord*," with extracts, may be found in the "*Foreign Review*," for October, 1828, and one of his comedy of "*The Brothers of Damascus*," in "*Blackwood*," No. 248, for June, 1836. Oehlenschläger died in 1850.]

EXTRACTS FROM ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

FROM THE DEDICATION.

Born in the distant North,
Soon to my youthful ear came tidings forth
From Fairy Land:
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where youth and beauty go
In magic band.

Even in my childish days
I pored enchanted on its ancient lays;
Where the thick snowy fold
Lay deep on wall and hill,
I read, and felt the chill
Of wonder, not of cold.

Methought the driving hail,
That on the windows beat with icy flail,
Was Zephyr's wing:
I sat, and by the light
Of one dim lamp had sight
Of Southern spring.

NOUREDDIN AND ALADDIN.

[*Two rocks, bending towards each other, form an arch; a small plain in front, clothed with grass and flowers, partly overshaded by the trees upon the rocks. A spring flows from the cleft of the rocks, and loses itself in the distance.*]

NOUREDDIN *and* ALADDIN (*in conversation*).

ALADDIN.

Well, uncle, you do tell the loveliest stories
That ever in my life I listened to,
And I could stand and hearken here for ever.
Methinks I feel myself a wiser man
Already, since we left the city gate,—
You 've led me such a round through every quarter
Of the wide world. All that you say of trade
Doubtless is true; but, I confess, your tales
Of Nature's magic and mysterious powers,
Of men who by mere luck and chance obtain,
Even in an instant, all that others toil for
Through a long, weary life, yet toil in vain,—
These themes were those I loved.

NOUREDDIN.

These themes indeed
The noblest are that can employ the soul.

ALADDIN (*looking about, bewildered*).

But where, in Heaven's name, are we? Your fine talk
So charmed me on, I quite forgot the way.
Far over stock and stone, through field and thicket,
We 've wandered on,—far from the gardens now,—
Alone amidst the mountains. Ah! we must
Have walked a fearful way. And, now I think on 't,
I did at times feel, as it were, awearied,
Although I soon forgot it. Was it so,
Dear uncle, with thee too?

NOUREDDIN.

Not so, my son.
'T was purposely that by degrees I drew thee
From out the stir and tumult of the town
Here into Nature's still, majestic realm.
I saw thy young heart beat with frolic joy,
While through the gardens we together wandered,
Which, like an isolated ring of flowers,
The rocky bases of the mountains girdled.
But though those blooming bowers and trickling rills,
The tempting fruits with which they 're studded over,
May claim a passing homage from the eye,
Yet such diminutive and puny Nature,
Hemmed in on every side by dreary want,
Chained in the galling fetters of possession,
Sinks into naught beside these glorious hills,
In this their royal, their gigantic greatness.
By chance apparently, dear youth, but yet
With foresight and deep purpose, have I led thee
Thus from the mean to the majestic on;
And what I said, I said, to make thy spirit
Familiar with the wonderful, lest thou
(Even as a wild unbroken courser does,—
Strong in his youthful speed, but wild of wit)
Shouldst swerve aside because the thunder bellowed.
This have I done to school thy mind,—and now
Methinks I may impart my purpose to thee.

ALADDIN.

Speak on then, uncle,—I am not afraid.

NOUREDDIN.

Know, then, my child, for many a year I 've pored
O'er Nature's closely-clasped, mysterious volume
Till in its pages I detected secrets
That lie beyond the ken of common eyes.
So have I, among other things, discovered
That here—upon the spot whereon we stand—

A deep and vaulted cavern yawns beneath,
Where all that in the mountain's breast lies buried,
Far fairer, livelier, brighter, blooms and sparkles,
In the deep tints of an eternal spring,
Than the weak growths of this our surface earth,
Where swift the flower decays as swift it grew,
And leaves but withered, scentless leaves behind.
Know, then, my son, if thou hast heart to venture
Into this wondrous cave ('t was for thy sake
I brought thee hither,—I myself have seen
Its wonders often), I will straight proceed,
Soon as a fire of withered twigs is kindled,
By strength of deep, mysterious, charmed words,
To bare its entrance to thine eyes.

ALADDIN.

What!—uncle!—
A cavern here beneath,—here,—where we stand?

NOUREDDIN.

Even so. The loveliest of earth's grottoes,—nay,
The very magazine of boundless nature.

ALADDIN.

And you can lay its entrance bare by burning
Dry twigs, and uttering some charmed words?

NOUREDDIN.

Nephew, such power has Allah's grace bestowed.

ALADDIN.

Well, never in my lifetime did I hear——(*pauses*).

NOUREDDIN.

Already frightened!

ALADDIN.

Frightened?—not at all;—
And yet it is *too* wonderful.

NOUREDDIN.

Look, then:
See where yon faded twigs their branches stoop,
All parched and withered on the sun-burnt rocks,—
Go, get thee thither,—bring us wood to make
Our fire,—and haste, for it grows late and gloomy.

ALADDIN.

Uncle, I fly,—I long to be within
The charming cave,—I'll fetch the wood directly.
[*Exit.*

NOUREDDIN (*alone*).

So, then, the moment is approaching, that
Makes me the lord of earth and all its treasures.
This is the spot for which I longed through life,
For which so many a weary foot I've travelled.
There comes mine instrument. See, where he runs,
Thoughtless of ill, the wood upon his back!
His eagerness impels him on too fast;
He stumbles oft;—soon will his fall be deeper!
Poor simple fool! Stand still and fix thine eye,
For the last time, on yonder flowery beds,—
Warm thy poor carcass in the genial sun!
Soon wilt thou howl, far, far from sun or flowers,
In darkness and in famine courting death.
Weakness would call my purpose cruelty.
'T is wisdom rather, where no passion mingles.
That which is fixed *is* fixed, and cannot but be.
Does he who searches Nature's secrets scruple
To stick his pin into an insect?

ALADDIN (*entering with a bundle of twigs on his back*).

Uncle,
Here's wood enough to roast an elephant.
But while I broke the branches off and laid them
Upon my back, what thought occurred to me,
But the old tale of Abraham and Isaac,
How the poor boy upon his back was doomed
To bear the wood for his own sacrifice?

[*He turns round, then waves his hand triumphantly above his head.*

But Allah sent from heaven a guardian angel
To rescue him. O, Allah aids us all
Then when our need is greatest! Is 't not so?

NOUREDDIN (*confused*).

Unfathomable fate o'erruleth all!

ALADDIN.

And yet, methinks, poor Isaac must have been
A little simple, that he did not see through
His father's cunning plan. Had I been he!—
But this, too, is, perhaps, a mere invention.

NOUREDDIN.

Most probably. There,—lay the bundle down:
I will strike fire. But, first, a word with thee.
From the first hour I saw thee yester eve
Catch the three oranges within thy turban,
I set thee down a brave and active stripling,
A youth to court, not shrink from, an adventure.

ALADDIN.

There, uncle, you have judged me right, I hope.

NOUREDDIN.

Prepare, then, for a spectacle of wonder.
When on this blazing wood is incense scattered,
When the charmed words are spoken,—earth will shake,
And from its breast heave forth a stone of marble,
Four-cornered,—in the midst an iron ring:
This thou mayst raise with ease by merely uttering
Softly thy father's and thy grandsire's names.
Beneath that stone thou wilt behold a stair;
Descend the steps, fear not the darkness;—soon
The cavern's fruits will light thee brighter far
Than this oppressive, sickly, sulphurous sun.
Three lofty grottoes first will meet thine eye,
Flashing with veins of gold and silver ore,

Dug from the mountain's adamantine deeps.
Pass by them all, and touch them not. They stand
Too firmly fixed; thou wouldst but lose thy labor.
These chambers passed, a garden opens on thee;
Not Eden's self more fair; — perchance the same,
That since the Deluge in these rocky cliffs
Lies buried. Fruits the richest, the most radiant,—
Fruits of all hues,—crimson, or blue, grass-green,
White, yellow, violet, crystal-clear as are
The diamonds in a sultaness' ear,
Enchant the eye. Gladly would I go with thee,
But in one day but one may enter in.
Now, for myself, I ask of thee but this:
Walk through the garden to the wall of rock
Beyond; — there, in a smoky, dark recess,
Hangs an old lamp of copper; — BRING ME THAT.
I am a virtuoso in such matters,
A great collector of old odds and ends;
And so the lamp, worthless enough to others,
Has an imaginary worth to me.
Returning, pluck what fruits thou wilt, and bring them
Along with thee, but haste,—and bring the lamp.

ALADDIN.

Enough, dear uncle, I am ready now.

[*Noureddin takes out a box of incense, and throws some upon the fire. Distant thunder. A flash of lightning falls and kindles the fire. The earth opens, and shows a large square block of marble, with an iron ring in the middle.*]

NOUREDDIN.

Now quick, Aladdin,—grasp the ring,—pull firmly.

ALADDIN (*trembling*).

Ah! No, dear uncle! — spare me, dearest uncle!
I tremble so. I cannot, cannot do it.

NOUREDDIN (*fells him to the ground with a blow*).

Coward and slave, wilt anger me? — Are these
My thanks for all the labor I have taken,
That thou shouldst, like a petted lapdog, look
Askance, and whine and tremble, when I stroke thee?
Lay hold upon the ring,—or, by the Prophet,
And by the mighty Solomon, I 'll chain thee
To that same stone, and travel hence without thee,
And leave thy carcass for the eagles' prey.

ALADDIN.

Dear uncle, pardon me; be not so angry,—
I will in all things do thy bidding now.

NOUREDDIN.

Well, be a man,—and I will make thy fortune.

—

ALADDIN AT THE GATES OF ISPAHAN.

ALADDIN.

My head is swimming still. Heavens, what a journey!
He took me on his back: I felt as if
Upon a bath of lukewarm water floated.
How high he flew in the clear moonshine! how
The earth beneath us strangely dwarfed and dwindled!
The mighty Ispahan with all its lights,
That one by one grew dim and blent together,
Whirled like a half-burned paper firework, such
As giddy schoolboys flutter in their hands.
He swung me on in wide, gigantic circles,
And showed me through the moonbeams' magic glimmer
The mighty map of earth unroll beneath me.
I never shall forget how over Caucasus
He flew, and rested on its icy peak;
Then shot plumb down upon the land, as if
He meant to drown me in Euphrates' bosom.
A huge three-master on the stormy Euxine
Scudded before the blast; he hovered over her,
Pressed with his toe the summit of the mast,
And, resting on its vane as on a pillar,
He stretched me in his hand high into heaven,
As firm as if he trode the floor of earth.
Then, when the moon, like a pale ghost, before
The warm and glowing morning sun retreated,
He changed himself into a purple cloud,
And dropped with me, soft as the dews of dawn,
Here by the city gate among the flowers.
Then, changed again by magic, like a lark
He soared and vanished twittering in the sky.

—

ALADDIN IN PRISON.

ALADDIN (*fastened to a stone by a heavy iron chain. He remains gazing fixedly in deep thought, then bursts out—*)

Almighty God! is this a dream? a dream?
Yes, yes, it is a dream. I slumber still,
In the green grass, within the forest glooms.

DEATHWATCH (*in the wall*).

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

What sound was that? Sure, 't was the deathwatch spoke.

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

Is this thine only chant, ill-boding hermit,
Croaking from rotten clefts and mouldering walls,—
Thy burden still of death and of decay?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

I do begin to credit thee,—thou speakest
With such assurance that my heart believes thee.

Prophet of ill! Death's hour-glass! who hath sent thee
Hither, to shake me with thy note of death?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

It cannot change its ditty, if it would;
'T is but a sound,—a motion of the mouth;—
Her song is but "Pi, pi,"—the rest was fancy.
'T was I that heard it,—'t was not she that sung.

DEATHWATCH.

No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

Ha! insect!—what is this?—Think'st thou to shake
My fixed philosophy with that croak of thine?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi!——

ALADDIN.

Well,—be it as it may,—my hope is gone.
This brief, but oft-repeated warning-note
Weighs down my bosom, fills my heart with fear.
Yes, 't is too clear. It must be so. Th' Enchanter
Is master of the lamp. The lamp alone
Could thus undo its work. O levity,—
Thou serpent, that from Paradise drove forth
Adam,—destroyer of all earthly bliss,—
Tempter, that in good hearts dost sow the seed
Of evil, bane of health, and wealth, and peace!—
Through thee, and thee alone, I suffer here.
How dark these dungeon walls close over me!
How hollow sounds the rushing of the wind,
Howling against the tower without! 'T is midnight,—
Midnight! and I must tremble for the dawn.
The lovely dawn, which opes the eyes of men,
The leaves of flowers, to me alone is fearful;
To them it brings new life, but death to me.

[*The moon breaks through the clouds and shines into the prison.*

What gleam is that? Is it the day that breaks?
Is death so nigh? Oh, no; it was the moon.
What wouldst thou, treacherous, smiling apparition?
Com'st thou to tell me I am not the first
Upon whose ashy cheeks thy quiet light
Fell calmly, on his farewell night of life?
To tell me that to-morrow night thy ray
Will greet my bleeding head upon the stake?
Sad moon, accursed spectre of the night,
How oft hast thou, like a favoring goddess,
Shone o'er me in my loved Gulnara's arms,
While nightingales from out the dusky bowers
Vented our mute felicity in song!
I deemed thee then a kind and gentle being,
Nor deemed, as now, that in that lovely form
Could lurk such coldness or such cruelty.
Alike unruffled looks thy pallid face
On myrtle bowers, on wheel or gallows down.
The selfsame ray that shone above my joys,
And kissed the couch of innocence and love,
Shone on the murderer's dagger too, or glided
O'er mouldering gravestones, which above their dead
Lie lighter than despair upon the hearts
Of those that still are living!—Com'st thou here
Thus to insult me in my hour of need,
Pale angel of destruction? Hence! disturb not
The peace of innocence i' th' hour of death.—

[*The moon is obscured by clouds.*

By Heaven, she flies!—She sinks her pallid face
Behind her silver curtains mournfully,
Even as an innocent maiden, when she droops
Her head within her robe, to hide the tears
That flow for others' sorrows, not her own.
O, if my speech hath done thee wrong, fair moon,
Forgive me! O, forgive me! I am wretched.
I know not what I say. Guiltless am I,
Yet guiltless I must yet endure and die.—
But see! what tiny ray comes trembling in,
Like an ethereal finger from the clouds,
And lights on yonder spider, that within
Its darksome nook, amidst its airy web,
So calm and heart-contented sits and spins?

THE SPIDER.

Look upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine.
If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Allah's wisdom thou mayst trace;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee!
As within the moonbeam I,
God in glory sits on high,
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole:
There with threads of thousand dies
Life's bewildered web he plies,
And the hand that holds them all
Lets not even the feeblest fall.

—

ALADDIN IN HIS MOTHER'S CHAMBER.

ALADDIN (*alone*).

[*He stands and gazes upon all with his hands folded.*

There stands her spindle as of yore, but now
No cheerful murmur from its corner comes;
We grow familiar with such ancient friends,
And miss their hum when they are hushed for ever.
There is some wool upon the distaff still;
I 'll sit me down where my poor mother sat,
And spin like her, and sing old strains the while.

[*He sits down, sings, and bursts into tears.*

It will not do, I cannot make it move
With its accustomed even touch: too wildly,
Too feverishly fast I turn the wheel.
O God!—Look there! These thin and feeble threads
Her hands have spun,—and they stand fast and firm;
They hang unbroken and uninjured there;—
But she that spun them—my poor mother—lies
With frozen fingers underneath the yew.
There hangs her silken mantle on the wall,
With its warm woollen lining,—here her shoes;
Now thine old limbs are cold enough, my mother!
Thou wouldst not leave this dwelling,—wouldst not quit
Thy life of old; thy loving, still existence
My vanity and pride have undermined.
O ye that may this humble roof hereafter
Inhabit, if at dead of night ye hear
Strange sounds, as of a chamber goblin-haunted,
Be not alarmed. It is a good and gentle
House-spirit. Let it sit, and spin, and hum;—
It will not harm ye. Once it was a woman
That spun the very skin from off her fingers,
All for her son,—and in return he killed her.
This have I done.—This have I done.—O me!

[*Seats himself again and weeps.*

There stands her little pitcher by the wall,—
There on the floor lies a half-withered leaf;—
And such am I,—that leaf was meant for me.

[*He gazes long with wild glances on the spot where the wonderful lamp used to hang,—then exclaims, with a distracted look,*

By Heaven, the lamp still hangs upon the nail!
What! think'st thou that I cannot clutch thee?
There,—

[*Takes a chair, mounts upon it, and lays hold of the nail.*

Now, there, I have thee,—thou art mine again.
Now, then, Gulnara shall be mine again,—
The palace shall be mine, with all its treasures.
But soft! I'll visit first my mother's grave.

THE LANDLORD (*enters*).

Now, friend, hast looked thy fill? The old lady was
Perhaps a near relation?

ALADDIN.

Distant only.
Now I am ready. But will you permit me
To take this worn-out copper lamp with me?
You see 't is scarcely worth an asper.

LANDLORD (*staring*).

Friend,
I see no lamp.

ALADDIN.

See! this in my right hand.
'T is, as I said, a trumpery piece of metal,
But I am fond of such old odds and ends;
And thus the lamp, worthless enough for others,
Has an imaginary worth to me.

LANDLORD.

Good friend, thou hast nothing in thy hand, believe me.

ALADDIN (*aside*).

So then the lamp hath gained *this* property,
That it becomes invisible to strangers.
Charming! They cannot rob me of it now.

[*Aloud, as he places the supposed lamp in his bosom.*

Well, since you say so, friend, I must believe
The lamp was but a vision of the brain.
Farewell, good friend, and thanks. Stay, let me lift
This withered leaf and place it in my turban,—
'T is all I ask of her inheritance.
Now fare thee well.

LANDLORD.

Poor man! his brain is turned.
Now take thy leaf, good friend, and get thee gone.

ALADDIN AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

ALADDIN (*lying on his mother's grave. He sings*).

Sleep within thy flowery bed,
Lulled by visions without number;
Needs no pillow for thy head,
Needs no rocking for thy slumber.

Moaning wind and piteous storm,
Mother, dear, thy dirge are knelling;
And the greedy, gnawing worm
Vainly strives to pierce thy dwelling.

Thick in heaven the stars are set,—
Slumber soundly to my singing,—
Hark, from yon high minaret
Clear and sweet the death-note ringing!

Hush, the nightingale aloft
Pours her descant from the tree!
Mother, thou hast rocked me oft,
Let me do the same for thee.

Is thy heart as loving now,
Listen to my wail and sorrow;
From this hollow elder-bough,
I for this a pipe will borrow.

But the feeble notes are lost,
Chilled by this cold wintry weather:
Ah! the night-wind's piercing frost
Withers leaves and life together.

Here I can no longer lie,
All's so cold beside thee, mother;
And no cheerful fire can I
Ask of father, friend, or brother.

Mother, sleep!—though chill thy bed,
Lulled by visions without number,
Needs no pillow for thy head,
Needs no rocking for thy slumber.

Translated by GILLIS.

MY FARMING.

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

[HORACE GREELEY was born in Amherst, N. H., Feb. 3, 1811. Leaving the home farm when 15 years old, he entered a printing office at East Poultney, Vt., where after learning to set type he assisted in conducting a newspaper. This was the beginning of his career in journalism, in which for many years he was the foremost figure in America. He was founder of the *New York Tribune*, which he edited till his death, Nov. 29, 1872. Upon all social and economical questions Mr. Greeley wielded great influenee. In 1872, he was the nominee of the Liberal Republican party for the Presidency. Among his best-known works are: "*The American Conflict*," and "*Recollections of a Busy Life*."]

Those who have read my account of my farm will have judged that it is not well calculated to enrich its owner by large, easily produced crops, and that it was bought in full view of this fact. I wanted a place near a railroad station, and not too far from the city; my wife wanted pure air, agreeable scenery, reasonable seclusion, but, above all, a choice, never-failing spring, a cascade, and evergreen woods, as I have already stated. Having found these on the thirty-odd acres which comprised our original purchase, we were not so unreasonable as to expect to secure also the fertility and facility of a dry, gently rolling Western prairie, or of a rich intervale of the Connecticut or Hudson. We knew that our upland was in good part hard, steep, and rocky, and that its productive capacity—never remarkable—had been largely reduced by two centuries of persistent and often excessive pasturing. Sheep may thus be fed a thousand years, yet return to the soil nearly as much as they take from it; not so with milch cows, when their milk is sent away to some city, and nothing returned therefor that enriches the fields whence that milk, in the shape of grass or hay, was drawn. And so, measurably, of Fruit: whereas Apples have long been a leading staple of our region,—Newcastle having formerly boasted more Apple-trees than any township of its size in America. But an Apple-tree cannot forever draw on the Bank of Nature without having its drafts protested, if nothing is ever deposited there to its credit; and caterpillars have so long been allowed to strip most of our trees unresisted, that many have grown prematurely old and moss-covered. One year with another, Newcastle does not grow half so many Apples as her trees call for; and she never will till she feeds her trees better and fights their enemies with more persistent resolution than she has done. I have seen five thousand of those trees, in the course of a brief morning ride in June, with more caterpillars than remaining leaves per tree; and very little reflection can be needed to show that trees so neglected for a few years will have outlived their usefulness.

The woods are *my* special department. Whenever I can save a Saturday for the farm, I try to give a good part of it to my patch of forest. The axe is the healthiest implement that man ever handled, and is especially so for habitual writers and other sedentary workers, whose shoulders it throws back, expanding their chests, and opening their lungs. If every youth and man, from fifteen to fifty years old, could wield an axe two hours per day, dyspepsia would vanish from the earth, and rheumatism become decidedly scarce. I am a poor chopper; yet the axe is my doctor and delight. Its use gives the mind just enough occupation to prevent its falling into revery or absorbing trains of thought, while every muscle in the body receives sufficient, yet not exhausting, exercise. I wish all our boys would learn to love the axe.

I began by cutting out the Witch Hazels, and other trash not worth keeping, and trimming up my trees, especially the Hemlocks, which grow limbs clear to the ground, and throw them out horizontally to such a distance that several rods of ground are sometimes monopolized by a single tree. Many of these lower limbs die in the course of time, but do not fall off; on the contrary, they harden and sharpen into spikes, which threaten your face and eyes as if they were bayonets. These I have gradually cut away and transformed into fuel. Many of my Hemlocks I have trimmed to a height of at least fifty feet; and I mean to serve many others just so, if I can ever find time before old age compels me to stop climbing.

But the Hemlock so bristles throughout with limbs that it can easily be climbed by a hale man till he is seventy; and, working with a hatchet or light axe, you commence trimming at the top,—that is, as high as you choose to trim,—and, without difficulty, cut all smooth as you work your way down. Limbs to the ground may be graceful in the edge of your wood; but your tree will not make timber nearly so fast as if trimmed, and you cannot afford it so much space

as it claims in the heart of your patch of forest.

If I linger proudly among my trees, consider that here most of my farm-work has been done, and here my profit has been realized, in the shape of health and vigor. When I am asked the usual question, "How has your farming paid?" I can truthfully answer that *my* part of it has paid splendidly, being all income and no outgo,—and who can show a better balance sheet than *that?*

Seriously—I believe there is money to be made by judicious tree-planting and forest-culture, now that railroads have so greatly cheapened the cost of transportation. If any man has or can buy a tract of woodland, or land too poor or broken to be profitably tilled, let him shut out cattle, and steadily plant choice trees while cutting out poorer; let him cut every tree that stops growing and begins to decay, or shed its limbs; let him not hesitate to thin as well as trim up; let him cut out Red Oak, for instance, and sow the acorns of White; let him, when half a dozen or more sprouts start from a single stump, cut away all but two or three, and by and by cut again; and I am confident that he may thus grow timber twice as rapidly as where it is neglected, and grow trees far more valuable than those that come by chance. Nay: if near a city, he can make a thousand dollars far more easily, though less quickly, by growing Timber than by growing Grain.

THREE GREAT SENATORS.

FROM THE SAME.

Our great triumvirate—Clay, Webster, Calhoun—last appeared together in public life in the Senate of 1849–50: the two former figuring conspicuously in the debates which preluded and resulted in what was termed the Compromise of that year,—Mr. Calhoun dying as they had fairly opened, and Messrs. Clay and Webster not long after their close. This chapter is, therefore, in some sort, my humble tribute to their genius and their just renown,

I best knew and loved Henry Clay: he was by nature genial, cordial, courteous, gracious, magnetic, winning. When General Glascock, of Georgia, took his seat in Congress as a Representative, a mutual friend asked, "General, may I introduce you to Henry Clay?" "No, sir!" was the stern response; "I am his adversary, and choose not to subject myself to his fascination." I think it would have been hard to constitute for three or four years a legislative body whereof Mr. Clay was a member, and not more than four-sevenths were his pledged, implacable opponents, whereof he would not have been the master-spirit, and the author and inspirer of most of its measures, after the first or second year.

Mr. Webster was colder, graver, sterner, in his general bearing; though he could unbend and be sunny and blithe in his intercourse with those admitted to his intimacy. There were few gayer or more valued associates on a fishing or sailing party. His mental calibre was much the larger; I judge that he had read and studied more; though neither could boast much erudition, not even intense application. I believe each was about thirty years in Congress, where Mr. Clay identified his name with the origin or success of at least half a dozen important measures to every one thus blended with Mr. Webster's. Though Webster's was far the more massive intellect, Mr. Clay as a legislator evinced far the greater creative, constructive power. I once sat in the Senate Chamber when Mr. Douglas, who had just been transferred from the House, rose, to move forward a bill in which he was interested. "We have no such practice in the Senate, sir," said Mr. Webster, in his deep, solemn voice, fixing his eye on the mover, but without rising from his seat. Mr. Douglas at once varied his motion, seeking to achieve his end in a somewhat different way. "That is not the way we do business in the Senate, sir," rejoined Mr. Webster, still more decisively and sternly. "The Little Giant" was a bold, ready man, not easily overawed or disconcerted; but, if he did not quiver under the eye and voice of Webster, then my eyesight deceived me,—and I was very near him.

Mr. Calhoun was a tall, spare, earnest, evidently thoughtful man, with stiff, iron-gray hair, which reminded you of Jackson's about the time of his accession to the Presidency. He was eminently a logician,—terse, vigorous, relentless. He courted the society of clever, aspiring young men who inclined to fall into his views, and exerted great influence over them. As he had abandoned the political faith which I distinguish and cherish as National while I

was yet a school-boy, I never met him at all intimately; yet once, while I was connected with mining on Lake Superior, I called on him, as on other leading members of Congress, to explain the effect of the absurd policy then in vogue, of keeping mineral lands out of market, and attempting to collect a percentage of the mineral as rent accruing to the Government. He received me courteously, and I took care to make my statement as compact and perspicuous as I could, showing him that, even in the Lead region, where the system had attained its full development, the Treasury did not receive enough rent to pay the salaries of the officers employed in collecting it. "Enough," said Mr. Calhoun; "you are clearly right. I will vote to give away these lands, rather than perpetuate this vicious system." "We only ask," Mr. Calhoun," I rejoined, "that Congress fix on the lands whatever price it may deem just, and sell them at that price to those lawfully in possession; they failing to purchase, then to whomsoever will buy them." "That plan will have my hearty support," he responded; and it did. When the question came at length to be taken, I believe there was no vote in either House against selling the mineral lands.

HORACE GREELEY.

THOUGHTS ON A THUNDERSTORM.

As I was walking there, and looked up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God that I know not how to express it. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and love, seemed to appear in everything: in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon a long time, and so in the daytime spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth with a loud voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. I used to be a person uncommonly terrified with thunder; and it used to strike me with terror when I saw a thunderstorm rising; but now on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God at the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take an opportunity at such times to fix myself to view the clouds and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

THE LAST SUNDAY OF CHARLES II.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God—it being Sunday evening—which this day se'ennight I was witness of—the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

JOHN EVELYN.

VIRTUE.

"'Tis said that Virtue dwells sublime
On rugged cliffs, full hard to climb,
Where, round her ranged, a sacred band
Acknowledge her divine command;
But mortal ne'er her form may see,
Unless his restless energy
Breaks forth in sweat that gains the goal,
The perfect manhood of the soul."

SIMONIDES.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Drink and be glad; to-morrow what may be,
Or what thereafter, none of us can see.
Haste not nor fret: but now as well's you may,
Feast and be merry; freely give away;
Remember joys can last but with the breath,
And think how short a space parts life and death;
An instant:—seize what good may now befall;
Dead, thou hast nothing, and another all.

To die is due by all; no mortal knows
Whether to-morrow's dawn his life may close.
Knowing this well, O man, let cheering wine,
That sweet forgetfulness of death, be thine.
Give way to love too: live from day to day,
And yield to Fate o'er all things else the sway.

PALLADAS.

LENORE.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER, a German lyric poet, was born in Saxony in 1748, and died at Göttingen in 1794. After studying law and theology, and imbibing a disgust for both, Bürger began to write verse. He learned English, and became a passionate lover of Shakespeare. Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," which appeared in 1765, gave him a bent toward ballad poetry, and in 1774 he published his "*Lenore*" in the "*Almanach of the Muses*" for that year. This weird and powerful ballad, which Bürger is said to have founded on some fragments of a ghost story, which he heard a peasant girl singing by moonlight, made him famous. But the poet was destitute of sound judgment, which might have turned to account his great talents. His life was a record of poverty and failure, of unhappy marriages and ill-regulated passions

Besides the ballad of "*Lenore*" (also written "*Ellenore*" and "*Leonora*") one of Bürger's best poems is "*Der wilde Jäger.*" His poems (only in part translated) form 3 volumes, and he also wrote copiously in prose upon æsthetics. "*Lenore*" has been translated by several hands, and Walter Scott founded his fine poem "*William and Helen*" upon it. We give the version by William Taylor, as most faithful to the original, and well preserving the antique diction which made the ballads of Percy's "*Reliques*" so attractive.]

At break of day from frightful dreams
  Upstarted Ellenore:
"My William, art thou slayn," she sayde,
  "Or dost thou love no more?"

He went abroade with Richard's host
  The paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had writt,
  An he were sick or well.

With blore of trump and thump of drum
  His fellow-soldyers come,
Their helms bedeckt with oaken boughs,
  They seeke their long'd-for home.

And evry road and evry lane
  Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoycing band,
  To haile with gladsom toung.

"Thank God!" their wives and children sayde,
  "Welcome!" the brides did saye;
But greet or kiss gave Ellenore
  To none upon that daye.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
  She tore her raven hair,
And cast herself upon the growne,
  In furious despair.

Her nother ran and lyfte her up,
  And claspèd in her arm:
"My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
  God shield thy life from harm!"

"O mother, mother! William 's gone!
  What 's all besyde to me?
There is no mercie, sure, above!
  All, all were spar'd but he!"

"Kneele downe, thy paternoster saye,
  'T will calm thy troubled spright:
The Lord is wise, the Lord is good;
  What he hath done is right."

"O mother, mother! saye not so;
  Most cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde; but watte avayle?
  'T is now, alas! too late."

"Our Heavenly Father, if we praye
  Will help a suffring child;
Go, take the holy sacrament;
  So shal thy grief grow mild."

"O mother, what I feele within
  No sacrament can staye;
No sacrament can teche the dead
  To bear the sight of daye."

"May-be, among the heathen folk
  Thy William false doth prove,
And put away his faith and troth,
  And take another love.

"Then wherefor sorrowe for his loss?
  Thy moans are all in vain:
But when his soul and body parte,
  His falsehode brings him pain."

"O mother, mother! gone is gone:
  My hope is all forlorn;
The grave my only safeguard is:
  O, had I ne'er been born!

"Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
  In grizely darkness die!
There is no mercie, sure, above!
  Fer ever let me lie!"

"Almighty God! O, do not judge
  My poor unhappy child!
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
  Her anguish makes her wild.

"My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
  And think on God and bliss;
For so, at least shal not thy soul
  Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

"O mother, mother! what is bliss,
  And what the fiendis cell?
With him 't is heaven anywhere;
  Without my William, hell.

"Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
  In endless darkness die!
Without him I must loathe the earth,
  Without him scorne the skie."

And so despair did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Against the providence of God
She hurlde her impious strains.

She beat her breast, and wrung her hands,
And rollde her tearless eye,
From rise of morn, til the pale stars
Again orespred the skye.

When, harke! abroade she herde the tramp
Of nimble-hoofèd steed;
She herde a knight with clank alighte,
And climbe the stair in speed.

And soon she herde a tinkling hand,
That twirlèd at the pin;
And thro her door, that opend not,
These words were breathèd in:—

"What ho! what ho! thy door undo:
Art watching or asleepe?
My love, dost yet remember me?
And dost thou laugh or weepe?"

"Ah! William—here so late at night?
O, I have wachte and wak'd!
Whence art thou come? For thy return
My heart has sorely ak'd."

"At midnight only we may ride;
I come ore land and see:
I mounted late, but soone I go;
Aryse, and come with mee."

"O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace:
The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss;
Awayte a little space."

"Tho blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss,
I may not harbour here;
My spurs are sett, my courser pawes,
My hour of flight is nere.

"All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, and mount behinde;
To-night we 'le ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde."

"How? ride to-night a thousand miles?
Thy love thou dost bemock:
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clock."

"Looke up; the moon is bright, and we
Outstride the earthly men:
I 'le take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shal end but then."

"And where is, then, thy house, and home,
And bridal bed so meet?"
"'T is narrow, silent, chilly, low,
Six planks, one shrouding sheet."

"And is there any room for me,
Wherein that I may creepe?"
"There 's room enough for thee and me,
Wherein that we may sleepe.

"All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, no longer stop;
The wedding-guests thy coming wayte,
The chamber-door is ope."

All in her sarke, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung;
And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry off they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthly sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

"The moon is bright, and blue the night;
Dost quake the blast to stem?
Dost shudder, mayd, to seeke the dead?"
"No, no, but what of them?"

How glumly sownes yon dirgy song!
Night-ravens flappe the wing:
What knell doth slowly tolle ding dong?
The psalms of death who sing?

Forth creepes a swarthy funeral train,
A corse is on the biere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chauntings meete the eere.

"Go, beare her corse, when midnight 's past,
With song, and tear, and wail:
I 've gott my wife, I take her home,
My hour of wedlock hail!

"Leade forth, O clark, the chaunting quire,
To swelle our spousal-song:
Come, preest, and reade the blessing soone;
For our dark bed we long."

The bier is gon, the dirges hush;
His bidding all obaye,
And headlong rush thro briar and bush,
Beside his speedy waye.

Halloo! halloo! how swift they go,
Unheeding wet or dry!
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the hill, how swift the dale,
Aright, aleft, are gon!
By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

"Look up, look up! an airy crew
In roundel daunces reele:
The moon is bright, and blue the night,
Mayst dimly see them wheele.

"Come to, come to, ye ghostly crew,
Come to, and follow me,
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
When we in ded shal be."

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostly crew
Came wheeling ore their heads,
All rustling like the witherd leaves
That wide the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

And all that in the moonshyne lay
Behind them fled afar;
And backward scudded overhead
The skie and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

"I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
The sand will soone be run:
I snuffe the early morning air;
Downe, downe! our work is done.

"The dead, the dead can ride apace:
Our wed-bed here is fit:
Our race is ridde, our journey ore,
Our endless union knit."

And, lo! an yron-grated gate
Soon biggens to their view:
He crackde his whyppe; the locks, the bolts,
Cling, clang! asunder flew.

They passe, and 't was on graves they trodde:
"'T is hither we are bound":
And many a tombstone ghastly white
Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when he from his steed alytte,
His armure, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull;
Nor hair nor eyne had he:
His body grew a skeleton,
Whilome so blithe of ble.

And at his dry and boney heel
No spur was left to bee:
And in his witherd hand you might
The scythe and hour-glass see.

And, lo! his steed did thin to smoke,
And charnel-fires outbreathe;
And pal'd, and bleachde, then vanishde quite
The mayd from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in air,
And shrekes from vaults arose:
Then knewe the mayd she might no more
Her living eyes unclose.

But onward to the judgment-seat,
Thro mist and moonlight dreare,
The ghostly crew their flight persewe,
And hollowe in her eare:

"Be patient; tho thyne herte should breke,
Arrayne not Heaven's decree:
Thou nowe art of thy bodie reft,
Thy soul forgiven bee!"

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

ODE ON HEARING THE DRUM.

[JOHN SCOTT (1730–1783) was our only Quaker poet till Bernard Barton graced the order with a sprig of laurel. Scott was the son of a draper in London, who retired to Amwell, in Hertfordshire, and here the poet spent his days, improving his garden and grounds, and writing moral and descriptive poems, elegies, eclogues, epistles, &c. Scott fondly hoped to immortalise his native village,' on which he wrote a poem, "*Amwell*," (1776); but of all his works only the subjoined lines are remembered. This little piece seems to have been dictated by real feeling, as well as Quaker principle:]

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans:
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

DAVID SWAN.—A FANTASY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely granted that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linch-pin had fallen out and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that brought on without an opiate would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have

brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we awaken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendour who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not awaken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing as red as any rose that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her only could he love with perfect love—him only could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighbourhood, and happened at that identical time to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow—

"Hist!—Do you see that bundle under his head!"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons' pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram and left the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred—now moved his lips, without a sound—now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver!—Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters—nor that one of Love had sighed softly through their murmur—nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life to render foresight even partially available.—*Thrice-Told Tales.*

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.[1]

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Calm on the breast of Loch Maree
A little isle reposes;
A shadow woven of the oak
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,
Set round with stony warders;
A fountain, gushing through the turf,
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,
With care or madness burning,
Feels once again his healthful thought
And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,
Unquiet and unstable,
That holy well of Loch Maree
Is more than idle fable!

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,
And blest is he who on his way
That fount of healing findeth!

The shadows of a humbled will
And contrite heart are o'er it;
Go read its legend—"TRUST IN GOD"—
On Faith's white stones before it.

[1] Pennant, in his *Voyage to the Hebrides*, describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

REPLY TO A LETTER INCLOSING A LOCK OF HAIR.

[Frederick Locker, born at Greenwich Hospital, 1821. Poet. He belongs to an old Kentish family; his father was a civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, and his grandfather was Captain W. Locker, R.N., under whom Lord Nelson and Lord Collingwood served. His works are: *Lyra Elegantiarum* and *London Lyrics* (Strahan & Co.) The latter volume, which has gone through many editions, has won for the author the laureateship amongst writers of *vers de société*. "Mr. Locker seems most deservedly characterized by two epithets which no one dreams of applying to Prior, and we think must be denied to Praed—earnest and tender. He is so well furnished at all points that only by comparison is any deficiency perceptible, and when perceived it will be disregarded, in view of his higher excellences." —*Contemporary Review.*]

"'*My darling wants to see you soon,*'—
I bless the little maid, and thank her;
To do her bidding, night and noon
I draw on Hope—Love's kindest banker!"
Old MSS.

Yes, you were false, and though I'm free,
I still would be the slave of yore;
Then join'd our years were thirty-three,
And now—yes now I'm thirty-four.
And though you were not learnèd—well,
I was not anxious you should grow so;—
I trembled once beneath her spell
Whose spelling was extremely so-so!

Bright season! why will memory
Still haunt the path our rambles took,—
The sparrow's nest that made you cry,
The lilies captured in the brook?
I'd lifted you from side to side,
(You seem'd as light as that poor sparrow;)
I know who wish'd it twice as wide,
I think you thought it rather narrow.

Time was, indeed a little while,
My pony could your heart compel;
And once, beside the meadow-stile,
I thought you loved me just as well;
I'd kiss'd your cheek; in sweet surprise
Your troubled gaze said plainly, "Should he?"
But doubt soon fled those daisy eyes,—
"He could not wish to vex me, could he?"

The brightest eyes are soonest sad,
But your fair cheek, so lightly sway'd,
Could ripple into dimples glad,
For O, my stars, what mirth we made!
The brightest tears are soonest dried,
But your young love and dole were stable;
You wept when dear old Rover died,
You wept—and dress'd your dolls in sable.

As year succeeds to year, the more
Imperfect life's fruition seems;
Our dreams, as baseless as of yore,
Are not the same enchanting dreams.
The girls I love now vote me slow—
How dull the boys who once seem'd witty!
Perhaps I'm getting old—I know
I'm still romantic—more's the pity!

A vain regret! To few, perchance,
Unknown, and profitless to all:
The wisely-gay, as years advance,
Are gaily-wise. Whate'er befall,
We'll laugh at folly, whether seen
Beneath a chimney or a steeple;
At yours, at mine—our own, I mean,
As well as that of other people.

I'm fond of fun, the mental dew
Where wit, and truth, and ruth are blent,
And yet I've known a prig or two,
Who, wanting all, were all content.
To say I hate such dismal men
Might be esteem'd a strong assertion;
If I've blue devils now and then,
I make them dance for my diversion.

And here's your letter debonair.
"*My friend, my dear old friend of yore,*"
And is this curl your daughter's hair?
I've seen the Titian tint before.
Are we the pair that used to pass
Long days beneath the chestnut shady!
You then were such a pretty lass!
I'm told you're now as fair a lady.

I've laugh'd to hide the tear I shed,
As when the Jester's bosom swells,
And mournfully he shakes his head,
We hear the jingle of his bells.
A jesting vein your poet vex'd,
And this poor rhyme, the Fates determine,
Without a parson or a text,
Has proved a rather prosy sermon.

A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A butterfly bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?'

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?"

MRS. LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

ELIZABETH LATIMER.

[Nathaniel Parker Willis, born in Portland, Maine, 20th January, 1806; died at Idlewild, on the Hudson, 20th January, 1867. Poet, journalist, and miscellaneous writer. He travelled much in Europe. His chief works are: *Melanie, Lady Jane*, and other poems; *Pencillings by the Way; Inklings of Adventure; Romance of Travel*, comprising Tales of Five Lands: *People I have Met*, or Pictures of Society and People of Mark; *A Health-trip to the Tropics; Out-doors at Idlewild; Paul Fane*, or Parts of a Life else Untold: a Novel; &c. "As a writer of 'sketches' properly so called, Mr. Willis is unequalled. Sketches—especially of society—are his forte, and they are so for no other reason than that they afford him the best opportunity of introducing the personal Willis—or more distinctly because this species of composition is most susceptible of impression from his personal character."—*Edgar A. Poe.*]

Elizabeth Latimer, at twenty-four, found herself in possession of an accomplished mind, a memory stored with reading of the best kind, and a judgment accustomed to exercise itself from its earliest development; and this, with a graceful person and a countenance of great sweetness and intelligence, was pretty nearly all that Elizabeth possessed. She had been for many years the only daughter of a merchant, who, though he did not draw his resources from all the ends of the earth, yet possessed enough for the indulgence of luxury. The indications of talent which he very early discovered in the young Elizabeth, determined him to bestow on her an education that would save her from adding to the number of those precocious geniuses who, from a misapplication of their powers, become unfit either for the daily concerns of life, or to hold a place among those who are gradually procuring indulgence and respect for female intellect. With this view he engaged a gentleman who had been a classmate of his, and who had devoted himself to literature, to take up his abode with him and assist him in cultivating his daughter's mind.

"You will easily understand," he wrote to Mr. Elliot, "with what different eyes I look upon this subject from those with which I regarded it twenty years ago. To have mind enough to love and obey me, and, withal, think me supremely wise, was quite mind enough in a wife, but I am willing to pay it greater respect since I find it in my darling Elizabeth. As I am as anxious about her moral as her intellectual education, I dread lest, being an only child and surrounded by all that will tend to her gratification, she may form habits of selfishness, against which no warnings, no precepts will avail. A companion of her own age would secure her from this risk, and I can think of no one so well suited, on all accounts, to be brought up with my little girl as your own Marianne. I need not assure you how entirely like my own daughter she shall be considered."

We will not detail the progress of Elizabeth's studies. They were such as opened her young mind to all that was lovely in virtue and lofty and excellent in intellect. She lived principally in the country, in a small but intelligent circle, sufficiently enlightened to save them from the dominion of a gossiping spirit, yet not so learned as to allow her to acquire anything like a pedantic one.

The tranquillity of their own house had received a startling shock when Elizabeth was about fifteen, by Mr. Latimer's bringing home a second wife, very little more than her own age, but of entirely different temper, habits, and tastes. It was then that Mr. Latimer perceived that he had done wisely in giving to Elizabeth habits by which she could abstract her thoughts from the jarrings of a step-mother, jealous of her, of her gentle friend Marianne, of Mr. Elliot, of everything that her husband loved. But their school of trial did not last long. Mrs. Latimer only lived to present her husband with a son, and expired, leaving all the family with just such sensations as one feels on awaking from an uncomfortable dream, and Elizabeth and her father heaved a sigh of relief as they inwardly responded "Amen!" to the clergyman of the village who came to pay them a visit of consolation.

When Elizabeth entered into society, she carried with her many warnings from her father to avoid the display of acquirements which were not common to all. She listened, determined to profit by his advice, though she felt there was some injustice in laying this embargo upon wit and learning.

"Why," thought she, "should Miss C—— be permitted, nay, solicited, to display her playing and singing, both excellent enough to excite envy, while all the powers that I possess must be so sedulously concealed? However, as there is no reasoning to any purpose on this apparent inconsistency, I will try to resemble the greater part of the world I am going to mingle with;" and in imagination she behaved with perfect discretion, occupied only in veiling the mistakes of the ignorant, in drawing out the talents of the timid, nicely discriminating when and with whom to talk seriously or lightly, and gliding through society with all the tact which only a knowledge of the world,

gained by one's own experience and much practice in that world, can give.

But poor Elizabeth found herself sadly at a loss when she encountered a bewildering number of new faces, whose ready smiles and pliancy of expression concealed all that was passing in the heart. She felt it as impossible to catch the light tone of those around her, to talk of nothing, to express rapture and enthusiasm where she felt only indifference, as it would have been for one of the gay circle to have shone forth as an improvisatrice. Being perfectly unaffected and simple, she took refuge in silence; but her speaking countenance often betrayed the listlessness she felt, and as the silence of persons who are known or supposed to be able to talk well, is looked upon with an invidious eye, she felt a degree of restraint, whether she spoke or not, which prevented her ever taking much pleasure in the amusements of the world. But there were some whom she did please, and that in no moderate degree. The cultivated and intelligent found a charm in her manner that they recollected with pleasure long after she had retired from society. Elizabeth lost her friend Marianne, who married an English gentleman and accompanied him to England. Mr. Elliot was persuaded to join them, and Mr. Latimer found his household reduced to a small number. But his mind seemed too much occupied to miss his companions, and, to Elizabeth's grief, she discovered that her father was bent upon making a fortune for his son Louis. In vain she urged that Louis would never want, and the possession of wealth might only check exertion by depriving him of a stimulus to industry. She represented to him the risk he ran by engaging so deeply in speculations, none of which had hitherto been successful; but Mr. Latimer had the gambling fit so strong upon him, that he looked forward to seeing his ships riding the ocean laden with the treasures of the Asiatic islands, and realizing the wildest dreams of his avarice. Elizabeth deplored this for his own and for Louis' sake. She saw how the fluctuations of hope and despair, the pangs of suspense and repeated disappointments, preyed upon her father's health and spirits, and she anticipated for Louis and herself the loss of all they had considered their own.

But these fears were transient. We seldom reflect long, amid the enjoyments of affluence, upon their precarious nature. She retired from the world and devoted herself to her father and to the education of Louis, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness. He was indeed a sweet and gentle child, fond only of books and sedentary amusements, and Elizabeth's time passed away as happily as time passed in the exercise of duty usually does. She was often uneasy, often tormented by vague fears of future poverty and distress, but these were only clouds that overshadowed her at times. Her horizon generally was bright; but the blow anticipated fell upon her at last. Mr. Latimer had ventured the remains of his fortune in a speculation which was to enrich Louis and his posterity for ever.

After many months' suspense the news reached Mr. Latimer that he was ruined. He did not long survive it, and his son and daughter found themselves friendless and poor. A few hundred dollars was all that could be collected for them, nor had they any claims upon others. They had but few family friends, and Elizabeth's was not a spirit to brook dependence. Poverty at first sight is not so frightful as when it comes near enough to lay its cold, griping fingers on us; and in the present excited state of her feelings the prospect of maintaining herself did not appear as difficult as she afterwards proved it. Her idea of submission to the will of Heaven was not confined to subduing a murmur, when death has removed by a stroke the desire of our eyes. She had been accustomed to exercise it in all the disappointments and sorrows of her life; for who, at twenty-four, has not tasted of the bitterness of the waters of life? A few passages of her letter to Marianne will show how schooled her mind had been, by being early taught of Heaven.

"You know, dearest Marianne, your excellent father often cautioned us against trusting to our perceptions of Heaven's justice. With him we were accustomed to trace in the records of history the hand of Infinite Wisdom guiding all things onward to some great end, that should vindicate his ways to future ages. Ah! how easy it is for the thoughtful mind to pursue this truth through events that have passed away! how much easier than to acknowledge it when our idols have been overthrown! We are personal only in those things which can do us no good. Let me now lay those lessons to heart, and follow the obvious track which Providence has marked out for me. It seems very plain—I must support myself and the darling object of my lost parent's love. The manner of doing this is very embarrassing. My mind is full of energy, but where to bestow it costs me days and nights of anxious thought."

Mr. Latimer had insisted, some months before his death, that Louis should be placed at a large public school. Elizabeth had con-

sented to his plan with readiness, though it grieved her to part with the little companion whose quickness enabled him to catch with facility everything she taught him; but she was aware that a public school is indispensable towards acquiring manly habits, and that independence of ridicule, which are necessary to all who walk the world, however retired be the path they choose.

It was evening, and she was alone when she took possession of two small rooms in ——— Street. Dull and dreary was the aspect of everything. The window of the little sitting-room was close to a high stone wall, nor were light and beauty shut out from that entrance only. From her chamber window nothing could be discerned but a long range of warehouses. There was not even the sight or sound of labour to cheer the prospect.

"A cobbler or a blacksmith would enliven the scene," thought Elizabeth, "but I hope I shall not stay here long."

Her first attempt to escape from her new dwelling was a letter to a lady with whom she had long been intimate. Her plan was to open a school, and she solicited Mrs. Graham's assistance, or rather patronage, without taking into consideration how little that lady had to bestow. She answered Elizabeth kindly, explaining to her that her influence was confined to five or six families, none of whom had it in their power to engage for their children an instructress whose accomplishments would entitle her to a higher salary than is given to those who teach the elementary parts of education.

Over this first disappointment Elizabeth did not long weep. Keeping a school is a very depressing prospect, and she felt almost relieved by Mrs. Graham's letter.

Her next application was to a lady who was desirous of procuring a governess for her daughters—one of those ladies whose *beau ideal* of a governess is that of a being with every talent and every virtue under heaven, combined with a degree of humility that will endure every insult that narrow minds bestow upon the unfortunate. Mrs. S—— gave her a week's suspense, then found her way into Elizabeth's parlour one morning, with a "How d'ye do, Miss Latimer—for I suppose that's you. I believe I've made you wait for an answer, but I've been so beset. People are so anxious to get to me, as if I could take a hundred. But, before we go any further, we must settle one thing—you're a musician, of course?"

The colour that had been deepening on Elizabeth's cheeks became crimson as she faintly answered,

"No, madam."

"No! gracious goodness! what could you be thinking of when you offered yourself as governess? Such a salary as I give, and pay a music master besides!"

"Then reduce the salary," Elizabeth began, but Mrs. S—— stopped her—

"What! and get a master for the girls! What's that to the purpose. You ought to be able to superintend their practising. Well, that sets the matter at rest. Good morning, ma'am," and Mrs. S—— made her exit as abruptly as her entrance, leaving Elizabeth a foretaste of what she afterwards suffered from other applications and other disappointments.

One lady objected to her because she could not teach velvet painting. It was in vain Elizabeth, who liked the mild tones of this amateur in footstools and sofa covers, urged the superiority of the higher branches of painting. "That might do for artists," said the lady, and Elizabeth took her leave. Another expected her to teach embroidery and shoe-making to six daughters; but the most fatal bar to her success was the want of a knowledge of music.

After many failures she relinquished the hope of obtaining a situation, and turned her thoughts to her last resource. She determined, with a heavy heart, to offer her services as a translator to a publisher whom she had often heard spoken of as a man of taste and liberality. Translating is a fatiguing and inglorious task, but she had no alternative. While she was hesitating whether to address him by letter or apply to him in person, Mr. Warren was announced. Elizabeth knew him well, for he had been a frequent visitor at Mr. Latimer's. He was remarkable only for his extreme dulness, and his desire of being thought a man of genius and learning. He picked up scraps from pocket-books and newspapers, and wearied his friends by commonplace remarks, uttered in a tone of oracular wisdom. His address to Elizabeth was hesitating and confused. He was usually wont to speak with a deliberateness that fell upon the ear like the strokes of a hammer, but now he spoke with a rapidity that made him quite unintelligible. With an uneasy looking about as if he dreaded being overheard, at last he abruptly asked her if money had been her object in wishing to procure a situation as governess.

"Certainly," said Elizabeth; "what else could induce me to undertake such an office?"

He muttered something about his sorrow at her wanting it and his wish to serve her, then opened his business, prefaced, however, by desiring a promise of secrecy. Elizabeth, in-

wardly provoked at his solemn foppery, promised all he required, and he then informed his impatient auditress, that several of his literary friends were about to establish a critical journal, in which all the best talents of the city were to be displayed—"and you will not be surprised," said he, "to hear, that much is expected from me, particularly in the department of the belles-lettres. I hope you are not surprised," he continued, as he saw the astonishment painted on Elizabeth's countenance.

"No, I am never surprised at people's expectations, and I am sure Mr. Warren will not disappoint those formed by his well-judging friends; but, pray, proceed."

"Everybody says to me, 'Warren! now is your time. This is the opportunity for you to show your critical acumen. Seize the moment, Warren! and give us something that will be read a hundred years hence.' I am pressed on all sides, and I begin to feel that I really ought, in justice to myself, to do something to keep up the credit of this journal."

"He is mad," thought Elizabeth, "or has been in the hands of some dexterous quizzer;" and she sighed as she thought that he could have nothing to say that could interest her, for she had at first hoped that he might bring her occupation. However, Warren went on:—

"My health, you know, is delicate, and my avocations very numerous; and from various causes I am afraid I shall not be able to write until the spring; but, in the meantime, my dear Miss Latimer, I will make use of your pen. Our minds—I say it without flattery, believe me—our minds are somewhat of the same order, allowing for the difference of sex and education. Now, all I ask of you is this: just give me, from time to time, a critique upon some modern writer, and now and then we will review an old one. I leave the choice of subjects to you; of course you will have the advantage of my additions and corrections. Well, what say you? Does the scheme appear feasible? However, I see you are taken by surprise? An hour's reflection will be necessary. Good morning. This evening you shall see me again."

"He has made me laugh, at least," said Elizabeth, after an impatient "pshaw!" "I always thought him a fool, but never expected such an excess of folly from him; but it will cure me of attempting to set bounds to the folly of a foolish man."

Elizabeth did not, at first, give his plan a second thought. The idea of being joined with Warren in a work which she knew would be conducted by men of learning and science, was absurd in the last degree, and she began her letter to the publisher, but her reluctance to undertake this laborious kind of occupation increased every moment. She threw down her pen and abandoned herself to despondency. Then, in spite of herself, Warren's plan recurred to her. It was not as ridiculous as she had thought. There had been, she recollected, instances of starving authors in a garret, while the indolent or empty were building up a reputation upon their labours. Besides, Warren would not be the first fool who had thrust himself into the place of wiser men. They are to be found everywhere—in the halls of legislators, in the cabinet of ministers. They have had their followers and their eulogists, and we have only to look behind the scenes to exclaim with Oxenstiern, *Quam parva sapientia regitur mundus!* At all events it would not be Warren, but herself who would write, and though she doubted her own capacity for the task, still she wished to try. It offered a means of accomplishing her grand object, keeping Louis at school, and it had the charm of privacy; for, since her unsuccessful attempts to escape from her gloomy closets, she had shrunk into them with a feeling more allied to love than to distaste.

By the time Warren returned Elizabeth had so balanced the advantages of his scheme against its objections, as to give him the assent he expected. His presence revived the ridiculous ideas that his proposal had at first suggested. The tone of his voice was expressive of extreme dulness, and there was a stupidity about him that completely oppressed Elizabeth. She began to be ashamed of acceding to his plan, doubting, indeed, if any production, supposed to be his, would obtain a reading from the editor. However, a short time would decide her fate, and she resolved to make the experiment. She inquired beforehand what was to be the compensation for her trouble. He named the probable sum.

"You rate intellectual labour very low," said she, "but no wonder. However, that, four or five times repeated, will be enough for my purpose. You are aware that you must furnish me with books. I must have a great many authorities to bring to the field. A man like you will be expected to be very accurate."

He professed himself willing to be guided by her in everything, begged her to try and catch his style, and urged her over and over to exert herself to the utmost, before he relieved her of his presence.

Elizabeth began her task with great animation, but she soon found it more difficult than

she had anticipated. Her mind was full, yet she was puzzled and distressed. She wanted the habit of writing, which alone, according to Lord Bacon, insures correctness. She found great difficulty in arranging and condensing her ideas, and preserving a degree of order, without which even the writings of the learned and brilliant appear a chaotic mass. She had to weigh well all she said, lest she should be guilty of error or presumption. Her subject was a comparison between the writers of the reign of Anne and the present day. It was not without some timidity that she expressed opinions opposed to the prevailing cant which raves about the march of mind. Physical science is in its glory, and philosophy has made such magnificent presents to the arts, that knowledge is carried with winged speed from the college to the cottage; but mind, alas! must have its limits, must obey the law, which says, "So far shalt thou come and no farther."

Though Elizabeth wrote with facility, she was obliged to refer to so many authorities, to correct and strike out so many redundancies, that she sat up a great part of the night previous to the latest day on which Warren was to call for her little essay. It was finished at last, and she committed it to its trial with a beating heart.

Great was the astonishment of the editor when Warren presented himself in his library with a manuscript of an imposing size in his hand. Greater still at sight of the subject; and it rose to its highest pitch after reading the first few sentences. He knew little of Warren, but he had always heard his name used as a synonym with dulness, and he was betrayed into abruptly exclaiming,

"Mr. Warren! I had no idea—I mean I did not expect—Mr. Warren, is this yours?"

The blush of guilt flew to poor Warren's face, but Mr. Leslie hastened to apologize. "Leave it with me for an hour or two," said he, "and you shall hear from me to-morrow."

As soon as Warren received what gave him a delight which he felt in the same degree with Harpagon—that of "touching something"—he hastened in a transport of generosity to divide it with Elizabeth. It was more than she had hoped for, and the consciousness of possessing the means of contributing to her own support, gave an exhilaration to her spirits to which she had long been a stranger. She walked to the school where Louis was making a progress that repaid her for parting with him, and paid, with a thrill of delight, the first-fruits of her industry to his master.

Dr. B——'s seminary was a mile out of town, and the fresh air of the country, the song of the birds, the very sight of the sky, made her heart glow again with hope and peace. She had something to look forward to. Louis would one day reward her toils. She should one day recount to him how, for his sake, she had conquered the indolence and love of leisure which she foresaw would be a stumbling-block in his way. To see Louis kindling at the tale of her difficulties and promising to repay them all, to hear him spoken of with distinction, and to witness his happiness and success in life, now formed her daily reveries. Her pen often fell from her hand while indulging in these dreams. Dreams they were indeed.

She continued to supply Warren with materials for the fame he was acquiring, though there were times when Mr. Leslie strongly doubted his positive assertions that he was the author of the manuscripts. There was a taste, an elegance in their style, and a sensibility that he felt never came from the coarse mind of Warren. However, he had no means of elucidating the point, and gave it up, hoping that accident might one day or other expose the deception.

In the meantime Warren, who began to find the sums he received from Mr. Leslie extremely convenient for his own purposes, began to reduce Elizabeth's share to a third, and then a fourth of the whole. "She cannot want much," he argued with his conscience, "living in those little garrets. I don't see how she can possibly spend five dollars in six months, and always plainly dressed too. I really think I give her more than enough. I dare say she can manage a little to great advantage."

People who are extravagant on themselves are often wonderfully ingenious in devising plans of economy for others. Elizabeth was surprised at this falling off; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she never suspected him of such a pitiless fraud.

"I have overrated my own productions," said she, "and yet I certainly think I have improved. I have studied the rules of good writing; I read with a deeper spirit of observation; it is strange my pieces should appear of less value to the publishers in proportion as they seem to me more spirited and better finished. Perhaps they are thought studied. I myself find a sameness in them."

Among the many causes she was attributing her diminished resources to, the true one never occurred to her. She knew, of course, from

Warren's imposing on Mr. Leslie and the public that he was not a man of much principle. Indeed, a fool cannot have strict principles. He cannot distinguish sufficiently between right and wrong; but, in the broad path of honesty, she thought he might find his way.

A year passed on, and she found that she had just enough to defray Louis' school expenses, and nothing to lay by towards sending him to college. Her health, too, was impaired by constant application, and her spirits crushed by the unvaried sameness of her employment. Sweet is the sleep of the labouring man; but it must be that labour which feels the breath of heaven fan the brow—alternate motion and rest. But when, after a whole day has been passed in mental exercise, the fevered head is laid upon its pillow, and the stretched and burning eyelids refuse to close; when the glare of white paper, or interminable rows of letters dance before the throbbing eyeballs, and one idea haunts the brain till its repetition becomes maddening—these, these are the pains and penalties of mind that make us wish to have been born among those whose hands alone are employed to procure their daily bread. Elizabeth had been accustomed to study and reflection, but there is something very different between study in a large and airy chamber where light and shade are pleasantly blended, when the first sensations of fatigue may be dissipated by exercise or conversation, and leaning incessantly over a flat, low table, by the side of a little window where light is struggling with darkness. She felt her health languish, her head ached incessantly, but still she went on for several months, indulging herself now and then with a walk to Dr. B——'s, and an evening spent at Mrs. Graham's. This lady had often a little circle of friends around her, whose society would have been of service to Elizabeth's spirits, but she shrunk from company, and, with an irritability peculiar to the unfortunate, who feel lonely, neglected, and unappreciated, often repulsed those who wished to be kind to her.

"My temper is growing savage," said she, one evening, while she was putting on her hat to go to her friends; "I believe I answered that kind and lovely-looking woman who spoke so sweetly to me the last time I was at Mrs. Graham's, with a canine growl. But, alas! I felt a horrid kind of envy at seeing a creature so happy and apparently so beloved by every one present. Her happiness did not seem to be put on for the occasion, but the abiding expression of her face, and while I was contrasting her situation with mine, to hear her speak to me with that easy, confiding tone of voice that came from a heart at ease—oh! she would have forgiven me if she had seen the wretchedness of mine!" and Elizabeth sat down and wept in penitence at having given way to such feelings.

She hoped to meet Mrs. Leslie again, and was disappointed to find Mrs. Graham alone. She dared not speak of Mrs. Leslie, for she felt her voice falter as she thought of her. Yet she tried to induce Mrs. Graham to begin the subject. But as she was drawing a portrait of gentleness and beauty which made her friend exclaim, "Why, one would think you were acquainted with Mrs. Leslie," Mr. Graham came in, and after expressing his pleasure at seeing Elizabeth, whose absence from his little parties had pained him, he turned to Mrs. Graham and asked her if she had any idea to whom she was indebted for the pleasure of her morning's reading.

"No," said she; "I am glad you remind me of it, for I thought of Elizabeth while I was reading. It is," she continued, turning to her friend, "a very well-written essay upon simplicity, real and affected; and contrasts the strong, manly simplicity of Crabbe with the childish, unmeaning prattle of Wordsworth, in almost the same words which I have heard you make use of in arguing with Marianne."

Elizabeth trembled. She suspected Mr. Graham alluded to her, but he went on.

"I would ask you to guess the author, but I should be weary of seeing you puzzled. Know, then, that Warren—Philip Augustus Warren—is the principal contributor to Mr. Leslie's journal."

"Now, I am not surprised," said his wife, "for it is impossible to make me believe such a tale. You forget we both know Warren, and know that he is ignorant as well as dull. I question much if he knows what poetry is, unless he attaches some idea of rhyme to it."

"I thought so myself, but listen. This morning I was talking with Mr. Leslie, who was in his library, where, to my surprise, I found Warren taking down books and turning over leaves with quite the air of an author. Something was said about the miseries of authors:—'They are no longer pecuniary miseries,' said Leslie. 'The times are changed since Dryden wrote prologues for two guineas a piece.' Here Warren turned briskly round, exclaiming, 'Two guineas! bless me! times *are* changed. Why, Mr. Leslie, I receive more than triple that sum for some of

my humble contributions to your journal.' I looked at Leslie with as much amazement as if I had heard him proclaim himself the Emperor of China; but Leslie did not look surprised, he only said, 'Very true.' I waited a long time for Warren to go away, that I might understand this mystery, and at length I learned that he regularly carries Mr. Leslie every month a paper for his magazine. He pointed them out to me in some of the numbers, and I assure you they were the same I have frequently heard you admire."

"Even now," said Mrs. Graham, "I do not believe it. He is vain as well as foolish, and he has either stolen those pieces, or hired some one to write them."

"That is what I hinted to Leslie; but he told me that he had once offended Warren by expressing his own doubts on the subject, and that his assurances of their being his were so positive that he felt he had no right to accuse him of falsehood till he had proved it. One thing that disgusted me in Warren was his counting up the money he had received, and muttering every now and then, "Dryden wrote prologues for two guineas! Why, I have made two hundred dollars in the last six months." That entirely convinced me that he is speculating in the talents of some one he keeps concealed."

It is impossible to describe Elizabeth's indignation at learning how she had been deceived. She did not hesitate a moment how to act. Warren was to call the next morning for some manuscripts that she had ready for him, and she determined to speak to him of the baseness of his conduct, and break with him at once. But there is something in the mere presence of a fool that blunts our most eloquent reproaches. It would be absurd, she thought, to talk to him of defrauding the orphan; it will be enough to tell him he has acted dishonestly, and that I will no longer "lend him my pen."

Warren turned pale at her stern inquiry whether he had fulfilled his promise of giving her whatever he should receive from the editor. He solemnly declared that he had done so, but Elizabeth stopped him short by repeating, word for word, the conversation that had passed in Mr. Leslie's library.

"Now, Mr. Warren, after this it is impossible that I can continue to give up time and health for you. You know the object of my labour; you know my anxiety to procure for Louis the advantages of a good education, and you have enriched yourself at my expense. Find somewhere else a pen that will be at your service; mine writes not another word for you."

It was in vain Warren entreated, promised, swore. He even knelt to conjure her to retract. He offered to refund, to pay most liberally; but she was inexorable, and he was obliged to depart, cursing his own folly for boasting of making more by his pen than Dryden by his prologues.

And now what was to become of Elizabeth? She thought of sending her papers to Mr. Leslie, but that would instantly betray Warren, and she had promised him to be silent. She was strongly tempted, but resisted. "He has behaved ill to me, certainly," said she, "but I must not, on that account, forget my own principles. It is the spirit of retaliation that makes dishonesty travel on like a snowball. I must not think of such redress; but what am I to do? The Grahams have already proved their inability to assist me. However, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,'" —and, hurrying to her room, Elizabeth put on her bonnet and set out for the publisher to offer herself as a translator.

The courteousness of her reception encouraged her, but he looked dubious as to the success of her plan. "Translations did not take," he said, "at present—almost everybody read French, and the best novels were already translated."

"But," said Elizabeth, hurriedly, "I do not confine myself to French or to novels. I know several languages, and have the habit of writing. Let me undertake any work that you will risk the publication of; and if you are not satisfied I will give it up."

For several minutes she waited in suspense while he knit his brows, tapped upon the table, and gave evident signs of hesitation. At length he said, "Well, madam, there is a work of Herder's that you may try."

"May try!" Elizabeth rose, then sat down again. At last, summoning all her fortitude, she said, "My object is neither amusement nor reputation, sir. I simply write for my support, and came to know if you would give me occupation, with a moderate compensation."

Mr. C—— was touched by the look of pain and weariness on her countenance, and agreed immediately to give her a hundred dollars for an elegant translation. The sum sounded magnificent, and she retraced her steps with a lightened heart.

But her task proved tedious and difficult. The extreme attention it required fatigued her mind. There were subjects for verbal criti-

cism that required a great deal of thought, and, in the present state of her health, thought and study completely overpowered her. Eighteen months of seclusion and application, uncheered by success, and rendered still more painful by the privations to which poverty is liable, had destroyed the vigour of her mind, and injured a frame that had never been robust. There were times when she felt such a dying away of her mental powers that she feared her faculties were leaving her. She sought to revive her sinking spirits by going oftener to Mrs. Graham's, and by frequent walks to Dr. B——'s, but the exertion now became a toil, and panting for breath she would sit on a bank at some distance from the school, hoping that chance or sport might lead her darling in that direction. One evening he did discover her, and rushing into her arms reproached her for her long absence.

"You must ask leave to come and see me, Louis. This walk is not a short one, you know, and I am apt to be tired."

Louis looked at her and attempted to speak, but turned his head away and burst into tears. Elizabeth soothingly inquired into his distress, and found that he wished to be taken from school. Oh! do not deny me, dearest Elizabeth. It is for me you look so thin and pale. Instead of living in comfort, you are spending all you have upon me. Now take me from school and bind me to some trade. Don't look so shocked! I have been reading the *Life of Franklin*, and if he, from being an apprentice to a printer, rose to be such a great man, why should I despair? Do, dear sister, bind me to a printer. It is the best trade—at least, the most agreeable trade I can think of, and some years hence I may repay all your goodness."

"Louis—Louis—dear, generous boy! do not pain me by such language. You can requite me better by applying to your studies, than by trying the uncertainty of rising from obscurity into eminence. You forget Dr. Franklin had a wonderful mind, and lived in times to draw forth powerful energies. The probability is, dear Louis, that if you are a printer at fifteen, you will still be a printer at thirty; but another time we will speak of this. The sun is setting and I have far to walk."

It was with feeble steps she regained her dwelling, and, with a reluctant pen, resumed her task, which became daily more difficult. Her headaches were so frequent and so intense that she frequently spent whole days in correcting the mistakes of the preceding ones. The very attitude necessary for writing gave her pain, but she felt that she could not stop, and some days after the time appointed by Mr. C—— she walked with a beating heart to his house with her translation. She was shown into a parlour at the back of the book-shop, where she sat absorbed in her own feelings, unconscious that she had drawn the attention of a gentleman who entered some moments after her, and who stood gazing with painful interest upon her anxious and excited countenance, which he was sure he had seen before, but could not recollect when or where. And, indeed, Elizabeth was changed since he had seen her last. The calm, high, meditative brow was now contracted by pain, and care had dug caves for those once placid eyes. She sat leaning her head upon her wasted hand, lost in her own anxious thoughts till Mr. C—— came in.

"Ah! you have brought the translation. However, I have changed my mind since you were here last." Elizabeth, who had learned to anticipate injustice, lost all self-command, and clasping her hands, burst into a passion of tears. "Nay, do not suppose," said Mr. C——, distressed at his own abruptness, "that I have forgotten our agreement. I have no idea of depriving you of the price of your labours."

He unlocked a desk and took out bills which he put into her hand, saying, "I only meant to tell you that I have deferred the publication of this work for a few months, as there are so many new books in the press."

Elizabeth hardly heard him. All she thought of was to be at home and alone. Yet still the future occurred to her. She offered her address to Mr. C——, saying in a voice of hopelessness, "Should you have occasion to employ any one in the drudgery of literature, in copying, correcting"——she paused, feeling as if she were soliciting charity. The card dropped from her fingers and she hurried away.

Mr. Leslie, for it was he who had been an unobserved spectator of Elizabeth's distress, took up the manuscript that lay on the table.

"A singular young person, that," said the bookseller; "I must try and find her some employment. Yet I cannot understand how such an elegant and accomplished woman should be in such extreme distress. But what astonishes you?" for, as soon as Leslie had cast his eyes on the handwriting, he recognized that of Warren's manuscripts.

Everything was the same—the folding of the paper, the very silk with which it was

fastened. There could be no doubt as to her being the charming writer he had so long wished to discover. "Latimer!" he exclaimed; "surely this must be the daughter of him who was involved in the ruin of B—— and T——."

Upon making inquiries Mr. Leslie found that she who was now struggling with poverty and neglect had once been among the favourites of fortune. He described to his wife the scene in Mr. C——'s parlour, and she readily joined with him in the wish to serve Elizabeth. But it was too late to serve or save. She had returned to her lodgings, and throwing herself upon her bed, gave way to utter despondency. A low fever had been for sometime hanging about her, and she now lay down, expecting to rise no more. Oh! that sinking of the heart, when, after struggling with ill fortune, we find ourselves at the very spot from which we set out, like the shipwrecked wretch who, after buffeting the waves through a long night of darkness, sees himself at morning in the midst of a shoreless ocean, with hope and strength exhausted.

Elizabeth had not moved from the spot where she had first thrown herself, when her landlady announced Mr. Leslie. His name excited no emotion. She rose mechanically, and went down. Leslie had been examining the books which crowded her little apartment, and everything he saw convinced him that he was right in his suspicions. He delicately stated to her his discovery, and expressed a wish to remove her to a station where her talents might procure for her competency and respect. The words sounded like mockery to Elizabeth. Her mind was in that state of abandonment and depression that, had the honours and riches of the world been within her grasp, she would not have extended her hand.

Mr. Leslie proceeded to offer her the superintendence of the education of six young ladies, all of that age when a desire to learn saves the teacher an infinity of trouble. She was about to decline, but the thought of Louis roused her. She lifted her languid head, and attempted to thank Mr. Leslie.

"Yet give me a short interval of rest before I begin any new employment. It will be but short, for now I feel as if the prospect of accomplishing the first wish of my heart will give me new life and spirits. It is not to contribute to my own necessities that I have struggled with misfortune, but I have a brother dependent upon me—a boy of such uncommon abilities, that I feel it would be neglecting one of Heaven's best gifts were I to repress them by devoting him to an employment better suited to his circumstances."

"This indeed," thought Leslie, "is woman's love! This is woman's pure, self-sacrificing spirit! That which has supported the sage in his dungeon, the martyr at the stake, and many a misnamed hero, is not wanting here. She is satisfied with her motive, looking forward to a reward so uncertain as the promise of talent in boyhood, a promise as deceitful as the winds or waters."

He left Elizabeth with excited hopes, that prevented her from feeling for some hours the fever that was preying upon her. But the hour of reaction came. All night the wild images of delirium danced before her tortured eyes, and on the morrow, when Mrs. Leslie called to invite her to her house, Elizabeth's ear was deaf to the soft voice that tried to awaken consciousness.

As soon as she was well enough to bear removal, Mrs. Leslie carried her into the country, where the sight of the green hills and slopes made her feel as if she could again brush the dew from their summits; but even Nature—beautiful Nature—once so beloved, and, during her long, gloomy hours in —— Street, so anxiously pined after, failed to restore elasticity to her step. It was autumn—a season she had always loved better even than

> ——"The music and the bloom
> And all the mighty ravishment of spring."

But now, those softly shaded days, which once filled her heart with a pensiveness that she would not have exchanged for mirth, gave a chill to her frame as though the season had been December.

Elizabeth felt that her race was run; but the heart, where despondency had long made its cheerless abode, was now soothed by the new and welcome feelings of gratitude and love.

Mrs. Leslie was one of those benevolent beings who seize upon our affections as their right. The heart gave itself up to her with perfect confidence. The greatest sceptic as to the existence of virtue could not look upon her open, candid countenance without feeling staggered, nor witness the happiness she diffused around her, by the influence of a heavenly disposition upon the daily events of life, without feeling that the source from whence they flowed was pure. One felt in her presence that something good was near, yet there was no parade of goodness about Mrs. Leslie—not obvious, not obtrusive, and only seen—

———"In all those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions."

"Look, dear Elizabeth," said she to her languid, pale companion, as they were returning from an excursion to some of the beautiful villages on the Connecticut; "Look! that is Mount Holyoke. He overlooks my native village. I hope the time is not far off when we shall climb his rugged sides together."

Elizabeth shook her head. "Do not deceive me. I feel that ere long I shall be in the presence of God. And yet I cannot say I die without regret, for I am yet young, and youth, even though oppressed with care, shrinks back at sight of the grave. Yet, as I feel drawing nearer to it, much of the fear that it once excited subsides, and perhaps before my last hour comes, I may cease to think even on Louis. Poor Louis! if I could have lived a few years longer—but God's will be done!"

Mrs. Leslie wept. She understood how dreadful was the uncertainty of Elizabeth's mind as to Louis, and she lost no time in consulting her husband about removing the only weight from her heart. He willingly agreed to her benevolent proposal, and that very evening Elizabeth was made happy by his assuring her that Louis should receive the same advantages of education as his own son. She could only weep and press their hands. "My generous friends! may his future life thank you! may he rise up with your own and call you blessed!"

Elizabeth lingered only a month longer. The Leslies would not part with her, and their attachment grew stronger as the object of it was fading before their eyes. There were times when all her delightful powers seemed renewed; when the treasures of her memory and imagination charmed away the winter evening; but the flushed cheek and glittering eye warned them that the lamp of life was burning fast away.

One evening she left the drawing-room earlier than usual. Mrs. Leslie saw with alarm the extreme paleness of her countenance, and after a brief interval followed her to her chamber. She paused a minute at the door, for Elizabeth had sunk on her knees at the foot of the bed. One arm hung by her side; her head had fallen on the other, which she had flung across the bed. Mrs. Leslie trembled as she saw her motionless, then rushed forward—but the hand she grasped was icy cold. The spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle for ever.—*The Legendary.*

VIEW FROM A HALTING-PLACE.[1]

A stretch of bleak December heath,
And one lone being o'er it wending
After his shadow, which but tells him
The sun is fast descending;—
A very cheering piece of news
To one with travel bending,—
And many a mile between him plac'd
And any hope of ending.

The small birds wander here and there—
And yonder goes a falcon floating
Along the rough rocks by the stream,—
Each nook and cranny noting
Where haply some unlucky wretch
May harbour, little woting
That such a visitor is near,
On his destruction doating.

The crowding mountains far away
Look very cold and melancholy
Beneath their snow locks—while the wind
Scarce brings the rushing volley
Of their hoar cataracts, which rave
For aye, like sprites unholy—
All things, in short, have bid a truce
To aught of mirth or folly.

The cattle seem in musing mood,
To gaze on distance, with slow-winking
And languid eyes:—one almost knows
They cannot but be thinking
Of summer with its shiny days,
And grass with dew-drops twinking,
And wild bees from the fragrant flowers
The honey-treasure drinking.

The clouds are marble—like above—
So also is the gray ground under—
The heron on the marsh stone stands
Lost in a dreamy wonder
Why such a thing as ice should keep
The fish and him asunder,—
And fears that old dame Nature now
Has got into a blunder.

So this is Highland winter—well
He has a solemn air about him
Among these desert plains and steeps,—
And rules it sternly, I don't doubt him—
That's right:—fire—candles—and the tea-cups,
And *Blackwood*—who could do without him?
Sweet "May-day"—"Cottages"—and "Birds;"
If winter ventures here, we'll rout him.

[1] Rev. Thomas Brydson, died about 1856. Whilst labouring as minister of Kilmalcolm he contributed in prose and verse to various periodicals. The above is from his volume entitled *Pictures of the Past.*

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad-axe to the gnarléd oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part:
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough,—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below,—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?

Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within;
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

—*Songs of Labour.*

THE WAR-TRUMPET.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon-pyre!
A hundred hills have seen the brand
And waved the sign of fire!
A hundred banners to the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast,
And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past!

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth!
The mother on her first-born son
Looks with a boding eye;—
They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;
E'en for the marriage altar crowned,
The lover quits his bride!
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By *earthly* clarion spread!
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead?

J.A.WALKER PINX. GEBBIE & CO

THE WAR TRUMPET

See Page 234.

DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM AND THE TEMPLE.

[FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS was born at Jerusalem in 37 A.D. of a noble and wealthy family. Liberally educated by the Scribes, though his ambitious character subsequently led him to adopt the views of the Pharisees, he soon became a distinguished citizen of Jerusalem, was entrusted with a diplomatic mission to Rome, which he successfully managed, and returned with honor to Jerusalem.

In the revolt of the Jews under Nero and Otho he was taken prisoner, but was mercifully treated; he was retained a prisoner, and was present in the Roman army at the destruction of Jerusalem, and accompanied Titus to Rome, where he resided till his death.

His great work is a *History of the Jewish War* from 170 B. C. to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. This was originally written in Hebrew, but translated by himself into Greek. We extract his description of Jerusalem and The Temple from Traill's translation.]

1. Jerusalem, fortified by three walls—except where it was encompassed by its impassible ravines, for there it had but a single rampart—was built, the one division fronting the other, on two hills, separated by an intervening valley, at which the rows of houses terminated. Of these hills, that on which the upper town is situated is much the higher, and straighter in its length. Accordingly, on account of its strength, it was styled the Fortress by king David, the father of Solomon, by whom the temple was originally erected; but by us, the Upper Market-Place. The other, which bears the name of Acra, and supports the lower town, is of a gibbous form. Opposite to this was a third hill, naturally lower than Acra, and formerly severed from it by another broad ravine. Afterwards, however, the Asmonæans, during their reign, filled up the ravine, with the intention of uniting the city to the temple; and levelling the summit of Acra, they reduced the elevation, so that the temple might be conspicuous above other objects in this quarter also. The Valley of the Cheese-makers, as it was designated, which divided, as we have said, the hill of the upper town from that of the lower, extended as far as Siloam, as we call it, a fountain whose waters are at once sweet and copious. On the exterior, the two hills on which the city stood were skirted by deep ravines, so precipitous on either side that the town was nowhere accessible.

2. Of the three walls, the most ancient, as well from the ravines which surrounded it, as from the hill above them on which it was erected, was almost impregnable. But, besides the advantages of its situation, it was also strongly built; David and Solomon, as well as their successors on the throne, having devoted much attention to the work. Beginning on the north at the tower called Hippicus, and extending to what was called the Xystus, it then formed a junction with the council-house, and terminated at the western colonnade of the temple. On the other side towards the west, beginning at the same tower, it stretched through Bethso, as it was styled, to the gate of the Essenes. It then turned, and advanced with a southern aspect above the fountain of Siloam, whence it again inclined, facing the east, towards Solomon's reservoir, and extending to a certain spot designated Ophla, it joined the eastern colonnade of the temple.

The second had its beginning at the gate which they called Oennath, belonging to the first wall. It reached to the Antonia, and encircled only the northern quarter of the town. The tower Hippicus formed the commencement of the third wall, which stretched from thence towards the northern quarter, as far as the tower Psephinus, and then passing opposite the monuments of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, and mother of king Izates, and extending through the royal caverns, was inflected at the corner tower near to the spot known by the appellation of the Fuller's Tomb; and, connecting itself with the old wall, terminated at the valley called Kedron. This wall Agrippa had thrown around the new-built town, which was quite unprotected; for the city, overflowing with inhabitants, gradually crept beyond the ramparts; and the people, incorporating with the city the quarter north of the temple close to the hill, made a considerable advance, insomuch that a fourth hill, which is called Bezetha, was also surrounded with inhabitants. It lay over against the Antonia, from which it was separated by a deep fosse, purposely excavated to cut off the communication between the foundations of the Antonia and the hill, that they might be at once less easy of access, and more elevated. Thus the depth of the trench materially increased the altitude of the towers.

The quarter most recently built was called, in our language, Bezetha, which, if translated into the Greek tongue, would be Cænopolis (*New-town*). Those who resided there requiring defence, the father of the present sovereign, and of the same name,

Agrippa, commenced the wall we have mentioned. But, apprehending that Claudius Cæsar might suspect from the magnitude of the structure that he entertained some designs of innovation and insurrection, he desisted when he had merely laid the foundations. For, indeed, had he completed that wall upon the scale on which it was begun, the city would have been impregnable. It was constructed of stones twenty cubits long and ten broad, fitted into each other in such a manner that they could scarcely have been undermined with iron, or shaken with engines. The wall itself was ten cubits in breadth; and it would probably have attained a greater height than it did, had not the enterprising spirit of its founder met with a check; but subsequently, though the work was carried on with ardor by the Jews, it only rose to the height of twenty cubits; while, crowning this, were battlements of two cubits, upon parapets of three cubits in altitude, so that it attained in its entire elevation twenty-five cubits.

3. On this wall were erected towers, twenty cubits in breadth, and the same in height, square, and solid as the wall itself. In the joining and beauty of the stones, they were nowise inferior to the temple. Over the solid altitude of the towers, which was twenty cubits, were sumptuous apartments; and above these, again, upper rooms, and numerous cisterns therein to receive the rain-water, and to each room wide staircases. Of such towers the third wall had ninety, disposed at intervals of two hundred cubits. The middle wall was divided into fourteen towers, and the ancient one into sixty. Of the city, the entire circuit was thirty-three furlongs. But admirable as was the third wall throughout, still more so was the tower Psephinus, which rose up at the north-west angle, and opposite to which Titus encamped. Being seventy cubits high, it afforded at sunrise a prospect of Arabia, and of the limits of the Hebrew territories as far as the sea; it was octagonal in form.

Over against this was the tower Hippicus, and near to it two others, all erected by king Herod in the ancient wall, which, in magnitude, beauty, and strength, exceeded all that the world could produce; for, with a taste naturally magnificent, and ambitious of decorating the city, the king further sought, in the surpassing splendor of these works, to gratify his private feelings, and dedicated them to the memory of the three persons to whom he had been most tenderly attached, and after whom he named the towers—his brother, his friend, and his wife. The last mentioned, as we have above related, he had put to death through wounded love; the two former he had lost in war, fighting gallantly.

Hippicus, so called from his friend, was quadrangular, its length and breadth being each twenty-five cubits, and to the height of thirty cubits it was solid throughout. Above this solid part, which was constructed of stones formed into one compact mass, was a reservoir to receive the rain, twenty cubits deep, over which was a house of two stories, twenty-five cubits high, and divided into various apartments. Above this were battlements of two cubits in height, mounted upon parapets of three; so that the entire altitude amounted to eighty cubits.

The second tower, which he named Phasaëlus, from his brother, was of equal length and breadth, forty cubits each, and the same in solid height. Over this, and embracing the whole of the structure, was a gallery, ten cubits high, defended by breast-works and battlements. Above this, and rising from its centre, was built another tower, containing sumptuous apartments, and also a bath; so that nothing was wanting to impart to this tower the aspect of a palace. Its summit was more richly ornamented with battlements and parapets than that just described, and its entire altitude was about ninety cubits. In appearance it resembled the tower of Pharos, which serves as a light-house to those sailing to Alexandria, though it was much greater in circumference. At this date it was the seat of Simon's tyranny.

The third tower, Mariamne—for such was the queen's name—was solid to the height of twenty cubits; its breadth, also, being twenty cubits, and its length the same. Its upper apartments were more sumptuous and elegant than those of the other towers, the king thinking it more suitable that that named from a woman should be more highly ornamented than those called after men, just as they were stronger than a woman's. Of this the entire elevation was fifty-five cubits.

4. But while such was the actual magnitude of these three towers, their site added much to their apparent dimensions. For the ancient wall in which they stood was itself built on a lofty hill; and higher still rose up in front, to the height of thirty cubits, a kind of crest of the hill; on this

the towers rested, and thus acquired a much greater altitude. Admirable, likewise, was the magnitude of the stones; for these towers were not constructed of ordinary blocks, nor of stones such as might be carried by men, but of white marble, cut; and the length of each block was twenty cubits, its breadth ten, and its depth five. So accurately were they joined one upon another, that each tower seemed a single rock that jutted up naturally, and had subsequently been polished all round by the hands of the artificer into its angular form; so totally imperceptible on all sides was the fitting of the joints.

To these towers, which lay northward, was attached on the inner side the royal residence, which exceeded all description. The magnificence of the work, and the skill displayed in its construction, could not be surpassed. It was completely enclosed within a wall thirty cubits high, and ornamented towers were distributed around it at equal distances, with spacious apartments, each capable of containing couches for a hundred guests. In these the diversity of the stones were not to be expressed; for, whatever was rare in every country, was there collected in abundance. Admirable, also, were their roofs, both for the length of the beams, and for the splendor of their decorations. The number of apartments, moreover, and the variety of devices around them, were infinite; nor was any article of furniture wanting in any of them, the greater proportion of it in each being in silver and gold.

All around were many cloistered courts opening into one another, and the columns in each different. Such parts of these as were open to the air were everywhere clothed with verdure. There were besides, various groves with long walks through them, lined by deep conduits; and in many places ponds studded with bronze figures, through which the water was discharged; and around the streams were numerous cots for tame doves. But, indeed, adequately to describe the palace is impossible; and the recollection stings me to the heart, recalling as it does the ravages of the brigand fires. For it was not the Romans who consigned it to the flames, but this was done, as we have before related, by the conspirators within the city at an early stage of the revolt. The conflagration began at the Antonia, passed onward to the palace, and consumed the roofs of the three towers.

THE TEMPLE.

1. The temple, as I have said, was seated on a strong hill. Originally the level space on its summit scarcely sufficed for the sanctuary and the altar, the ground about being abrupt and steep. But king Solomon, who built the sanctuary, having completely walled up the eastern side, a colonnade was built upon the embankment. On the other sides, the sanctuary remained exposed. In process of time, however, as the people were constantly adding to the embankment, the hill became level and broader. They also threw down the northern wall, and enclosed as much ground as the circuit of the temple at large subsequently occupied. After having surrounded the hill from the base with a triple wall, and accomplished a work which surpassed all expectation—a work on which long ages were consumed, and all their sacred treasures exhausted, though replenished by the tributes offered to God from every region of the world—they built the upper boundary walls, and the lower court of the temple.

The lowest part of the latter they built up from a depth of three hundred cubits, and in some places more. The entire depth of the foundations, however, was not discernible; for, with a view to level the streets of the town, they filled up the ravines to a considerable extent. There were stones used in the building which measured forty cubits; for so ample was the supply of money, and such the zeal of the people, that incredible success attended the undertaking; and that of which hope itself could not anticipate the accomplishment, was by time and perseverance completed.

2. Nor was the superstructure unworthy of such foundations. The colonnades, double throughout, were supported by pillars twenty-five cubits in height, each a single block of marble of the purest white. The ceilings were of panelled cedar. The natural magnificence of the latter, their exquisite polish, and the accurate fitting of the joints, presented a memorable spectacle, though unaided by any extrinsic embellishments of painting or sculpture. The colonnades were thirty cubits broad, and their entire circuit, including the Antonia, measured six furlongs. The open space was paved throughout, and variegated with stones of every kind. As you advanced through this to the second court of the temple, you came to a stone balustrade, drawn all around, three

cubits in height, and of exquisite workmanship. On this stood tablets at regular intervals, setting forth the law of purification, some in Greek, others in Roman letters, that no foreigner was permitted to enter within the holy place; for so the second court of the temple was called. It was ascended from the first by fourteen steps, was quadrangular at the top, and surrounded by a distinct wall. The exterior altitude of this, though not less than forty cubits, was concealed by the steps; the inner was twenty-five cubits; for being constructed with steps against a rising ground, a portion only of the inner wall was visible, the remainder being concealed by the hill.

Beyond the fourteen steps, the distance to the wall was ten cubits, all level. Thence again other flights of five steps led up to the gates, of which there were eight on the north and south sides, four to each, and two necessarily on the east; for a place of worship, set apart for the women, having been portioned off on that quarter by a wall, a second gate became requisite. This was opened opposite to the first. There were also, on the other side, one southern, and one northern gate, through which they could pass into the women's court; for women were not permitted to enter by the others, nor yet through their own to pass beyond the wall of separation. This enclosure was, however, free for purposes of worship both to women of our own country, and to those of our people born in foreign lands, without distinction. The quarter towards the west had no gate; the wall on that side being built without a break. The cloisters that extended between the gates from the wall, and turned inward in front of the treasury chambers, were supported by large and extremely beautiful columns. These were single, and, except in size, in no respect inferior to those of the lower court.

3. Of the gates nine were overlaid throughout with gold and silver; as were their side-posts and lintels; but one of them, that which was exterior to the sanctuary, was of Corinthian brass, and greatly exceeding in sumptuousness those plated with silver and gold. To each gateway were two doors, and each door was thirty cubits in height and fifteen in breadth. Within the entrances, however, the gateways expanded on either side, and contained chambers thirty cubits in breadth and the same in length, built in the form of towers, and exceeding forty cubits in altitude; each supported by two pillars, twelve cubits in circumference. Of all the other gates the dimensions were equal; but that beyond the Corinthian, and which opened on the eastern side of the women's court, opposite the gate of the sanctuary, was much the larger; having an elevation of fifty cubits, with doors of forty, and with decorations more costly, being overlaid with massive plates of silver and gold. The nine gates were sheeted in this manner by Alexander, the father of Tiberius. Fifteen steps conducted from the women's partition to the larger gate: for they were shallower than those five steps which led to the other gates.

4. To the sanctuary itself, to the holy temple, situated in the centre, the ascent was by twelve steps. In front its height and breadth were equal, a hundred cubits each. In rear it was forty cubits narrower; for in front a kind of shoulders extended on either side twenty cubits. Its first gate, which was seventy cubits high, and twenty-five broad, had no doors; for it represented the invisible and unobstructed heaven. The entire face was covered with gold; and through it appeared within, the whole of the first compartment, which was very large; while every thing around the inner gate met the eye of the spectator, resplendent with gold. The sanctuary within consisting of two stories, the first compartment alone lay exposed to view, rising without a break to an elevation of ninety cubits, its length being fifty, and its breadth twenty. The gate-way through this was, as I have stated, completely overlaid with gold, as was the whole wall around it. It had about it, moreover, golden vines, from which hung down clusters of grapes a man's stature in length.

The sanctuary being divided beyond this into two stories, the inside view was lower than the outside, and it had golden doors fifty-five cubits high, and sixteen wide. Before these were spread a veil of equal length. It was of Babylonian tapestry, variegated with blue and fine linen, with scarlet and purple, wrought with admirable skill. Nor was the mixture of the materials without design; it served as a symbol of the universe. For the scarlet seemed emblematical of fire, the fine linen of the earth, the blue of the air, and the purple of the sea; two of them being thus compared for their color; the fine linen and the purple, on account of their origin; as the earth produces the one, and the sea the other. Embroidered on this tapestry was a representa-

tion of the entire heaven, the signs of the Zodiac excepted.

5. Advancing within, the lower story of the sanctuary received you. This was sixty cubits in height, and the same in length, while its breadth was twenty cubits. These sixty cubits of length were again divided. The first part, partitioned off at forty cubits, contained within it three pieces of workmanship, most admirable and universally celebrated; a candlestick, a table, and an altar of incense. The seven lamps represented the planets, for so many were the branches of the candlestick. The loaves on the table, twelve in number, symbolized the circle of the Zodiac, and the year. The altar of incense, by the thirteen fragrant spices, with which it was replenished from the sea, and from lands inhabited and uninhabited, signified that all things are of God, and for God.

The innermost recess of the temple measured twenty cubits, and was separated in like manner from the outer by a veil. In this, nothing whatever was deposited. Unapproachable, inviolable, and to be seen by none, it was called the Holy of the Holy. Around the sides of the lower part of the sanctuary were many houses of three stories, communicating with one another. To these, on either side, were entrances from the vestibule. The upper part of the building had none of these chambers, inasmuch as it was narrower; but it rose forty cubits higher, and was less sumptuous than the lower part. Thus, including sixty cubits of the ground floor, we collect that the entire altitude was a hundred cubits.

6. The exterior front of the edifice wanted nothing that could strike either the mind or the eye. Overlaid throughout with massy plates of gold, it reflected at sunrise so fiery a lustre, that those who constrained themselves to look upon it were compelled to avert their eyes, as from the solar rays. To strangers approaching, it seemed, from a distance, like a mountain covered with snow; for in those parts not overlaid with gold, the building was of the purest white. On its summit were fixed sharp golden spikes, to prevent the birds from settling, and polluting the roof. Of the stones of which it was constructed, some were forty-five cubits in length, five in depth, and six in breadth. In front of it stood the altar, fifteen cubits high, and extending equally in length and breadth, fifty cubits each way. In form, it was quadrangular, with corners projecting like horns. It was ascended on the south by a gently sloping acclivity. In its construction no iron was used, nor was it ever touched by iron. Surrounding both the sanctuary and the altar was a neat barrier, about a cubit high, of ornamental stone, which separated the people from the priests. Those affected with impure runnings, or with leprosy, were excluded from every quarter of the city. To women it was closed at particular periods; nor even when purified were they allowed to pass the limit we have mentioned above. Men, not thoroughly purified, were prohibited from the inner court; from which the priests were equally excluded, if in any respect defiled.

7. Those who were of sacerdotal lineage, but were prevented from ministering by defect, were permitted to come within the partition, along with those who had no imperfection, and received the portion which was their birth-right, but they wore the habit of private individuals: for he alone that ministered was clad with the sacred vestments. The priests who were without blemish went up to the altar and the sanctuary dressed in fine linen, carefully abstaining from wine through a religious awe, lest they should be guilty of any transgression in their ministrations. The high priest went up with them, not at all times indeed, but on the seventh days, and new moons; and on any national festival, or annual assemblage of all the people. When ministering, he wore drawers which covered his thighs up to the loins, and an under garment of linen, and over that a blue vestment reaching to his feet, round and fringed. From the fringes were suspended golden bells, alternated with pomegranates; the bells a symbol of thunder, the pomegranates of lightning. The girdle which attached the garment to the breast was formed of five cinctures, embroidered and flowered with gold, purple, scarlet, fine linen, and blue, with which, as we have stated, the veils of the sanctuary were also interwoven.

He had an ephod, likewise, of the same mixed material, the gold preponderating. Its figure was similar to that of an ordinary corselet. It was fastened by two golden clasps, resembling small shields, in which were set two large and very beautiful sardonyxes, bearing inscribed the names of those from whom the tribes of the nation were denominated. On the fore part were attached to it twelve stones, assorted in four rows of three each; a sardius, a topaz, and

an emerald; a carbuncle, a jasper, and a sapphire; an agate, an amethyst, and a ligure; an onyx, a beryl, and a chrysolith; on each of which, again, was written the name of one of the heads of the tribes. His head was covered with a mitre of fine linen, wreathed with blue, round which was another crown, of gold. whereon were embossed the sacred letters. which are four vowels. This dress the high priest did not wear on ordinary occasions, but used one of a plainer description, except when he entered the most holy place, into which he went alone once in the year, on the day upon which it was a universal custom with us to observe a fast to God. Of the city and temple, and of the usages and laws peculiar to them, we shall speak more minutely at another time; for, in reference to these, much remains to be said.

8. The Antonia lay at the angle formed by two colonnades, the western and the northern, of the first court of the temple. It was built upon a rock fifty cubits high, and on every side precipitous. It was a work of king Herod, in which he particularly evinced the natural greatness of his mind. For, first, the rock was covered from the base upwards with smooth stone flags, as well for ornament. as that any one who attempted to ascend or descend might slip off. Next, and in front of the edifice itself, there was a wall of three cubits; and within this the entire space occupied by the Antonia rose to an altitude of forty cubits. The interior resembled a palace in extent and arrangement, being distributed into apartments of every description, and for every use, with cloistered courts and baths, and spacious barracks for the accommodation of troops; so that its various conveniences gave it the semblance of a town, its magnificence that of a palace.

The general appearance of the whole was that of a tower, with other towers at each of the four corners, three of which were fifty cubits high, while that at the south-east angle rose to an elevation of seventy cubits, so that from thence there was a complete view of the temple. Where it adjoined the colonnades of the temple, it had passages leading down to both, through which the guards—for in the fortress there always lay a Roman legion—descended and disposed themselves about the colonnades, in arms, at the festivals, to watch the people, and repress any insurrectionary movement. For the temple lay as a fortress over the city, and the Antonia over the temple, the guards of all the three being stationed in the Antonia; while the upper town had its own fortress—Herod's palace. The hill Bezetha was detached, as I have mentioned, from the Antonia. It was the highest of the three, and was joined on to part of the new town, forming northward the only obstruction to the view of the temple. As I propose to give hereafter a more minute description of the city and the walls, these remarks shall for the present suffice.

Translated by ROBERT TRAILL.

THE GOOD OLD COUNT IN SADNESS STRAYED.

[THE gifted Spanish poet, Juan de Ribera, lived about the end of the sixteenth century. His "*Neuve Romances*" were published in 1605.]

The good old count in sadness strayed
Backwards, forwards, pensively;
He bent his head,—he said his prayers
Upon his beads of ebony;
And dark and gloomy were his thoughts,
And all his words of misery:
"O daughter fair, to woman grown,
Say, who shall come to marry thee?
For I am poor,—though thou art fair,
No dower of riches thine shall be."
"Be silent, father mine, I pray;
For what avails a dower to me?
A virtuous child is more than wealth:
O, fear not,—fear not poverty!
There are whose children ban their bliss,
Who call on death to set them free,—
And they defame their lineage,
Which shall not be defamed by me;
For if no husband should be mine,
I 'll seek a convent's purity."

THE ESTRELLA DE SEVILLA.

[LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO, who has been called the Prodigy of Nature, the Phœnix of Spain, and the Potosi of Rhymes, was born November 25, 1562, at Madrid. He inherited from his father, Felix de Vega an inclination for poetry. His biographers assert, that at two years old, his genius was shown by the vivacity of his eyes; that he knew his letters before he could speak, and repeated his lessons by signs. He is said to have composed verses when he was only five years old, and before he knew how to write; and before the age

of twelve, he had produced several theatrical pieces and had become a master of grammar, rhetoric, and Latin composition. Such are the marvels of his boyhood. He was early left an orphan. At the age of fourteen, he ran away from school with a friend, in order to see the world.

After living a riotous life for many years he became a monk, and the most brilliant period of his life began after he had become a Franciscan. Pope Urban the Eighth made him Doctor of Theology, and appointed him Fiscal of the Apostolical Chamber, Lope having dedicated to his Holiness the tragedy of "*Mary Stuart*." The number of works he produced at this time almost surpasses belief, and the popularity he acquired was unrivalled. His health continued good until within a short time of his death, which took place August 26, 1635.

Lope de Vega was, perhaps, the most prolific author who ever lived. He poured out, with inexhaustible profusion, works in every department of poetical composition, and his influence over the literary taste of his countrymen was unbounded. His name became a proverbial expression for whatever was most excellent. A brilliant diamond was called a Lope diamond; a fine day, a Lope day; a beautiful woman, a Lope woman; and when he died, his splendid obsequies were attended by the principal grandees and nobles of the Spanish court, the windows and balconies on the streets through which the procession passed were densely thronged with spectators, and a woman in the crowd was heard to exclaim, "This is a Lope funeral," not knowing that it was the funeral of the great poet himself.

The best life of Lope de Vega is that by Lord Holland entitled, "*Some Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio and Guillen de Castro*" (London, 1817, 2 vols.). His miscellaneous works were collected, and published with the title, "*Coleccion de las Obras Sueltas de D. Frey Lope Felix de Carpio*" (Madrid, 1776–79, 21 vols., 8vo.). Besides these, his dramatic works, printed at Madrid, according to N. Antonio, who gives a list of them, filled twenty-five volumes, and amounted to three hundred. These, however, are but a small part of what he actually produced; for when he died, he had written eighteen hundred dramas and four hundred *autos*. As a proof of his extraordinary facility in composition, it is said that more than one hundred of these were each written in a single day. In one of his poems, written in 1609, he says that he has already written four hundred and eighty-three,

"And all, save six, against the rules of wit";

and in one of his eclogues, he declares,

"The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press."

It is difficult to find a complete set of the twenty-five volumes of plays. Lord Holland gives a list of "plays still extant," amounting to four hundred and ninety-seven.]

FROM THE ESTRELLA DE SEVILLA.

The King and Sancho Ortiz.

SANCHO.

I kiss thy feet.

KING.

Rise Sancho! rise, and know
I wrong thee much to let thee stoop so low.

SANCHO.

My liege, confounded with thy grace I stand;
Unskilled in speech, no words can I command
To tell the thanks I feel.

KING.

Why, what in me
To daunt thy noble spirit canst thou see?

SANCHO.

Courage and majesty that strikes with awe;
My sovereign lord; the fountain of the law;
In fine, God's image, which I come to obey,
Never so honored as I feel to-day.

KING.

Much I applaud thy wisdom, much thy zeal;
And now, to try thy courage, will reveal
That which you covet so to learn,—the cause
That thus my soldier to the presence draws.
Much it imports the safety of my reign
A man should die,—in secret should be slain,
This must some friend perform; search Seville through,
None can I find to trust so fit as you.

SANCHO.

Guilty he needs must be.

KING.

He is.

SANCHO.

Then why,
My sovereign liege, in secret should he die?
If public law demands the culprit's head,
In public let the culprit's blood be shed.
Shall Justice's sword, which strike in face of day,
Stoop to dark deeds,—a man in secret slay?
The world will think, who kills by means unknown
No guilt avenges, but implies his own.
If slight his fault, I dare for mercy pray.

KING.

Sancho, attend;—you came not here to-day
An advocate to plead a traitor's cause,
But to perform my will, to execute my laws,
To slay a man;—and why the culprit bleed
Matters not thee, it is thy monarch's deed;
If base, thy monarch the dishonor bears.
But say,—to draw against my life who dares,
Deserves he death?

SANCHO.

O, yes! a thousand times.

KING.

Then strike without remorse: these are the wretch's crimes.

SANCHO.

So let him die; for sentence Ortiz pleads:
Were he my brother, by this arm he bleeds.

KING.

Give me thy hand.

SANCHO.

With that my heart I pledge.

KING.

So, while he heeds not, shall thy rapier's edge
Reach his proud heart.

SANCHO.

My liege! my sovereign lord
Sancho 's my name, I wear a soldier's sword.
Would you with treacherous acts, and deeds of shame,
Taint such a calling, tarnish such a name?
Shall I,—shall I, to shrink from open strife,
Like some base coward, point the assassin's knife?
No,—face to face his foe must Ortiz meet,
Or in the crowded mart, or public street,—
Defy and combat him in open light.
Curse the mean wretch who slays, but does not fight:
Naught can excuse the vile assassin's blow;
Happy, compared with him, his murdered foe,—
With him who, living, lives but to proclaim,
To all he meets, his cowardice and shame.

KING.

E'en as thou wilt: but in this paper read,
Signed by the king, the warrant of the deed.

[*Sancho reads the paper aloud, which promises the king's protection, if he is brought into jeopardy in consequence of killing the person alluded to, and is signed, Yo el Rey, I the king.*

KING.

Act as you may, my name shall set you free.

SANCHO.

Does, then, my liege so meanly deem of me?
I know his power, which can the earth control,—
Know his unshaken faith, and steadfast soul.
Shall seals, shall parchments, then to me afford
A surer warrant than my sovereign's word?
To guard my actions, as to guide my hand,
I ask no surety but my king's command.
Perish such deeds! [*Tears the paper*]—they serve but to record
Some doubt, some question, of a monarch's word.
What need of bond? By honor bound are we,
I to avenge thy wrongs, and thou to rescue me
One price I ask,—the maid I name for bride.

KING.

Were she the richest and the best allied
In Spain, I grant her.

SANCHO.

So throughout the world,
May oceans view thy conquering flag unfurled!

KING.

Nor shall thy actions pass without a meed.
This note informs thee, Ortiz, who must bleed.
But, reading, be not startled at a name;
Great is his prowess; Sevilla speaks his fame.

SANCHO.

I 'll put that prowess to the proof ere long.

KING.

None knows but I that you avenge my wrong;
So force must guide your arm, but prudence check your tongue. [Exit.

BUSTOS TABERA AND SANCHO ORTIZ.

BUSTOS.

In meeting thus, my fortune do I greet.

SANCHO (*aside*).

Alas! I curse the chance that makes us meet.
You come to make a friend, a brother, blest,—
And I, to plunge a dagger in thy breast

BUSTOS.

Brother, the hour of long-sought bliss is come.

SANCHO (*aside.*)

My hour of grief, of all my woes the doom!
O God! did man e'er bear such weight of ill?
Him whom I love next heaven my sword must kill:
And with the very blow that stabs my friend,
My love is lost, and all my visions end.

BUSTOS.

The deeds are drawn; to tell the news I came;
They only wait for Sancho Ortiz' name.

SANCHO (*aloud*).

Once, it is true, by fickle fancy led,
Tabera's sister Ortiz fain would wed;
But now, though drawn the strict agreements stand,
I scorn the offer, and reject her hand.

BUSTOS.

Know'st thou to whom, or what thou speak'st.

SANCHO.

I know
To whom I speak, and therefore speak I so.

BUSTOS.

How, knowing me, can words of insult dwell
On Ortiz' tongue?

SANCHO.

Because he knows thee well.

BUSTOS.

And knows he aught but generous pride of blood,
And honor such as prompts the brave and good?
Virtue and genuine honor are the same:
Pride, uninspired by her, usurps the name.
But yet, though slow of anger to a friend,
Thy words my virtue as my pride offend.

SANCHO.

Not more offended can thy virtue be,
Than I so long to talk with one like thee.

BUSTOS.

Is 't come to this? and dost thou brand my fame
With aught that bears not honor's sacred name?
Prove, then, this sword, which dares thy rage defy,—
My foe a villain, and his charge a lie.

[*Draw, and fight.*

SANCHO.

What can the swords of traitorous villains prove?
Pardon me, sacred friendship! pardon, love!
My king impels; I madden as I fight,
And frenzy lends my arm resistless might.

BUSTOS.

Enough, nor further press thy blow,—I bleed,—
My hour is come!

[*Bustos falls.*

SANCHO.

Then am I mad, indeed!
Yes, when I struck thy death, my sense was gone;
Restored, I from thy arm implore my own.
Sheathe in this breast,—for pity, sheathe thy sword,
And to my troubled soul an instant flight afford.

BUSTOS.

My motives Fate denies the time to tell;—
Wed thou my sister, Ortiz, and——farewell!

[*Dies.*

SANCHO.

Come, then, destructive, unrelenting blade,
Despatch the life thy work has wretched made!
Come, while Tabera's gore is reeking yet,
With a fresh wound to close the bloody debt!

[*Enter Farfan and Pedro, Alcaldes mayores.*

PEDRO.

Wretch! stay that weapon, raised thyself to kill!

SANCHO.

'Twas raised against a life yet dearer still.

[*Enter Arias.*

ARIAS.

What's this disorder?

SANCHO.

The disorder's plain:
I've killed a brother, like another Cain,—
Ruthless and fierce, a guiltless Abel slain,
Here, here he lies,—survey each mangled limb;
And as he died for me, so let me die for him.

ARIAS.

Why, what is this?

SANCHO.

What is it, do you ask?
'Tis a kept promise, an accomplished task;
'Tis honor in a fiery trial proved,—
Honor, that slew the man he dearly loved.
Yes, tell the king, that, for our plighted words,
We sons of Seville bear them on our swords;
Tell him for them we do our stars[1] defy;
For them our laws expire, our brothers die.

PEDRO.

He's killed Tabera.

ARIAS.

Rash, flagitious deed!

SANCHO.

Then seize me,—bind me,—let his murderer bleed!
Where are we? Do not law and reason say,
Ruffians shall die, and blood shall blood repay?
But marked you how the mighty crime was done?
No hate was here; 'twas love, and love alone;
And love, that did the crime, shall for the crime atone
Bustos I slew: I now for Bustos plead,
And beg of justice—that his murderer bleed.
Thy friend that tribute to thy memory pays!

ARIAS.

The man is mad, and knows not what he says.

PEDRO.

Then to Triana's tower the culprit lead,—
Lest, at the noise of such a lawless deed,
Seville should rise, and some new tumult breed.

SANCHO.

Yet I would raise my brother from the ground,
Clasp his cold limbs, and kiss the sacred wound,
And wash the noble blood that streams his corpse around.
So I'll his Atlas be; nor would repine,
The life I've taken to redeem with mine.

PEDRO.

'Tis madness, this.

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[1] This, in the original, is a quibble on the name *Estrella* which in the Spanish signifies *a star*.

SANCHO.

When I from friendship swerved,
Against my pleasure I the laws observed;
That's a king's part,—In that I'm king alone;
But in this act, alas! I am not one:
The riddle's easy, when the clew is found;
But 'tis not mine the riddle to expound.
'Tis true I slew him,—I not that deny;
I own I slew him,—but I say not why:
That why—let others, if they like it, plead;
Enough for me that I confess the deed.

[*Exit guarded.*

ESTRELLA AND THEODORA.

ESTRELLA.

So quick my toilet was, I scarce can guess
How set my garments and how looks my dress
Give me the glass.

THEODORA.

All glass is needless here;
Look on thyself,—no mirror is so clear;
Nor can in mimic forms reflected shine
Such matchless charms, and beauty bright as thine.

[*Holds the looking-glass.*

ESTRELLA.

Whence can such crimson colors fire my cheek?

THEODORA.

Thy joy, and yet thy modesty, they speak.
Yes, to thy face contending passions rush,
Thy bliss betraying with a maiden blush.

ESTRELLA.

'Tis true he comes; the youth my heart approves
Comes fraught with joy, and led by smiling Loves.
He claims my hand; I hear his soft caress,
See his soul's bliss come beaming from his eye.
O partial stars! unlooked for happiness!
Can it be true?—is this my destiny?[1]

THEODORA.

Hark! some one rings!—but, lo! with envy smit,
One mirror into thousand mirrors split!

ESTRELLA.

Is't broken?

THEODORA.

Yes.

ESTRELLA.

And sure with reason too;
Since soon, without its aid, I hope to view
Another self: with him before my eyes,
I need no glass, and can its use despise.

[*Enter Clarindo.*

CLARINDO.

All, lady, all is merriment and cheer,
And the plumed hats announce the wedding near.
I gave the letter, and received a ring.

ESTRELLA.

Take, too, this diamond for the news you bring.

CLARINDO.

Alas! the precious gem is split in two!
Is it for grief?

ESTRELLA.

O, no, Clarindo! no!
It burst for joy,—the very gems have caught
My heart's content, my gayety of thought.
Thrice happy day, and kind, indulgent sky!
Can it be true?—is this my destiny?[2]

THEODORA.

Hark! steps below!

CLARINDO.

And now the noise draws near.

ESTRELLA.

My joy o'ercomes me!—

[*Enter Alcaldes with the dead body of Bustos.*

Gracious God! what's here?

PEDRO.

Grief, naught but grief, was made for me below:
Life is itself one troubled sea of woe.
Lady, Tabera's slain!

ESTRELLA.

O sad, O cruel blow!

PEDRO.

One comfort, still,—in chains his murderer lies;
To-morrow, judged by law, the guilty Ortiz dies.

ESTRELLA.

Hence, fiends! I'll hear no more,—your tidings bear
The blasts of hell, the warrant of despair!
My brother's slain? by Sancho's arm he fell!
What! are there tongues the dismal tale to tell?
Can I, too, know it, and the blow survive?
O, I am stone, to hear that sound and live!
If ever pity dwelt in human breast,—
Kill, murder, stab me!

PEDRO.

With such grief oppressed,
Well may she rave.

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[1] Here, again, the word *Estrella* is used for the sake of a pun. I have been obliged to render it by the word *destiny*.

[2] See note 1.

ESTRELLA.

O sentence fraught with pain
My brother dead! by Sancho Ortiz slain!
[*Going.*
That cruel stroke has rent three hearts in one
Then leave a wretch who's hopeless and undone.

PEDRO.

Ah! who can wonder at her wild despair?—
Follow her steps.

FARFAN.

Alas! ill-fated fair!

CLARINDO.

Lady, one instant——

ESTRELLA.

Would you have me stay
For him, the wretch, that did my brother slay?
My love, my hopes, my all for ever gone,—
Perish life, too,—for life is hateful grown!
Inhuman stars? unheard-of misery!
Can it be so?—is this my destiny?

Translated by LORD HOLLAND.

SCENES FROM "THE BEAUX STRATAGEM."

[GEORGE FARQUHAR (1678–1707) was a better artist, in stage effect and happy combinations of incident and adventure, than most of this race of comic writers. He had an uncontrollable vivacity and love of sport, which still render his comedies attractive both on the stage and in the closet. Farquhar was an Irishman, born in Londonderry, and, after some college irregularity, he took to the stage. Happening accidentally to wound a brother-actor in a fencing scene, he left the boards at the age of eighteen, and procured a commission in the army from the Earl of Orrery. His first play, *Love and a Bottle*, came out at Drury Lane in 1698; the *Constant Couple* in 1700; the *Inconstant* in 1703; the *Stage-coach* in 1704; the *Twin Rivals* in 1705; the *Recruiting Officer* in 1706; and the *Beaux Stratagem* in 1707. Farquhar was early married to a lady who had deceived him by pretending to be possessed of a fortune, and he sunk a victim to ill health and over-exertion in his thirtieth year. A letter written shortly before his death to Wilks the actor, possesses a touching brevity of expression: "Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave to thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine.—GEORGE FARQUHAR."

The Beaux Stratagem, from which our extracts are taken, represents the efforts of two young spendthrifts to repair their broken fortunes by securing rich wives. Archer, Aimwell's servant, is at present, in furtherance of their designs, traveling as his servant.]

BONIFACE—AIMWELL.

Boniface This way, this way, sir.

Aimwell. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. Oh, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. Oh, sir, what will your servant please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my anno domini. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

Bon. Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see—— Your worship's health. [*Drinks.*]—Ha! delicious, delicious: fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh,—but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies; but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*]—My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one-half on 't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbors.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, sir. But he's my landlord, and so a man you know, would not—— Sir, my humble service. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—— But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. Oh, that's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon; I'll wait on you in half a minute. *Exit.*

ENTER ARCHER.

Aim. The coast's clear, I see. Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Lichfield.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! Prithee, leave canting; you need not change your style with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty.

Aim. The world confesses it every day in its practice, though men won't own it for their opinion. Who did that worthy Lord single out to sup with him t'other night?

Arch. Jack Handicraft, a handsome, well-dressed, mannerly rogue, who keeps the best company in town.

Aim. Right. And, pray, who married my lady Manslaughter t'other day, the great fortune?

Arch. Why, Nick Marrowbone, a professed pickpocket; but he makes a handsome figure, and rides in the coach that he formerly used to ride behind.

Aim. But did you observe poor Jack Generous in the park last week?

Arch. Yes, with his autumnal periwig shading his melancholy face, his coat older than anything but its fashion, with one hand idle in his pocket, and with the other picking his useless teeth; and though the Mall was crowded with company, yet was poor Jack as single and solitary as a lion in a desert.

Aim. And as much to be avoided, for no crime upon earth but for want of money.

Arch. And that's enough; man must not be poor: Idleness is the root of all evil. Fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry. . . . . Norwich, I think, shall be our last stage; for, if we fail there, we'll bid adieu to Venus and welcome Mars.

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

[Lady Elizabeth Carew, lived in the reign of James I. She wrote a tragedy, *Marion, the Fair Queen of Jewry*, 1612, in which the following lines occur.]

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power, but seld
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn:
To scorn to owe a duty over long;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne:
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

[Rudolph Erich Raspe, born in Germany about 1736; died at Mucross, Ireland, 1794. The real authorship of the amusing burlesque of the *Travels of Baron Munchausen* has been only recently discovered. Baron Friederich von Munchausen, of Bodenweder, Hanover, was the original of the character. He had seen some service, and on his retirement was addicted to the chase, good cheer, and story-telling of the most extravagant sort. Raspe, gifted with much talent, a member of various learned societies, and sometime a professor in Cassel, but a man of lax principles, wrote out his friend's stories, exaggerating them, and adding to them, as his fancy inspired him, and published them first in England. Munchausen's travels became popular, and their authorship was attributed to various well-known writers. Raspe died in a state of destitution. The following will serve as an example of his extravagant humour.]

We sailed from Amsterdam with despatches from their High Mightinesses, the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating, was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water; some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high, that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth. However, as soon as the storm subsided, they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees): the weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk, and brought it down in a horizontal position: it fell upon the chief man of the island, and killed him on the spot; he had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened. The word fortunate here requires some explanation. This chief was a man of a very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half-starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventure may not prove unentertaining.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about, I was almost petrified (as who would not?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with an intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had

not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me: however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach; and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed: I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about, I found a large crocodile with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me: on my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me: I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment: after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, differing from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded; after listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look around, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other; and they were struggling to extricate themselves; I fortunately recollected my couteau-de-chasse, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the but-end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for, finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a waggon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved with its hair on; after which it was made into tobacco-pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper: some of his variations are rather extravagant; one of them is, that the lion jumped quite through the crocodile, and was making his escape when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron (as he is pleased to call me) cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it; nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth, that he sometimes adds, as soon as the crocodile missed his tail he turned about, snatched the couteau-de-chasse out of Monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart, and killed him immediately!

The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity, makes me sometimes apprehensive that my *real facts* may fall under suspicion, by being found in company with his confounded inventions.

THE WORLD.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Love built a stately house; where Fortune came:
And spinning fancies she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same:
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weaken'd all by alteration:
But reverend laws, and many a proclamation
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd Sin, and with that sycamore,
Whose leaves first shelter'd man from drought and dew,
Working and winding slily evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore:
But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band,
To raze the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withstand;
But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
And built a braver palace than before.

SWORD AND SHUTTLE.

MY OLD NURSE'S STORY OF SOME FRENCH REFUGEES.

[Thomas Archer, born in London, 1830. Novelist and miscellaneous writer. His principal works are: *Madame Prudence; Wayfe Summers; Strange Work; A Fool's Paradise; The Pauper, the Thief, and the Convict*, a Book on Crime and Poverty; *The Terrible Sights of London; The Frogs' Parish Clerk; The Boys' Book of Trades; The History of France*, from the Accession of Louis Philippe to the Close of the German Occupation; and he has edited a family edition of Richardson's *Pamela*. One critic says: "Mr. Archer's style is easy and unaffected, placing before the reader pictures of the vice and misery that surround us, often with a striking minuteness of detail, but never with anything approaching to coarseness."]

PART I.

Ah, my dear, these are almost the only things I can remember now. It's just the way with an old woman like me, that all that happened years and years ago comes out clear as yesterday, and the things of yesterday go backward and backward till we forget them altogether. Age makes a solitude of its own, just as youth does—both of 'em are waiting for company—only one is to be taken to it and the other sent to it.

I wonder ——! but there, what signifies wondering; you want to hear something of the old French folks, and particularly of your great uncle's family—the Du Boissons—and what they were like. Well then, figure to yourself this:—

It is a long low room, with leaden casements that swing open, and look out first on a row of blue and white flower-pots all along the sill, and then between the leaves and flowers—a complete window-blind in themselves—upon a garden all laid out with such gaudy blooms, that every bed, round or square, or cut into odd shapes, looks like a separate nosegay. It has been raining; and now the sun is out again, and the perfume of mignonette and clove pink, narcissus, rose, and verbena goes up to heaven along with the incense of sweet thyme, basil, and knotted marjoram. For it is a French garden, dear, and a corner of it is kept for pot-herbs and salads—chervil and sorrel, and if not for garlic, at any rate for shallots.

It is a French garden, and there are two Frenchmen sitting together in the little arbour at the end of it—an arbour formed by an elder tree drooping over a little rustic wood-work that shelters a bench.

Those two men are the elder Du Boisson and the pastor Duchesne.

I said the elder Du Boisson, and he is old indeed now. Peeping at him, as I used to do as a child, over the privet hedge that divided our gardens, I have often thought he must have wonderful stories to tell of the dreadful times in France when men, women, and children were scarred with sword, and set alight like torches, and yet not suffered to leave France, under pain of fresh tortures if they were arrested on the way. This old man had escaped through great dangers, but his wife had died of grief and terror, and only he and his one son reached England, leaving house and lands behind. His estates were at St. Ambroix in the south of France, which will account for his coming at once to London and joining the colony of our emigrés that had settled in Spitalfields; for St. Ambroix is a silk district, and the elder Du Boisson knew some of the weavers here very well, and also some of the noblemen, who, having no trade, because they were high-born, learned of their wives to make pillow-lace, and wrought at Coventry and other places. As I have said, Du Boisson, father and son, came to Spitalfields; and behold, in thirty years they were there still, for the son had grown into a middle-aged, stout, rosy, dark-eyed gentleman, gay with the sprightly jollity of our countrymen of those times, and married to a comely wife—your relation, dear—of the old families who came over from Rouen and the north, in the early troubles, after the bishops and the Bourbon had broken faith with God and man.

It was just beyond Spitalfields, and close to the pleasant fields and hedgerows of Bethnal Green that our houses stood. Ah! these places were pretty and countrified then. Once pass the great frowning tower of London, and the old artillery-ground where the train-bands and soldiers used to practise, and you were close to St. Mary's 'Spital, and among the tall houses with great upper-rooms and wide casements, where caged-birds sang in answer to the click of the loom and the swift whistle of the flying shuttle. The Spitalfields silks were the most sought after in those days, dear, and many a weaver wore gold pieces or crowns instead of buttons to his flapped coat or his embroidered waistcoat. The Du Boissons had not reached England penniless, and they were money-making people — thrifty as the old Huguenot gentry knew how to be—thrifty and industrious. When the son married he had not left off working at his trade. There was a loom in the upper-room of the house still,

but the younger Du Boisson had several other looms elsewhere, and a journeyman hard at work at every one of them making figured-silk and velvet. Little Hugo slept in the shadow of that loom at the house in Bethnal Green. He worked there in the day, for he was to be taught his trade—his father would have it so, and he slept there at night. The likeness of that boy to his grandfather was something wonderful. The same keen, severely-cut face, the same firm mouth and chin. Except that he has his mother's fair skin and pleading eye, he would look much more than his fourteen years on this afternoon that his grandfather and le Pasteur Duchesne sit talking so earnestly in the summer-house. For it is Hugo's birth-day, and therefore a household holiday; the loom is silent; the boy himself has gone out to spend the crown-piece that made a part of his morning present. His father and mother are both sitting in the lower room—she a fair woman, beautiful still, and with that serene look that so well accords with her dainty lace-cap, the fine snow-white tucker which covers her shapely throat, and the sleeves that show off the whiteness of her taper fingers as they move swiftly in embroidering a waistcoat, which is to be finished as a gift to her boy before he comes in to their early tea.

Somehow everybody who saw Madame Du Boisson sitting in her pretty parlour, associated her with the delicate china which was set out on mahogany shelves in a recess of the wall, and with the charming figures of brocaded lovers surrounded by flowers, and holding candle-sconces in their hands, which adorned the mantel-piece. There were many such pretty nick-nacks about, with flowers and sweet-herbs in china vases and bowls, just in the old French way. The elder Du Boisson's flute and the fiddle of the younger hung on the wall, and a spinette in the corner of the room was open, with some written music on the desk in front of it. For madame could play and sing prettily. Some of the ornaments of their home, and a good stock of clothes and linen, was nearly all the dowry she brought to her husband, though she came of one of the old families, and on her mother's side belonged to the French nobility. Her husband thought her face fortune enough, and her sweet placid temper all the dower a man need ask. He thinks so now, as he leans back a little in his chair and blows away the light wreath of smoke from his pipe that he may see her the better. A handsome crisp-haired, dark-eyed, ruddy man—almost more English than French in his ways—a man contented to leave the dead past to bury its dead, although he has still a deep, solemn memory of his mother, and of the old home in the "Gard," whence she fled to die before she could reach a place of refuge—contented to be what he is—a master weaver with a good home about him, a sweet wife, and a boy whom he hopes to make his "right-hand man" in three or four years more. Ah, that boy! how little he is like his father. The grandfather sees that often, as he sits in his elbow-chair and shoots furtive, almost eager, and yet rather troubled glances at the lad. The mother sees it too, and, strangely enough, divines much of what may come of it. I said strangely—but madame was of the old old Protestants, people who had insight, my dear, and who kept to the old names and the old ways, and had a sword for the enemies of France, as the wicked rulers of their nation found to their cost more than once.

"Yes, Louis," she says, taking up their conversation as she took up a thread, "I have watched the dear child often, and he will grow into it. Only the other day I heard him say to his grandfather, 'Grandpere, if the persecutions should cease and we could claim our own, you will take me with you?'"

"And what did my father say?"

"He laughed, and then there came that flash into his eyes, Louis, and he put the boy back a little and said, 'Why, we might have to choose again between our Christianity or our property, my dear child; instead of persecutors who stab and burn in the name of the church and of religion, we may yet hear of those who rob and murder in the name of reason and of universal brotherhood. At present we Protestants are kept out of legal registers, and are not suffered to make wills. The time may shortly come when law itself will be abolished, and all property be confiscated.'"

"Hum! he knows a few things, that father of mine," says the husband with a serious look. "That is from the pastor. Duchesne has information. You know that he has only returned from Paris but these three days, my love?"

"I did not know. He is here to-day, though, with our father. They have secrets, those two; but there can be no bad secrets in which the pastor takes part?"

"I think I know their secret," replies the husband, laughing again and lighting a fresh pipe.

"Is it about the property, Louis?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Does our father wish you to try to reclaim it?"

"It would be useless as well as dangerous."

"Would you, if the persecutions were to cease?"

"No."

"Why not, my dear?"

"First, because it would be more trouble than it is worth. Secondly, because some child or other is now growing up in possession of it. Thirdly, because I am now less French than English, and have founded another property here, where it is safe, even though it be small."

He looks round with beaming eyes which rested on his wife. A tear falls on the embroidery at which she is working.

"Thou art right, dear Louis," she says presently, "and yet, for the sake of our boy and the old race ——"

The husband looks at her a moment and then breaks into a gay laugh.

"What has become of our races, Madeleine?" he says presently. "Thou art now of mine, and of mine Hugo (why did Duchesne persuade thee to choose that name?) is the last. It would be better for the lad to begin a new family of his own here, than to go to fight a barren suit and be pulled down either by the wolves that slaked their thirst for blood in the service of the debauchee of Le Parc aux Cerfs, or by the rabble which, as my father says ——"

"Oh! you too, then, are in the secrets of the Pastor Duchesne?" interrupts his wife.

"Well, only a little; but as we love our boy, dear wife, let us keep to the known. Besides, who can tell whether there may not be ——"

"Hush!" says madame, raising a warning finger, "here he comes;" and Hugo runs in and throws his arms round his mother's neck.

"Child, what is that thou hast bought? Foolish boy, what is the use of a sword in a country where we are safe?"

"What, don't you know mamma?" replies the lad with heightened colour; "this is grandpapa's present of the day. He has just buckled it round me himself as I came through the garden. 'There, my dear grandson,' he said, 'that was the sword of *my* grandfather, and now I place it on you. Beware how you ever disgrace it. As you cannot wear it, place it somewhere where you may look at it sometimes.' May I hang it up over my bed, papa?"

"You may, my dear lad; but—I don't want to weaken your pleasure, Hugo—it is by the spindle rather than the sword that the Du Boissons have done best, and in England the former is justly regarded as the nobler implement. Remember, 'those who use the sword shall perish by it.' The history of the country I have left may teach us the truth of that saying."

The boy looks very earnestly at his father's grave but still smiling face.

"Don't you mean any longer to be a Frenchman then, papa?" he says presently.

"Faith, I can't help that, Hugo. We talk in French, at any rate whenever your grandfather is present, and we cook and live in the French fashion still, but still I am an Englishman."

"And you would not go back to France to live, even if you could get your own?"

"See here, my lad," says Du Boisson, drawing the boy to him, "we shall never get back our house and lands at St. Ambroix; and even if we could, they would not be worth the holding, for the troubles are not over yet, nor will be till —— But there, it is your birth-day, and I will not trouble even your dreams; but take off the sword to-morrow, and don't go out with it, lest the draw-boys and the apprentices should laugh at you, and you should be tempted to try its temper through losing your own."

The elder Du Boisson and Pastor Duchesne continued talking in the summer-house. Their conference was long and earnest, for the pastor had but just returned from one of those swift and sudden journeys to France which he seemed to make periodically.

The old man had by his side, on a table which was fixed in front of the bench, a large carved oaken box, and from this he took a bundle of papers and parchments.

"Here are the title-deeds, Duchesne; here the letters-patent, the leases, the everything—saved with what property we could carry, on that terrible night when I turned my back on the home that I had loved—and—and—on the strange grave that held ——"

The pastor placed his hand on the old man's arm.

"The grave holds nothing," he said, in a voice peculiarly low and sweet. "Heaven holds a saint the more, earth not a sacred memory—hardly a sacred presence—the less. As to these papers (taking them in his hand), I accept the trust, and will be faithful to it. But again I say, with all my soul, Louis is right. You and I, old friend, have fought the battle and want to be fighting it yet. But we shall have to bow before the sword of the Lord; and he alone knows what shape that fiery weapon will take, that France may have her proud-flesh cut away and be left bleeding, but with blood unpoisoned. Give me the papers. Should I live till

times when the king, who is weakly virtuous, can undo the deeds of the strongly vicious, I will give the lad your message and show them to him, if he still craves for the old château of Le Platane, and thinks to found the seigneury afresh. I tell you plainly, though, that I believe all seigneury is at an end—that you and I, and those who have hoped to find work to do for the good cause, will see France nearly perish, and ruin come upon the men who, in casting us and ours out from the land, flung away those whose influence might have saved them from the swift destruction that they merit."

"You say you have been to Gard, and actually seen my old house of Le Platane? Who is the usurper—who the robber that now despoils my garden and eats the ripe fruit from the orchard?" asked the old man gloomily.

"No usurper is there yet, my friend," said the pastor gently. "The faithful Corneille, the son of your old steward, and the playmate of Louis, holds house and land yet. The apples hung ripe upon the trees, the grapes upon the vines; and still, like many of us, the faithful fellow hopes to see the day when the refugees may return. He has done some slight service to his department, I hear, but he is still hesitating. I gathered from what he said that he thinks the title-deeds were stolen, perhaps burned. I could have undeceived him, but wanted your permission; so he and his son and daughter live there yet, as it were, on sufferance. Lucky for him, perhaps, that he had influence with the other party, who left him there in charge. As it is, you remember Pithon?"

"What, the drunken foreman of the tan-pits?"

"Yes. He is a second cousin of Corneille, and has an evil eye. He too has a son—a worthy pair. Corneille suspects that the elder Pithon conducted the dragoons to your house that fatal night. He is dead. The son takes up his hatred with the malignity of a Vendetta. Already he accuses Corneille of being a Protestant in disguise, and swears to denounce him."

"You can come and go, Duchesne, and yet are unhurt."

"Yes, but I know where my friends are, and pass quickly, and not without danger. I *must* go, old friend; a fire consumes me sometimes, calm and impassive as I may seem. I left France before you, and as a young man, the chosen pastor of a people who loved and trusted me. Wolves ravened amidst my flock, and I was spattered with the blood of those who stood around me, sword in hand, to fight for life and liberty. I came here—blessed country! asylum for freedom of religion! and again I am the Pastor Duchesne. See my little chapel, built as you know from money subscribed by those who had left much behind them for truth's sake. I look around and feel that I have grown almost into a green old age, with many brethren and sisters, many children round me. I am pastor, friend, schoolmaster, and move serenely amidst our band of emigrants, loving and beloved; and yet—and yet ——"

"Yes, I know," said old Du Boisson, with a kind of spasm, wringing his friend's hand.

"I don't often confess—it is not a Protestant ordinance," said the pastor, growing pale and calm again; "but friend, let us pray to be delivered from faithlessness, from the awful delusion that anything other than His strength will be sufficient for us. Let us pray, too, that it may be made perfect in weakness."

So saying Pastor Duchesne rose, carefully buttoned the packet of papers and parchments into his capacious pocket, and the two men walked towards the house.

PART II.

Now, my dear, figure to yourself also this:—

A low, flat country, straggling out into a kind of broken waste, intersected here and there with factories, tan-pits, and clumps of wood. Still further in the distance, fields and country roads, the latter leading occasionally over bridges spanning a stream. Further again, a long house of white stone, with a queer gabled roof, and a courtyard in front, reached by clanging iron gates; and behind, level with offices, kitchens, and out-houses, a broad terrace with a stone balcony, overlooking a flower-garden, which leads by various paths to orchards, meadows, and farm-buildings.

The house has been known as, and is still called by the name of Le Platane, a title taken from a great plane-tree which still rears its dusty and somewhat drooping head in front of the entrance-gate. One limb of the tree is bare, and seems to have been blasted with fire.

For ten years in the history of the house a fragment of tarred rope hung to this fork of the plane-tree. A Protestant had been hung there, covered with pitch, and lighted. The hand that set the flame to the pitch was that of Jules Pithon, foreman of one of the tanneries; the hand that cut down the body was that of Jean Corneille, who, from being steward at Le Platane, had kept about the place after its master had fled to England, and the furniture and effects had been stolen or destroyed

by a mob set on by bishops and royalist robbers. Then, finding that nobody returned to the bare walls and the gardens, he moved a few effects into the building; and having certain letters from the suffragan which might be his authority in case of inquiries, settled down in the mansion, not its master, but its tenant, paying only tithe and tax, and living less in fear of church questions than of Pithon.

Pithon had vainly wooed a young girl who was the personal attendant of Madame Du Boisson, but she chose to marry the steward, who was then no more than assistant at the silk factory at Ambroix. What the jealous rage of Pithon, who was a drunkard, with the voice of a boar and the face of a satyr, might have had to do with the misfortune that had overtaken Le Platane cannot now be told, but it is certain that he continued his enmity after Corneille and the wife, who had borne him two children, were dead. That enmity was handed down to Pithon's son; so that though the younger Corneille, himself now a widower with one little girl, kept house in a sad, lonely way, with his sister to supply the place of a mother to his child, the present foreman of the tanneries, who was by far below him in social position, spoke always of Le Platane with a sneer, and of its tenant with a bitter hatred, which was the more remarkable as he had sworn to his intimates that for the sister, Sara Corneille, he, Pithon, would have his skin converted into shoe-leather at any moment.

Not that she had ever spoken to the man. She, a modest, shy, rather melancholy, pretty woman, had seen his shock-head sometimes as she passed the Golden Bear not far from the suburb at St. Ambroix; had noted an alarming expression in his eyes as he turned on the bench in front of the door, and took his pipe out of his mouth to stare after her; but even her brother Jean knew little or nothing of the younger Pithon. His father's enemy being dead, and times having altered a little, there was so much less to fear, that he was now only disturbed by wondering whether any of the old master's family would venture to return.

It is three years since the Pastor Duchesne, appearing suddenly at Le Platane, brought Corneille intelligence of the death of the elder Du Boisson, his father's old master. The younger was still alive he heard—alive and happy—with a charming lady, and a son the very image of the old race, and now not far from twenty years old.

Three years had passed since then, and yet he was only tenant of Le Platane, to the masters of which he had been faithful—to them, and the promise made to his father on his death-bed. Now, however, something should be done. The title-deeds had never been found. Closet and panel, garret and cellar, had been searched and sounded in vain. They were doubtless either burned, as many others had been, or had been taken away with some old piece of furniture and lost to that day.

At any rate, now was the time to seek some better title to the house that he had held so long; if not for himself, might he not obtain some kind of warrant for the family. That merciful prince, Louis XVI., would have no dragonnading under his royal sanction. He had already given his Protestants the right to registration of marriage and certificate of death, and since that time men had believed that the persecutions were at an end.

Corneille had some friends about the court, and after long deliberation and many provisions for the safety of his sister and his child, he drew up a document setting forth his wishes, to be framed into a petition to royalty or an appeal to some person in power, and started for Paris.

PART III.

Hugo Du Boisson had grown into a man, and the sword that his grandfather had hung to his shoulder on his fourteenth birth-day was still on its hook at the head of his bed in the old house, but it was now a souvenir of the dead.

The Pastor Duchesne was in France on one of those excursions which he continued to take thither, though he was now more than seventy years old. A wonderful man that good pastor. I remember him so well—tall, slim, and upright as a youth, with a bright eye and an unblemished skin, his long hair, black streaked with silver, hanging down upon his smooth cheek—a man of whom one longed to learn the secret of health, the rule of diet. I have heard him tell it. "Eat what you can get, but eat little. Drink what you need, which is not much." He made *tisane* of herbs according to the old French way—beverages and medicines in one. His friend, Louis Du Boisson, would have none of them, but took French wine or English beer, and watered both.

He is taking wine on the day I speak of—wine that he has fetched from a little cellar under the house, and has opened with his own hand.

Madame is still sitting opposite to him. Hugo—slender, handsome, and, from his pale

complexion and straight features, a contrast to his father's apple cheek and jolly figure—waits for the toast. Their glasses are filled, and as they clink them together the mother looks lovingly on her handsome boy.

"'Tis your birth-day, dear son," she says, "long life and happiness to you?"

The father clasps the son's hand. "What a joy to be together still when so many of our poor French people are even yet parting from home and all that they love," he says. "Hugo, do you still dream of seeking our old house, and of claiming the barren right to call its rotting timbers yours?"

"Forgive me if I say yes," says the young man, "though all I hold dear are under this roof. I feel as though I should not fulfil a trust till I had tried to do what you could not do, father—to restore Le Platane to our family. Grandfather expected it of me, though he said no word. I saw it often in his face. I knew it six years ago when he gave me that old sword. I guess that he has left some message for me with the pastor, for I saw him hand him a packet in the garden on that very day, and ——"

"Do you know what that packet was, my boy?" said the father. "I will tell you. It held the title-deeds and conveyance of house and land, which, having left, I felt would never become mine, so I abdicate. I will tell you what the message was also, for this is the day when you should know it, and Duchesne, who ought to be the first to break it to you—Duchesne ——"

"Here he is," said a calm mellow voice, and the pastor lifted the outer latch by pulling the bobbin that held it, and walked into the room. He had spoken through the window, for it was summer time again.

There was much questioning, for he had but just returned from France, "where things look promising," he said, "if the king do but hold. At any rate, now is the time for my pupil here to decide whether or not he will look at his inheritance and try to win it back; though, mind, I do not counsel it. You have converted me, Louis," he added. "Those who hold it have the better claim after all these years—Corneille's sister and his motherless child." Hugo was silent for a minute.

"By making it ours we could better make it theirs," he said presently. "Will you give me my grandfather's message, pastor?"

"The message is here," said Duchesne, as he handed him a sheet of paper containing six lines.

It said:—"If your father and mother consent, and you still desire to see the inheritance that should be yours, wait for the occasion when you may visit it in safety. Should Corneille still live, he will admit you. Should you have the courage, you may take possession. By vast good fortune you may hold it. Tell your father there may yet be a trade in silk at St. Ambroix, when looms are again silent in Spitalfields."

"Yes, I know," said M. Du Boisson sadly, when Hugo read this to him. "My dear father was the soul of honour, and kept no secret from me. Go, my boy, if you have a mind. You will not stay, if I know your heart."

On the morning of the third day after Jean Corneille left St. Ambroix for Paris, it was observed that Pithon was not at work. For some days past there had been one or other of the men absent from the tanneries, and the nailers had struck their labour, letting the forges go out, and standing about in groups or drinking at the wretched little wine shops in the suburbs.

A band of stunted, miserable-looking fellows with wild looks, people who lived in stone huts and fed on chestnuts, had come down from the mountains towards Lozere. Evidently there was something strange going forward.

One evening little Elizabeth Corneille, who had been out to the fowl-house to see if her speckled hen was sitting, came running in to Mademoiselle Corneille with a scared face.

"Oh, my aunt!" she cried, as she hid her head in her apron, "there are men in the wood with faces like toads, and with red caps on their heads. They laugh and gnash their teeth, and they come this way;" and the frightened child crept to her aunt's side and cowered there, trembling. At the same time there was a knocking at the back-door leading to the terrace, and presently angry voices were heard in altercation.

Mademoiselle Corneille was one of those fair, plaintive-looking women who know little of fear all the time that they appear so much afraid. She would probably be in some terror if a wasp buzzed about her face, but she was always ready for a great emergency. That was so much the better now that she opened the window leading on to the balcony, and was confronted by Pithon, who had forced his way past the cow-boy and the two kitchen servants.

Elizabeth still clung to her aunt's apron. Pithon looked down at her with an ugly scowl.

"Send in the brat," he said; "I want to speak to you."

He was, for him, quite fashionably dressed,

in a broad-skirted blue-coat, and pantaloons of dirty white nankeen. His neck was enveloped in a huge neckcloth, on his head was a cocked hat adorned with an enormous tricolour rosette, and a huge sabre clanked at his heel.

"What is your pleasure here?" asked mademoiselle, "and who are you?"

Pithon frowned.

"You ask who am I," he said, between his teeth, "I who have followed you with my eyes as a wolf—nay, I won't call myself a wolf either—I can be a lamb, as you will find. Your hand could tame me at any minute, and it is your hand that I want. I, Pithon, chief of my circle in the coming rights of men, I who love you, come to-day a lamb, beware how you turn me into a wolf."

"Pithon!" she exclaimed in a tone of horror. The name had been to her all that was vile; and now the son of the man who was her father's enemy stood before her, and in tones of half drunken frenzy demanded that she should leave the house and go with him to Paris. There was something so monstrous in the proposition, that she would have laughed but for the danger in which she stood. Still among the trees on the left she could see a number of men wearing red caps, and armed with axes, pikes, and muskets. What did it all mean?

"Do you not know that even if you were to compel me, the law would punish you; that once in Paris, where my brother has friends, you would be held accountable, as you will be here, if you do not leave this house; that I have but to summon aid even now and denounce you?"

"Bah!" grinned Pithon, "that's all over. There is no law but that of the people, no prisons for the patriots who hold Paris and have cracked the Bastille itself like a nut. As to your brother, he was alive when I last saw him; whether he lives to-morrow depends upon yourself."

"So you think to frighten a woman, do you, brave man?" retorted mademoiselle, indignantly.

In another moment she had sprung to a wooden stair leading to a small round tower whence hung a rope. With a vigorous pull she set the bell in the tower ringing, and its loud clang resounded in the sultry air.

"Bah! who dare aid you?" shouted Pithon hoarsely. "Come down or I will dash out the brains of this young rook!" and he seized the little Elizabeth, holding her up in his arms.

Only for a moment though. A swift, light step sounded in the garden, a tall figure darted on to the balcony, a crashing blow from a heavy cane struck Pithon senseless over the balustrade; and mademoiselle, looking down, saw the Pastor Duchesne standing there, and by his side a younger man, who held the child in his arms. This young man was Hugo Du Boisson. He had come at a strange time to claim his inheritance. In the courtyard in front a score or so of honest men, Protestants of the district, had come with their pastor to witness, if need were, the acceptance of the rightful owner of Le Platane by Corneille. As the bell rung its noisy summons, they came running round by the stables.

Before they had reached the balcony the pastor checked them by a warning gesture, and went down into the garden. In a minute or so, Pithon, who showed some signs of reviving, was gagged, and securely bound with leathern thongs from the old coach-house, wherein he was locked till he might recover. The men in red caps had heard the summons of the bell, and so had some of the people far away in the village. There were old folks there yet who remembered that clang when it was the tocsin summoning Protestant gentlemen to buckle on their swords. A crowd of men and women were coming towards the house in front. The knot of insurgents who were waiting for Pithon came running to the garden-wall, over which they climbed, one or two muskets being discharged as those who held them scrambled through the thicket.

"Shall we arm and defend the house, pastor?" asked one of Duchesne's body-guard. "There are but a score of these fellows, and the reformation has not yet reached St. Ambroix. These are not patriots, they are robbers."

"Keep them parleying for one minute," he said hastily. "There is no safety for the woman and the child here. The cup of the iniquity of kings is full, and France has begun to wade in blood which will be soon knee-deep."

In a moment he had taken the child from Hugo, and, followed by mademoiselle, entered the house.

"There is no safety for you here," he said quickly, "for more of these ruffians may be upon us before night. Let me know what can be saved in a few words, and then put some bread and wine in a basket and follow me, just as you are—or stay—put on a servant's white cap and coarse shawl, and bring the child with you as she is."

There was no time to question. In less than ten minutes she was by his side, he going down into the cellars, and the child following in wonder.

"Are we to hide here in the cellars?" she said.

"No," replied the pastor, as he came to a great baulk of timber, or what had once been the wine-cellar, "follow me."

He knew that house better than she or her brother. With a vigorous push the timber yielded a little, and a bolt was shot. It was a heavy door, and led to a passage underground.

Stooping and groping his way, the pastor led them on for a hundred yards or so, till they saw light glimmering between the crevices of rock just before them.

"This should turn," said Duchesne, putting his shoulder to a large mass of stone. It yielded a foot or so, but the pivot had rusted, and a pile of loose shale lay in the way.

"Now, in six words," said the old man, as he kissed the child and took mademoiselle's hands, "squeeze through here and you will find yourselves in the little clump of wood beyond the old cherry-orchard. Then strike to the right and go on till you come to the river bank; you have then but two miles to walk to old Gregoire's house—you know him, he is the ferryman, and true as steel. There I will join you after dark, if I am alive; if not, a messenger will bring you this token that he comes from me, and tell you what to do." As he spoke he held up his watch, pushed them through the opening, and turned again towards the passage.

The insurgents had drawn up in front of the balcony, the Protestants were on the balcony itself, both sides looking with hostile intentions, when a strange sound was heard coming along the open road—a sound of the marching of many men, the tatoo of a dozen drums, and the crunching of wheels, mingled with wild cries.

Pastor Duchesne heard it as he emerged from the house again, after having stumbled along the subterranean passage.

"Listen! it is a regiment of soldiers," said Hugo, seizing his hand.

"Not so; it is a body of insurgents," replied the old man after a pause. "The wolves are coming now in packs."

The sounds reached the ears of Pithon's men, and with a wild shout they hurried towards the road.

"Now is the time," said Duchesne, and beckoning Hugo to follow him, he went through the house, snapping up here and there an article of jewelry, a watch, or any portable thing of value. There were very few of such things.

Meantime the uproar on the road grew louder.

"My friends, resistance will be useless without arms, and in face of a savage mob with fire and sword. Farewell! let each of you take care of his own safety."

"And you, pastor?"

"I shall take care of mine and of this boy's better than if I had you. Adieu!" and he bent his head in prayer.

Every head was bent also, and the men went slowly out, scattering over the fields by the backway.

Then the roar grew louder, a wild mob of men, among whom, I shame to say, were some women, tramped along the road with cries and curses, half naked, smeared with dirt, and armed with all kinds of weapons, but almost all of them wearing red caps; they howled the burden of a terrible song. There were no horses among them, but two men carried something on a kind of hand-bier.

In front of the house they stopped, and two or three, who seemed to be leaders, called for silence. When the clamour ceased, the stillness seemed intense. A dead calm was in the sultry air; a great heavy cloud tipped with lurid light hung in the heavens.

"Is this the house?" asked one of the leaders.

"This is the house," replied a fellow who seemed to be lieutenant of Pithon's band. "This is the crow's-nest citizen."

"Then let us put up the sign," shouted a hideous wretch in a leather apron, girded with a long rope, and carrying a sledge-hammer over his shoulder. "There have been plenty of such these last three days, and they are effective."

There was some commotion round the bearers of the hand-bier. The man in the leathern apron unwound the rope from his waist and flung an end of it over the blasted limb of the great plane-tree. A shout, a sharp jerk, a scream of laughter, and curses, and a man's dead body swung there—the body of Jean Corneille.

"We couldn't save him even if we'd been so minded," shouted the leader. "He went where the intendant Foulon and Berthier, his son-in-law, grinned their last, as pike-heads. All's one!"

"Pithon! Pithon! where's Pithon? Come, comrade, let us have no private affairs to interfere with business. Come!"

The Pastor Duchesne and Hugo had seen the horrid spectacle and heard the words that accompanied it. The insurgents were preparing to fire and sack the house. The old man drew his companion away, and both descended to the cellar. When they emerged into the open air and looked back, a terrible storm had broken; a peal of thunder shook Le

Platane, and the great plane-tree creaked as a vivid flash lighted its ghastly burden. They hurried forward, anxious for the safety of mademoiselle and little Elizabeth, who were out in the storm.

"Well, Hugo, my dear lad, never mind; I have set ten more looms going since you left us. Thank Heaven you are safely back, my boy. Alas, poor France! Duchesne is no more fit to be trusted, and yet we should be glad you went, for here are two dear souls saved alive—though, fancy little Elise coming over in a hamper on board that fishing-smack. They thought it was full of a great goose, didn't they, my child?" and the elder Du Boisson lifted the little emigrant on his knee.

For a time mademoiselle and her little niece lived with this dear family; but soon Elise must learn something, and so became a pupil at that school of La Providence which the refugees founded in the early troubles. As to mademoiselle, she was married in less than two years, for she was a Protestant, though her brother had remained a Catholic. Not till they had grown well used to their asylum did the pastor tell aunt and niece of the dreadful death of Jean Corneille, and by that time Louis Du Boisson and his wife had found a daughter in Elizabeth—Elizabeth a brother in Hugo—well, no, not quite a brother either, for one day when she came home from her studies, an armful of books in a blue bag over her shoulder, her great lustrous eyes full of intelligence, her hair falling in ringlets that blew about her like a fine silken veil, Hugo found out the secret of his heart and of hers. On the old bench of the old garden they plighted their troth, and Hugo's father only laughed when he heard of it, saying, he knew long ago what it must come to.

Madame was a little cold. She came of the noblesse, you see, and then Jean Corneille was but a steward; but who could look at Elise without loving her? Not such a gentle creature as Madeleine Du Boisson. Thus the story ends, dear, as all stories should end; but yet there is a word still to say.

The Pastor Duchesne, ninety years old, is sitting on that very same bench in the old gay garden at Bethnal Green. Louis Du Boisson sits beside him, stouter, rosier, older, and with his crisp dark hair turning white. Madame, more than ever like that fine Sèvres china, stands snipping the withered leaves from a bush of blush-roses.

In the suburbs of the town of St. Ambroix a lady and gentleman alight from a carriage at the sign of the "Golden Bear," and stand at the door to ask a question of the landlord.

"I see no signs of the place," says the gentleman; "it cannot have sunk into the earth. Surely it *must* have been burned on that terrible night, though the pastor says no. You were too little to remember where it stood, dear. We will inquire."

"What! Le Platane?" says the landlord, with open eyes. "Why, over yonder, where the barrack is being built. It was a mere ruin for ever so long, and then came the restoration, and then the hundred days—that was when it was burned—what the democrats left, the reactionists finished. Vive le Roi!"

"And of one Pithon, does anybody know what became of him?"

"What Pithon? He—ah, yes—as he had helped others to a pinch, so he himself sneezed in the sack."

The bloody footsteps of the revolution had overtaken the enemy of Jean Corneille.

"Son and daughter," said Louis Du Boisson, as he sat in his little parlour a week afterwards, "I have bought for you the house I spoke of in Essex. Call it Le Platane if you like, but I wouldn't. The name's unlucky, and we are all English now."

GERTY'S GLOVE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

"Elle avait au bout de ses manches,
Une paire de mains si blanches!"

Slips of a kid-skin deftly sewn,
A scent as through her garden blown,
The tender hue that clothes her dove,
All these, and this is Gerty's glove.

A glove but lately dofft, for look—
It keeps the happy shape it took
Warm from her touch! What gave the glow?
And where's the mould that shaped it so?

It clasp'd the hand, so pure, so sleek,
Where Gerty rests a pensive cheek,
The hand that when the light wind stirs,
Reproves those laughing locks of hers.

You fingers four, you little thumb!
Were I but you, in days to come
I'd clasp, and kiss, and keep her—go!
And tell her that I told you so.

—*London Lyrics.*

KISSINGEN, *September*, 1871.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT SEVILLE.

[**Henry Blackburn**, born at Portsmouth, 15th February, 1830. Traveller, journalist, and sometime editor of *London Society*. In 1871 he received an appointment in the civil service commission. His works are *Life in Algeria; Travelling in Spain; The Pyrenees*, illustrated by Gustave Doré; *Artists and Arabs; Normandy Picturesque; Art in the Mountains*, the Story of the Passion Play in Bavaria; *The Harz Mountains*, &c. He seizes the most picturesque characteristics of life and scenery, and reproduces them admirably with pen and pencil.]

The curtain has gone down at last—Don Alphonso has touched the last note on his guitar, and the dark-eyed prima donna, with the gigantic false roses in her hair, has heaved her last sigh from the casement above. Jealous lovers in false wigs and black conspirators all have sheathed their pasteboard daggers for the night, and the stage is clear for the ballet, or what our good friend the impresario, who has French proclivities, calls a *pantomime d'amour*.

It is Christmas-time at Seville, and the people who never do any work to speak of, now take holiday, and disport themselves in most rampant fashion. Every day and every night there has been some grand *foncion*, something to see, to do, or to suffer. We are fairly "weary of the world," of the Seville world of saints' days, high-masses, miraculous cures, cock-fights, bull-fights, cachuchas, and fandangos. But to-night is a special festival, and we have promised our host, Don Pedro, who manages matters theatrical in Seville, that we will come to see his daughter dance the bolero. There was nothing new in seeing the "bolero," the *baile nacional* of Spain. Had we not seen it the day after we arrived in the city, as performed in the second-floor-back of a dark street, by two or three painted and powdered señoritas, whose especial business it was to exhibit to strangers the manners and customs of their country? had we not paid five francs each to sit for an hour in a crowded room, choked with dust, and deafened with the clash of castanets; and had we not had black mail levied upon us by those painted eyes, and our purses emptied, as one of the customs of Spain? Had we not, after a few weeks' sojourn, seen through the folly of these things, and gone boldly with a great English painter (one no longer amongst us, who lived and worked at Seville, and brought home to England more of the living power of Murillo and Velasquez than any artist of his time) over the bridge to that most racketty and disreputable suburb, Triana, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, to see and study with a painter's eye the grace and beauty of the bolero as danced by wild gipsy kings and queens, who live here in picturesque poverty, whose life in youth is to dance and to sing? Had we not seen the population of a whole suburb of Granada come out to join in passionate joy and sorrow, as expressed in motion by one or two skilled performers dancing to the monotonous twang of a cracked guitar? We had seen all this, and we had begun to understand how truly dancing in Spain was a part of the nation's existence; but we had not yet seen the audience of a theatre under its influence. The great charm of the Spanish theatre, according to Ford, is the national dance—matchless, unequalled, and inimitable—only to be performed by Andalucians. It is the essence, the *sauce piquant* of the night's entertainment. However languid the house, however laughable the tragedy, or serious the comedy, the sound of the castanet awakens the most listless; the sharp, spirit-stirring click is heard behind the scenes, the effect is instantaneous—it silences the tongues of countless women—*on n'écoute que le ballet!*

The little theatre in Seville—where opera and ballet seem as much *de rigueur* as at the Haymarket Opera House in London when Grisi and Cerito were presiding stars—is full to the ceiling to-night, with a noisy, clamorous crowd, who cannot help smoking surreptitiously during the performance, and whose consumption of glasses of water is marvellous to behold. Looking through the curtain which divides us so slightly from the rows of señoritas in dark veils (some so close that we could whisper to them from our hiding-place), this seething mass of humanity looks dangerous in its excitability and, considering the small space into which they are crowded and the sparks and little waves of smoke that curl up here and there, it is a positive relief to see so much cold water distributed amongst them.

But the orchestra is tuning up, and the signal is given to clear the stage. As we stand at the wings, Don Pedro comes proudly forward with his daughter, a little bright-eyed girl of fifteen, dressed, not in ordinary ballet costume, with skirts ungracefully short and scanty, but in the natural, national dress of Andalucia, familiar to everyone in pictures, but especially charming here, both in colour and character, as a contrast to the tinsel and artificiality of the modern stage. She wore a high comb and black lace veil, with a bright red camellia in her hair, and held in her hand a fan, the whole armour of battle of a southern coquette. Her face glowed with pleasure and delight, her bare arms were not whitened, her

face was not powdered, her little feet and ankles were shapely, and not overstrained or made angular under the ballet-master's hand. Such was Perea Nena in the bloom of youth. Who that has seen her in Paris or London during the last few years will remember her triumphant *début* in a *pantomime d'amour?*

Soon the curtain rises to a scene of an orange-garden, lighted up with coloured lamps. There is a terrace, a lake, and the full moon is shining down. As the curtain disappears above our heads the close, hot air comes into our faces, and the impatient sounds of a hundred tongues. Nena trembles a little as she stands waiting by the side, tapping her feet to the click of the irresistible castanets; but at the signal she is ready, and tripping past us, all sparkles and smiles, faces the audience, who greet her with a shout of welcome. Spirit-stirring dance-music, now slow, now fast, but not as strictly in time as we are accustomed to hear it, comes from below the footlights; a little posturing, hesitating, coquetting, and most graceful and indescribably eloquent swaying of the arms and limbs, and then the Nena glides through the orange-groves, flitting and flying, the little feet twinkling to the music, following its passages apparently without method, but in perfect time, and with such *abandon*, grace, and enjoyment as we never see on any other stage. Tripping from flower to flower, now floating apparently half in air, now settling on a green bank, the Spanish butterfly imparts the fulness of her grace and joy to the excited audience, who had seen all this a hundred times before! Strange contrast to a grand *ballet d'action*, with its army of trained warriors in muslin, crowding together behind the scenes, and forming in wonderfully-disciplined groups before a listless audience at Her Majesty's Opera in London. Here all is quiet on the stage, and the excitement and enthusiasm come spontaneously from the audience. Thus they watch with eager eyes and half-held breath the Spirit of the Dance, as she flits before them with her black tresses flying in the wind; when there enters upon the scene Don Juan—young, handsome, gallant, glittering with silver buttons and lace—the model caballero. He steals softly to the Nena—a kiss, surprise, flight down the orange-groves, rapid movement in the orchestra, silence and suspense with the audience, and soon the pair appear again under the trees. Then pantomimic love-making, stirring music, passionate declaration, adoration, expressed in a dance in which there were few steps but more meaning and intensity than could be described in any words, or conceived by a northern people. The eye especially is delighted with the picturesque beauty of the two young figures, the harmonious colouring of their dresses, the rich red embroidery on velvet, the sparkle of gold lace and silver filigree, without a suspicion of tinsel or stage sham. There they stand together, entrancing and bewitching all beholders.

"Beautiful expression of joy, youth, hope, and fervour!" says one eye-witness; "beautiful similitude and pantomime of love!" Suddenly they disappear from the stage, and as suddenly dart forward from opposite sides, like separated lovers, who after long search, have found each other again; no thought, apparently, of spectators, no care for the world before the curtain; *their* world is with each other. Their happiness is contagious; it is a delight to watch them together, and the audience is now so sympathetic, so entranced, that what immediately follows comes as a shock—a general calamity. What is the matter—a misunderstanding? The music stops suddenly, the pair hesitate in the middle of what we should call a most graceful *pas de deux*, in which the arms and hands had, strange to say, taken more part than the feet. They expostulate, they are silent, all but their eloquent eyes. A pause of agonizing suspense, and their world of love stands still! Then pantomime of explanation, expostulation, quick music, the angry rattle of castanets; trip, trip, and away they glide from one another and the world, now one of general confusion and despair, both before and behind the curtain. Are we dreaming? Can it be possible, looking out from our hiding-place on the stage, that we can see tears in those faded señoritas' eyes, and at least a hundred people with a shade of sorrow over their hardened faces, because the sun has set for a moment on two young lives? This is the mystery of the dance of Spain, which no words can describe, and no ballet-master in Paris or Vienna can understand. But stay—here comes the Nena upon the stage alone; there is an expression of sorrow and repentance in her face, and the end can be imagined. Soft music and a delicately-touched guitar, a clear voice through the orange-groves, a lover on his knees by her side, reconciliation, rapture, music in quick time—music such as only comes from stringed instruments under nervous hands—and then a dance of joy that brings happiness to all hearts.

And how does it all end? With loud and universal calls before the curtain, and enormous

false bouquets hurled by friends from dark boxes? Not at all; this would spoil everything. The happiness of the lovers now complete, they go hand in hand together up the stage, where the moon is shining over a lake; they take a boat, and glide away from our sight under the silver moon. It is poetical to the end, with just one touch of contrast to heighten the effect. As the curtain rolls slowly down, shutting off the noise and the heated air, there peeps out from the side scenes the grim, mocking visage of Mephistopheles, attired in diabolical red for some after-burlesque. Whether the audience sees him, or is intended to see him, we cannot tell, but so ends the *pantomime d'amour*. In half an hour the audience has dispersed, and we are threading the silent streets of Seville; a real moon is lighting up the Giralda, and the fountains are sparkling under the old Moorish walls.

Does the Perea Nena, we wonder, dancing now to a fashionable, crowded opera-house, ever recall the triumph of the little girl of fifteen summers, and that passionate audience which she conquered with her eyes? Does the "first lady" of the ballet, the envied centre of a hundred ballet-girls—gliding down the centre of the stage on pasteboard toes, or swung aloft between rows of gas jets and painted clouds of heaven—ever achieve a triumph like this?

But the dance—the Bolero, the reader may ask; what is it? For we have not really described it at all. It is, in one word, the poetry of motion, and the language of the eyes. It is one of the *cosas d'Espana;* it is oriental in its origin, and it has entranced men and women for four thousand years. But the fire is dying out before over-civilization, and one of its embers flickers for a moment—where, my good friend Don Pedro? In the pages of the *Casquet of Literature.—Christmas No. of London Society,* 1871.

THE ROBIN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

My old Welch neighbour over the way
  Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
  And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
  And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
  From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not
    heard,
  My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
  Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
  And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still
  Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned
    bird,
  Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
  Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
  "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
  To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
  Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
  Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

WHEESHT!

[Robert Chambers, LL.D., born in Peebles, 10th July, 1802; died at St. Andrews, 17th March, 1871. He was intended for the ministry, but family misfortunes compelled him at an early age to begin business in Edinburgh as a bookseller. His elder brother, William, was engaged in the same trade, and the two afterwards united to establish the firm of W. & R. Chambers. In their capacities as authors, editors and publishers, the brothers Chambers have earned a distinguished place in the history of literature in the present century. *The Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers*, is a valuable and interesting work, which shows what talent and industry may achieve. Dr. Robert Chambers produced over seventy volumes, exclusive of detached papers; the more important of his works are: *Traditions of Edinburgh; The Popular Rhymes of Scotland; Histories of the Scottish Rebellions; Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen; A Cyclopædia of English Literature; Life and Works of Burns: Domestic Annals of Scotland; Life of Smollett; Ancient Sea-margins; The Book of Days*, &c. &c. Of the brothers the *Dublin University Magazine* said they were "both of them men of remarkable native power, both of them trained to habits of business and punctuality, both of them upheld in all their dealings by strict prudence and conscientiousness, and both of them practised, according to their different aims and tendencies, in literary labour."]

Genius of Silence! whose step, as thou walkest over the earth, falls as lightly as the descending snow-flake, invest me with thy mantle of down, and provide me with a quill of softest

plume, while I attempt to recount all the properties and associations of thy shibboleth—WHEESHT!

Everybody must have more or less acquaintance with a provokingly quiet set of people, who constantly look and move as if they were saying wheesht!—a velvet-footed race, with smooth, goodly faces, who eat, drink, walk, and sleep—perhaps snore too—below their breath, and would not for the world be guilty of what they call making a fuss. This set of people are always very anxious that things should be managed in a prudent, quiet, unostentatious way. If they were going to have a ride in a coach—supposing they could bear the rattle of such a thing—they would have it drawn up six doors off.

"————lest folk
Should say that they were proud."

They keep the doors within their house always well oiled, and the pulleys of their windows in the best state of repair, so that none of them may ever be guilty of a single creak or rattle. Their clothes are always very trim about their persons,—or, to use a Scottish phrase, *clappit;* no superfluous skirts—no majestic train—not so much as a useless lappel, if it can be avoided; because such things tend to make a fuss—might even happen to pull down something that would make a crash, or a clash, or a dash, or a splash, or something else in *ash.* When they rise to leave a room, it is perceptible that they are sedulous to glide away as smoothly, and noiselessly, and unobservedly, as possible. they are evidently much put about that they cannot devolve through the key-hole, so as to save the fluster of opening the door. "We must learn to walk circumspectly. We must make no stir. Let us take things coolly. Let us do everything with decency and propriety. Allow no room for evil tongues. As well not give people occasion to *speak.* We'll do very well in our own quiet way. WHEESHT!" As these people move along, they keep a clear look-out on all hands, afraid to come in contact with anything; and they evidently would feel much convenienced, if Providence would see fit to furnish them with antennæ like the spider, or whiskers like the cat, so that they might be admonished beforehand of the chance of being disturbed by any little object. If they saw a nut-shell in the way, they would go about to avoid treading upon it. "Bad boys, to throw their nut-shells down in the way!" If you were to come up behind one of them in the street, and, conceiving him to be one of your own hearty hail-fellow-well-met kind of acquaintances, give him a sound slap on the shoulder, and ask him how he did, you would see him start like a Laputan philosopher under the influence of the flapper, and perhaps next moment faint, sink, and die away upon the street, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown, unless an address card happened to be found in his pocket. But see one *trysted* with an obstreperous bottle of small ale, with which he is going to regale you as you drop in, some warm, thirsty forenoon, at his country box. He brings in the bottle in his arms, nursing it all the way as carefully as he would a new-born babe. He sets about the business of driving in the screw with all the solemnity, and silence, and decorum with which a Druid could have set about the sacrifice of a human being. The stopper is recusant—it requires more exertion than he can at any time think of making, for violent gesture is equivalent to noise. It has to be transferred to your own less scrupulous care. You make the cork fly in a moment, and see what a water-spout of foam! The quietist is paralyzed with the loudness of the report, and the fizzing, cheeping, squeaking, spirting, and squirting which the liquor makes, as you vainly endeavour to repress it with your hand. The echoes of the house, that have slumbered for months, are roused by your calls for relays of tumblers, wherein to receive the seemingly endless effusion of froth. And after puzzling and noozling your way to the bottom of half-a-dozen of these tumblers, in the vain quest of a mouthful, you leave the unhappy quietist in agony for the evening—his ears rent with your jocund remarks on the small ale, and all the rest of his senses shattered, and torn, and disgusted with the scene of ravage which you have been the innocent means of introducing into his parlour. It must be remarked that these velvet people scarcely detest anything so much as a hearty laugh. They mark a cachinnator as a man to be avoided. Of men whom they have every other reason to regard with esteem, they will remark—"Yes, he is very good—a very estimable man: but don't you think he has a rather boisterous way of laughing?" Your quietist never laughs, even at the most amusing incident or witticism: he only treats you to a soft noiseless smile. In their conversation, they appear as if they were at some pains to avoid using the harsh consonants, such as *r* and *s:* they indulge chiefly in liquids and vowels, and do a great deal with such monosyllabic interjections, as ah, eh, ay, oh, &c. They often speak upon a respiration, instead of an aspiration, as if their words made

less noise when bound inwards than outwards: they seem as if they wished to swallow their very language, upon the same principal as a manufactory consuming its own smoke, so that it might never more give any trouble, or create any fuss in the world. Sometimes, in company, they escape the horror of making a noise with their tongues altogether. They sit in a composed manner, perhaps looking into the fire, and only signify their appreciation of what you are saying to them by occasional inarticulate sounds within their closed lips, or by a motion of the head to one side, or by a mere transient glance of the eye. This is what they call having a little quiet conversation; and when the parties rise, it is always observable that they display an appearance of vast edification.

These men of aspirate existence are often found in possession of small public dignities, such as that of provost, bailie, or town-clerk in some country burgh. Nothing can be done by such people—no step can be taken, till they have thoroughly ascertained that it is to have a perfectly good appearance, and that there is no back-come or negative influence which may derange it. "Wheesht! just let us keep a *calm sough*. We must proceed decently. We must walk with circumspection. That business about the Port-brae—I'll just take occasion some night to ca' in by John Richie's, and hear what *he* says about it, and if he doesna seem to hae any objection, we'll see what may be done. In the meantime, ye may throw yersell in Mr. ——'s way, and hear *his* breath. We canna be ower cautious. Dinna gang anes eerand. That would look ower *set-like* on the business. We'll see about it a', by and by; ay, we'll see about it; just be canny for awhile, wheesht!"

Or perhaps it is—"That business about the clerkship to the buird: my son John, he's a weel-doing lad. Mr. Jamieson, his late master, just looked upon him as the apple o' his ee. He used to say he could take a voyage to Cheena, and hae an easy mind a' the time, for he was sure that John wad hae everything richt when he cam back. Served a regular apprenticeship to a double-you-ess. Though it's mysel that says't, there canna be a candidate better qualifeed. For my ain part, I'm an auld servant o' the toon. In that business, ye ken, o' the brig, I was never aff my feet—lost a gude deal o' my ain business by negleck—and ye ken as weel as ony body hoo muckle fyke I've ha'en wi' the Puir's House, I've just been considering whether John has ony chance. We're anxious to soond our way afore we gang ony farther; for we wadna like to pit in for't and no get it after a'. *Ye*'ll hae a vote? [Here the person addressed intimates many friendly wishes, but is not inclined to give a distinct pledge.] Ou na—we canna expek that, ye ken. It wad neither be richt o' me to ask it, nor for you to gie't. The toon's interest, abune *a'* things! But I just ca'd to let ye ken hoo things stude. I'm by na means anxious for the place to John. But some o' oor freends wad hae us to come forrit. and we did na like that they should ha' been at sae muckle trouble on oor account, and we fa' back after a'. In the meantime, ye'll say naething till ye hear frae me. We're gaun to be very cautious. We'll *feel* our way—Wheesht!"

Even to the humblest individuals connected with corporations this system of quietness extends. There is always a kind of valet or *man* of the corporation's body, who hands about the circulars which call the members together, attends to the decoring, as Caleb Balderstone would call it, of the hall of assembly, and lives in a den hard by, where he "keeps the keys." This man is always found to be a most decided votary of the idea of *wheesht*. He goes noiseless about the place, like a puff of Old Town smoke, and seems absolutely oppressed with a sense of the decency with which it is necessary to conduct "corporation business." Yea, he cannot pronounce the very word "corporation," without that sinking of the voice and interjectional reverence of manner with which certain words of a really sacred nature are properly uttered in ordinary discourse. He looks upon "the corporation" as the greatest of all public bodies; if the government itself be greater, it is only greater in another way. And the deacon, in his opinion—oh, no man can equal the deacon. "The corporation is very rich. *We* support twenty-three dekeyed members and eleven widows, and *we* ha'e a richt to put five callants into the Orphan Hospital. We've our chairter frae James the Sixth; and our record—we've a grand record. It has the Catholic oath at the beginning,—"By my pairt of Paradise"—that ilk member swears to, when he enters. If you wad be very quiet about it, ye micht gang up stairs and see't. Mak' nae noise, now. Wheesht!"

There is a kindred set of men, who act in something like the same capacity to places of worship—old decent men—squires of the church's body, who come in, as avant-couriers of the minister, to lay down his Bible on the desk, and who evidently are at a great deal of trouble in keeping up a tremendously grave

and important aspect, appropriate to their duties. These old men appear in large entailed black coats, which have been in the family for ages, and the skirts of which sweep solemnly by, almost like the mainsheet of a seventy-four. Such persons might be the very door-keepers of the Court of Silence—the high-priests of the idea of *wheesht*. They are immensely impressed with a sense of the greatness of the minister, though, perhaps, he is in reality no conflagrator of the Thames; and their whole form and impression breathes of the solemnity of "the vestry." Anything that an elder says is to them law; and if the minister were to address himself to them, they would feel the honour so deeply, that they would not know what they were about all the rest of the day. When they appear within the body of the church they do not, of course, say anything; but it is evident that they mean a great deal by their anti-disturbance aspect. "Children, be all quiet; public worship is just about to commence; it behoves all people to show an outward decency in the house of God. I could give ye a word mysel'; but I leave it to the minister. All I shall say is—*Wheesht!*"[1]

Then there is a set of equally peaceable old men, who, in the country, act as elders, and stand every Sunday, with a peculiarly mortified and speechless aspect, beside the plate which receives the oblations of the congregation—"grave and reverend seignors," fixed as statues, with their hands thrust into the opposite cuffs of their spencers, and downcast faces that would not smile for untold gold. The boys, and even older people, are almost afraid to pass them, they are so awfully solemn. In one respect they are a kind of fuglemen. The countenances of the worshippers in passing catch from them the contagion of decorum, and instead of the easy, this-world expression which they sported a few minutes ago, while talking in the churchyard upon such terrene subjects as crops and markets, display in their pews a gravity appropriate to the place, but which could scarcely have been otherwise assumed. In fact, these old grave men, if planted in the entrance to the cave of Trophonius, would have been sufficient to account for the miracle. During the first prayer they are seen to enter the body of the church, and plant themselves in a seat under the pulpit, with a quietness and solemnity that would not be amiss among the special jurors of Rhadamanthus. If you visit one in his own residence, some evening during the week, you find him sitting in a small lonely room, with a large Bible open before him, into which, as you enter, he quietly thrusts his spectacles for a mark. You almost tremble to disturb so fine a picture of religious contemplation. When he speaks, you find that he has a deep, guttural voice, broken and softened into something inexpressibly smooth and gentle; a constant *susurrus* of wheesht! If you converse regarding books, you find that, of all secular compositions, he likes Hervey's Meditations, and what he calls *Strum's* Reflections. The subdued tone of these works harmonizes finely with the tranquil pulsations of his soul and heart. On a Sunday afternoon, when the slight bustle which the dismissal of the congregation has made upon the street is all hushed down into the soft and melancholy calm which ever rests that day upon the rural towns of Scotland, if you drop quietly in upon him, you find him sitting in his back room, in the midst of his family, with a stream of rich light from the setting sun falling upon his quiet gray head, and a large Bible displaying its brighter treasures before him. He is reading a chapter to his children in the low, murmuring voice peculiar to him. The whole scene is one of piquant noiselessness and repose; for the children, admirably trained, are all as quiet as doves, and, besides his own voice, there is no sound to be heard, excepting, perhaps, the soft occasional wail of the wind, or the equivocal lull of the distant waterfall. Should one of the young people betray but the slightest mark of restlessness, a glance from the old man, *over the top of the spectacles*, stills it in an instant. There is something in the scene that seems to say,—"Children, let us all be meek and gentle of spirit—let us all be reverent, and lowly, and quiet; let us sit amidst the stillness of the evening hour, and offer up the silent vespers of a grateful and devout spirit—be every worldly and profane

[1] Personages of this kind abound in the streets of Edinburgh during the hour between ten and eleven on Sunday forenoons, when they are all going to their respective places of worship. One of them was observed gliding gently along Prince's Street one forenoon, in company with some other "decent people," to whom he was evidently making a few quiet, solemn remarks upon the subject of things in general, with, perhaps, a particular reference to the gaudy show of fine new houses and elegantly dressed people, whom he saw around him. He was just overheard to make one observation; but it was most characteristic of the quiet tribe to which he belonged: "Sirs," said he with a philosophical glance from side to side, "*there's nae reality in naething now!*"

This world is but a fleeting show
For man's illusion given.

thought banished—be ye holy and calm—wheesht!"

There is a set of the generation of quietists, who are ever and anon coming up to you in the street with a curious *entre-nous* expression of phiz, as if, like a grief-laden ghost, they were possessed of some secret which they could not bring themselves to divulge. Now, for my part, I have no curiosity after secrets. I would rather want the best of them than be at the trouble of recollecting to keep them to myself. Yet these people do often seize me by the button, and attempt to work off "a great secret" upon me, in their quiet way, dribble by dribble, notwithstanding all I can do to the contrary. "Have you heard of anything within the last few days? Anything about ——? I heard it whispered last night, but I could not believe it. It was talked of to-day, however, I know, in the Parliament House. And Guthry, I'm told, knows all about it. For God's sake, however, speak loundly about it; and don't say I told you. It's a very delicate business. Wheesht!" And so, after a thousand insinuations, by whisper, wink, shrug, and smile, they quit button, and leave you weltering in astonishment, unable to make out, for the life of you, what all this means; nay, perhaps, so completely do you feel bamboozled by the tide of new and imperfect ideas which has been let loose upon you, that you scarcely know that you are walking on the earth for five minutes after. You feel ravished away, as it were, into middle air, *caput ferit alta sidera*—not with elation, but with botheration of spirit. Your imagination toils and pants after their meaning through the great abyss of space; and you hardly feel the pressure of the real world around you for the afternoon.

Then there is a set of people, of the quieter sex—good neighbours, mothers of families—who, when there is any sickness in your own house, and the mistress of the house herself is not very well able to take care of it, rush in unbidden, apparently upon the same instinct which brings birds of prey to fields of battle, and immediately begin to assume a strange kind of unauthorized directorate, as if they had been all their lives as familiar with the scene as yourself. These kind persons leave their own houses to Providence, all selfish considerations being abandoned for the time at the call of what they term distress. On coming home to dinner, totally unwitting of the trouble which has befallen the family in your absence, you are surprised *in limine*, at the very door-step, by meeting a quiet-looking oldish woman in her stocking-soles, who comes forward, holding up her hand, after the manner of a judge administering an oath, and only pronounces the single emphatic word—wheesht! You are beckoned in a most mysterious manner into a side-room, and told to be very quiet, for —— has just fallen into a sleep, which the doctor expects to do a great deal of good, and there must, upon no account, be any disturbance. Though the bedroom of the patient is so far away that no voice, however loud, could reach it, this high-priestess of silence still speaks thirty degrees below the zero of articulation, the sense of the necessity of quiet being so weighty upon her mind, that she totally forgets the state of the case in this particular instance, and even, perhaps, if she were removed to the distance of several miles, would still fear to give her words full utterance. You soon find this discreet old lady in full possession of your house, invested with the management of the keys, arbitress of all matters connected with the children's frocks, and sole autocrat of the bread and butter. If you live in any of the streets of the New Town, where hardly a cart or carriage is to be heard from morning till night, you immediately find the street in front of the door strewed with tanners' bark, to deafen the sound of those rarely-occurring annoyances. Of course, if you live in the Old Town, where carts and carriages are incessant, the patient is understood to have nerves accordingly, and no bark is required. Suppose the case to be one where the mistress of the house herself is indisposed: for some time you find your consequence as master entirely absorbed; you are a mere subordinate where once you were principal; the attentions of all the servants, and also of the discreet lady, are all engrossed by the patient; and you come into, and go out of the house, without ever being heeded or regarded; unless, perhaps, when you happen to make a very *leetle* noise, and then a troop of harpies, with the discreet lady at their head, fly upon you, with open mouth and uplifted hands, and all the gesticulation and expression which might properly accompany an outburst of indignant remonstrance, but which, in this case, is a kind of dumb thunder, ending all in the awful monosyllable — wheesht! Then, there is an oiling of doors, and a throng of women going through the house in their stockings, or at most in what are called *carpet* shoes, and a whispering and breathing of wheesht! for many days, till at last, through very contagion, you yourself become as timid as a titmouse, and almost forget the sound of your own voice. Then the mysterious old woman, how beautifully she manages every-

thing! Her out-goings and her in-comings are all most becoming and composed. The flame which you see her occasionally sending over a plateful of brandy for the sick-room, is not more gently lambent than her own pace. You see her a few yards off addressing herself to some underling, and, although you hear not a whisper nor a breath, except, perhaps, the ever interjected *wheesht*, to your surprise her language appears to be comprehended by the person spoken to, and lo and behold it is immediately acted upon. The very children, albeit unaccustomed to the reign of silence, are overborne and dashed down by the awful influence of the everlasting *wheesht*, and are observed crawling, like so many kittens, through a suite of apartments, where they erst performed gallopades of the most outrageous description. If you happen to take a peep into the sick-chamber, you see the mysterious woman standing over the bed, with the air and gestures of an inspired Pythoness, pointing to distant bottles and boxes, and doing everything, speech excepted, to make herself understood. If the wrong bottle or box be touched by the servant, she writhes her whole body and countenance in an agony of dumb negation; but, when the right one is pounced upon at last, she suddenly relaxes into approval, and her agonies cease. Suppose that the patient at last "departs," the stillness of the household is not remitted, in consideration of there being no longer any one to be disturbed. It rather becomes more deep and solemn than ever. There is still the same carpet-shoeing as before —the same ejaculating of *wheesht*. The house begins to look like an absolute sepulchre, and the mysterious woman, like some marble and unspeaking cherub, planted to guard it. She takes a leading hand in the melancholy duties paid to the dead, and is always able to recommend a person who makes grave-clothes—Mrs. So-and-so—living in some close in the Old Town, first stair, fifth door up. She can even do something in the way of mournings for the survivors; the children will require this, and the servants that; so much crape for this one's hat; so much black ribbon for that one's bonnet. Even after all these matters have been arranged by her friendly intervention, she does not yet depart. She must see after the wine and cake at the funeral, and take care that everything is managed with decency, and, above all things, *quietly*. At last, when all is over, she soofs out at the door, with a strange rustle of silk, as if she were saying, and saying for the last farewell time, the oft-repeated shibboleth of her kind—WHEESHT!

AN INTERLUDE.

[Algernon Charles Swinburne, born in London, 5th April, 1837. Poet. He is a son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne. He studied at Baliol College, Oxford; afterwards visited Florence, and enjoyed the society of Walter Savage Landor. His works are: *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond*, two plays; *Atalanta in Calydon*, a tragedy; *Chastelard*, a tragedy; *Poems and Ballads* (from which we quote); *Siena: A Song of Italy*; *Songs before Sunrise: Bothwell: Poems and Ballads*, 2d Series (1878); &c. He has written various prose essays, the most notable of which is that on William Blake, the artist and poet. "He is gifted with no small portion of the all important divine fire, without which no man can hope to achieve poetic success; he possesses considerable powers of description, a keen eye for natural scenery, and a copious vocabulary of rich yet simple English."—*Times*.]

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet;
The breath at your lips that panted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above;
And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes,
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,
Your bright foot paused at the sedge;
It might be to watch the tender
Light leaves in the springtime hedge,

On boughs that the sweet month blanches
With flowery frost of May:
It might be a bird in the branches,
It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger
With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,
And a bird to the right sang *Here;*
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
I knew what the bird's note said;
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember
Recalls a regret of the sun,
I remember, forget, and remember
What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower
Seemed still to murmur and smile
As you murmured and smiled for an hour;
I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood-blossom
You lifted, and waved, and passed,
With head hung down to the bosom,
And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame
If you've forgotten my kisses
And I've forgotten your name.

THE MINING CURATE.

[John Carne was the author of *Letters in the East*; *Recollections of Travels in Syria and Palestine; Lives of Eminent Missionaries*, &c., and he was a frequent contributor to the annuals of forty years ago. His works are distinguished by graphic and faithful descriptions of places and people.]

A wide and a wild parish is that of Calartha. Its aspect is strange and unusual; for the mines with which it abounds are situated on the brink of precipices, and even carried out into the sea. The edifices attached to them are seen fixed on isolated rocks, in the midst of the wave; while the rich produce drawn from the bowels of the deep, far beneath, is conveyed, with singular ingenuity, over the lofty cliffs that tower behind. If any one is satiated with luxuriant scenery (and it will sometimes satiate); if he would exchange groves, meadows, and fertile fields, for some new aspect of the ever-varied and impressive face of nature, let him come to this territory. The miner thrives, so does the farmer who lives in the few cultivated and romantic valleys; the fisherman, also, plies his trade with great success off the coast; but the clergyman has scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. Notwithstanding the numerous population of the parish, he has only forty pounds a year. Now the man who, at the time of our acquaintance with the affairs of Calartha, was the appointed religious instructor of its inhabitants, was, in every respect, admirably suited to his office. His form was spare and fitted for activity; his features aquiline, and his large gray eye for ever restless. Had he doffed the cassock and assumed the broad-brimmed hat and the coarse woollen jacket and trousers of the miner, and descended every day into the earth, he would have found there a better return for his labour than the marble hearts of his parishioners were disposed to give him. But then his profession made him a gentleman; he had received a good education, and had lived, for some time at least, among scholars and men of taste—having been maintained at the university by one of the foundation societies, who often send there candidates for holy orders. Poor man! from the moment he set his foot in Calartha his daily and nightly study seemed to be, how to supply the wants of nature in a comfortable and sufficient manner: it would be profane to say luxurious—for what had he to do with luxury? He was acutely sensible he had nothing to do with it.

Men's minds soon grow submissive to their situations! and after a vain and ineffectual struggle of a few weeks to keep up appearances, to vie in many things with his neighbours, to be thought to have a decent table, to be seen to wear a decent dress—he gave it up in despair, just in time to save himself from total ruin. It may be said that a bachelor, in so distant a province, where there was no competition to enhance the price of a single article, need not be ruined, with economy, even on forty pounds a year; but the curate had a mother and sister to maintain; and they took a little house on the slope of a hill, and lived together in it. How they lived, how they lodged, what they ate and drank—are mysteries that have never yet been sufficiently explained.

Now, the curate was no economist; had the money found its way entire into his hands it would have all melted away like the mists on one of the neighbouring hills. He would often give, and wished always to give, to the poor; he loved, but not to excess, a cheerful glass; and sometimes would cast his eye on his threadbare coat, with a determined purpose to have a new one. All these indulgences would quickly have made frightful invasions on the income, if the mother and sister had not received the quarterly ten pounds with an eager grasp, and watched over its little, gradual ebbings with a lynx eye and iron hand. The money had as well been at the bottom of the tin shaft in the vale below for any indulgence it brought to

him who toiled for it. It was in vain that the son sometimes appealed to the parent in moving terms, when, returned from a hot and dusty walk in the midst of summer, he begged hard for a few shillings.

"James," said the old lady, "remember the dignity of the cloth. Would you lower yourself by drinking, may be, more than you can bear? Go and finish the discourse you've been writing, bit by bit, all the week: 'tis a beautiful piece o' writing, and there's no doubt the squire will ask you to dinner after hearin' of it."

The son looked down at the sound of dignity of the cloth: both his elbows were struggling through the time-worn vestment; yet he rose with a sigh, took down his manuscript, drew the table near the window, and was soon plunged in the very depths of his subject.

It might be thought that the imagination would freeze, and the power of composition be arrested by the hourly pressure of petty sacrifices and denials—the uncertainty, when he rose in the morning, whether any sufficient refection would be that day given to the outward man; but it did not seem so, at least his public discourses were oftentimes very good, and even eloquent, and had evidently been the work of care and time. One reason of this perhaps was, that Sunday was his day of triumph, and he felt it to be so. After sinking, in temporal things, below his parishioners during the whole of the week; after pining for comforts which they enjoyed to the full—he found himself on this day elevated above them—was their instructor, their pastor, looked on by them as a man of learning and of power. He was far better adorned, also, than on week-days: the gown left by his predecessor was in very good condition, and his appearance, on the whole, was respectable and impressive. Then, after the service, the hand was held out more freely and respectfully; the squire stopped in the aisle, and the rich farmer without the door, to exchange kind and friendly words with him; and an invitation to dinner, from some one or another, sometimes followed. There was a singular difference in all his demeanour, and tone, and bearing, on this day: his look was no longer restless and depressed, nor his attitude stooping, nor his air soft and cringing; he spoke fast and free, sat at the friendly table as a gentleman should, and thought no more of his forty pounds a year. The privations of the whole week rendered the now loaded board an exquisite luxury. Perhaps, for his own peace, he had better never have sat there; for, on his return at night, he was beset with the fruitless remarks and desires of his mother and sister, who were hardly ever asked out on these occasions; and during the ensuing week the daily and frugal meal was often embittered with their repinings.

To entertain a friend in his own house was a thing that never entered his head; had he dared to make the attempt, he might as well have faced two hungry harpies, as met the looks and words of his rigid relatives. He was often to be seen of an evening seated in the little window-seat, overlooking the road; and there he feasted his eyes on the joyous groups that returned from the market of the neighbouring town, where they had ate and drunk, and were now returning, in the fulness of their hearts, to a comfortable home, to their own warm hearth. And then a knot of farmers would jog merrily by, talking in loud voices of the current prices, the coming harvests, and of their own well-stored barns and yards.

"And why should so great a gulf be fixed between the pastor and his flock?" was a question he might well ask himself. Even when twilight had spread its dimness over dwelling and path, the form of the curate might still be seen seated there: for candle-light was spared, with infinite care and skill, within the walls; and not till the middle of November was any fire allowed. So he loved to linger over the last gleams of light, rather than turn to the void of his cheerless habitation. To defend himself from the increasing cold, he used to put on his ancient and rusty great-coat, and fold it tightly round him. The want of light was supplied from the public-house of the village, which was directly opposite, and only a few yards distant; for, the rooms being as usual profusely lighted, a partial glare was received from them through the windows of the curate's apartment. But this was more to his annoyance than his comfort. Much has been said of the torments of Tantalus; but as much, and with equal justice, might be said of the sufferings of this thirsty, poor, and much desiring man, who sat from hour to hour in a partial gloom, in which all the senses are more vividly awake, listening to the ringing of glasses, and the calls, continually repeated, for more supplies of some refreshing beverage, of new and old ale, and even wine. Often he retired to rest with a spirit tried to the very core. Alas! it needs not a guilty conscience to embitter life; salt tears will stream down blameless cheeks.

Thus passed away two or three years; when one morning saw him summoned to a different scene—to attend one of his parishioners, whose dwelling was at some distance. The man was

dying, and over his bed bent a form and face that the eye would hardly look for within such walls: his condition in life was only that of a peasant, yet the daughter, who was his only child, was, in all opinions, the loveliest girl in the parish. Often, with surprise, had the curate marked her beauty from the pulpit; and in his few visits to the cottage he had entered into conversation with her, and found, by the words that fell gently from her lips, that she had treasured his sermons in her memory and heart—the sweetest flattery, perhaps, that woman can pay to a youthful minister.

He thought little of these things at this moment, however, but drew nigh to the side of his parishioner, and spoke to him in earnest and heartfelt tones: the man raised his hand in token of satisfaction, and seemed to devour every word he heard; but his eye, on which the world was now closing, was not lifted to heaven, but bent on the girl who hung over him. She was to be an orphan; and it seemed to be more than he could bear: he strove to man his spirit and call faith to his aid. But it might not be; the dread reality of the moment would not yield to the hope of future protection, which the minister strove to inculcate. The parishioner, a man of strong but untutored mind, listened in seeming calmness for some time; but when death drew near, he struggled against the stern summons, laid one hand firmly on his daughter's form, and when he felt that hand loose its hold, he turned his glazing eye on his pastor, and said,

"Man, if there's a love stronger than death, 'tis that for a desolate daughter: watch over mine, if you hope for mercy, for she is an orphan."

The tears of the girl did not fall alone; for the feelings of the curate were moved to the uttermost. Deaths and funerals had, from habit, become to him familiar things, but a death like this assailed every avenue of his heart and memory; the sun was yet rising, and his red beams fell through the cottage window on the face of the dead, whose thin hand was still extended towards his child, as if he miserably mocked the king of terrors; and on the features of that child was utter friendlessness. The minister stood with folded arms on the other side of the bed: his earnest aspect and compressed lips showed him to be no passionless spectator: he bent forward, and taking the trembling hand of the girl, led her from the apartment. He hastened to his home; and thither the scene followed him, the dying charge still thrilling in his ear. On the next Sunday his eye wandered unconsciously to the people who entered: and when the orphan girl came in her mourning, the looks of the whole congregation were instantly turned on her; for utter desolation ever commands interest and pity. A stronger feeling was excited in the curate's mind as he often sought the cottage and gazed on her beauty, and loved it. But what had he to do with love, when poverty, like an armed man, stood in his path, and sternly warned the resistless stranger away? Could he for a moment think of introducing another to share the small pittance of his household? If he did, the delusive hope flitted in a moment away, like a cloud from the bosom of the rocky hill on which his dwelling stood; yet in spite of fate he continued to love, and, in the meantime, exerted all his little influence in the parish to improve the condition of the orphan.

Thus passed away a year, at the end of which a change came over his fortunes, a sudden and a great change. An old sister of his mother's died and left to her nephew the property which had been the reward of a whole life of griping and saving. They were all at their scanty breakfast when a letter, with a black seal, was delivered: the son took and opened it; a sudden light came to his eyes that had long been a stranger there, and a deep flush passed over his cheek; for it was the letter containing the account of the bequest. The strong emotions that seized every one were some time in subsiding. There was now a delightful certainty that poverty would dwell with them no more: life had never brought an hour so elevating, they shed tears, and then they laughed loud and long, in the fulness of their hearts; for the bequest amounted to nearly a thousand pounds. As it was all left to the son, he had, of course, the entire disposal of every farthing; and while the mother and sister naturally wished to surround their little household with comforts and enjoyments, and extend their consequence among the neighbours, he was occupied with different thoughts. The use he made of the money affords an instance of the strange waywardness of the human heart. He no sooner received the sum than the insatiable desire of increasing it, like a demon, entered his heart. The strong and sudden novelty of the event had its share, perhaps, in this: to a man to whom the command of a few shillings at a time had been an object of desire, the possession of so much wealth was exquisite.

But there was a deeper cause also, and one of longer standing. The extensive parish of which he was the curate offered a beautiful and enticing field of speculation, in which any

sum, vast or minute, might be quickly employed. The soil was in many parts covered with mines, whose piles of ore, worthless as well as valuable, were strewed over the surface. The curate had often fallen in company with the miners, who formed, indeed, no small part of his parishioners, and the shrewdness and intelligence of these men had not failed to interest him. Then he had loved to linger, during his various walks, on the brink of these tempting scenes, to survey the various and valuable produce, and to watch the iron-bound vessel that rose every moment to the surface and poured its fresh treasures from the deep caverns of the earth. It had never entered his mind that he could partake in the mighty adventure, that he could ever blend his own destiny with that of the mine that spread around; but now the face of things was altered, and he resolved to adventure boldly and skilfully the property that had been left him. It was in vain that his parent, and Rachel, his sister, implored him to pause ere he committed so perilous and fearful a deed—for they never could survive, they said, the loss of this treasure: the nature of the man was changed; and there never was a more striking proof of the sudden influence of money on a disposition hitherto untried by it. He returned brief and stern answers to the mother before whom his voice had formerly been subdued and submissive; looked her full in the face, and met her glance of authority with one of equal command. The unhappy woman sank into a chair, wrung her hands, and said that a curse would come on the money thus awfully risked.

But there was another and more youthful eye and tone that he dared not thus to meet. In the evening he hastened to the cottage where the daughter of the peasant still lived: his feelings were delightful as he entered; and he grasped her hand fervently, and looked long and earnestly in her lovely face. His own features were full of pride mingled with tenderness: for he felt that she was his own; and, to his ardent imagination there seemed something exquisite in rescuing her from desertion, and executing the trust of her dying father: for poverty had crushed hitherto the spirit of the curate, and shrouded everything that was noble and generous in it. The girl spoke low and passionately, and there was hope in her voice and eye, as she wished him joy of his good fortune; for she had begun to love the kind-hearted minister, who had been a faithful friend in her distress. By his unceasing efforts he had procured her the situation of lady's-maid in the town at about twenty miles' distance, and she was to depart in a few days.

"Then you would not wish me to go now," she asked, "now that the world smiles upon you; you would rather, perhaps, that I should stay here?" He returned no answer. "It is a place of pride," she resumed, "and of command; and my father's cottage will be far dearer to me than that lady's house."

He turned to the small window, through which the moonlight was shining beautifully, and she saw that his face was pale and agitated. Mistaking the cause, the colour rushed to her own cheek, and she said something about his despising her now he was rich: he started at the words, and pressed her to his heart, that throbbed with anguish. He had known enough of the delusions of the human spirit in the various scenes of suffering, sorrow, and death, that this extensive parish offered, to be aware that his own was now miserably led captive.

"Mary," he said, "the bitterness of parting will be hard to bear: we might now be married, I know, and be happy; but—but I am not rich, as you say—not rich enough to live in comfort: no, my love, I wish to surround you with enjoyments, with affluence, that all thoughts of poverty may be chased from our dwelling, as chaff before the wind."

And then he told her of the purpose he had formed and matured, of laying out the property in a flourishing mine in the neighbourhood, where, in the course of a year, there was a certain prospect of its being doubled.

As he spoke on the tempting theme his eye flashed, his voice rose, and his gestures were impassioned. The girl gazed in surprise and sorrow, and thought of the gentle tone, the happy smile, the look full of hope and affection, with which he had been wont to enter her dwelling. It was clear that she must part from her home and its wild and loved scenes, from which she had never wandered before; for till his golden expectations were accomplished, as he admitted, the day of their union could not come, and he would be, in fact, as poor and dependent as ever. Her tears fell fast at the thought, and a warning conviction seemed to rush over her mind. She knelt before him, and, clasping his hand in her own, blessed him for all the care and tenderness with which he had watched over her orphan state, and besought him not to cast away the only prospect that might ever be of their union—not to love gold better than her love; and then she pointed to the chamber in which her father died. The curate's spirit was severely tried: the look, the action, the sorrow of the kneeling girl were

almost irresistible, and he felt them to be so; the struggle was violent: but pride, a new sensation, at last came to his aid.

"Why will you not," he said, "be guided by my advice? Have I not in everything sought your welfare? and you blame me because I seek to make our home a more wealthy one! Bear this absence of a few months with patience, and then I will come and bring you to our home."

She rose, and spoke not another word of complaint or sorrow; and soon after he parted from her kindly as ever, and sought his own dwelling on the hill. On the following day she left her home, and went to the distant town.

And now the curate knew no rest night or day. He was not long in deciding in what adventure to place his money; and yet the moments of suspense ere he came to that decision were beautiful. He traversed the whole neighbourhood every day with rapid and eager steps, canvassed with his own eyes the bearings and value of every enterprise. But how different were his air and tone! No longer bending and dependent, but firm, elevated, and clear. And many attentions and civilities were paid him; for, as the precise amount of the bequest was not known, people began to imagine it much greater than it was.

At last he fixed upon a very flourishing, or rather promising, copper mine, that had not been discovered more than twelve months; and here he embarked the whole of his property. The moment he had done this, a devouring thirst and gnawing anxiety seized on his soul: the traveller, dying in the desert, does not long more intensely for the cooling water, than the curate did for the gains that were so soon to flow from his adventure. Religion; the sermons and prayers of the Sabbath; the visiting of the sick; the comforting of the dying—all these were light as the autumn leaf, compared to the beloved, the glowing, the golden speculation. He was thin before, but now he wasted to a shadow. Murmurings began to rise in the parish at his neglect and insensibility; several people, who lived at the distance of many miles, in their last moments had longed for the sacrament, and seemed to linger on life's fading shore, unwilling to leave it without that consolation: yet it never came. But the misery or happiness of others was now become quite indifferent to him: he rose with the earliest light, quitted the house before either of its inmates was stirring, and repaired, over the moor, to the scene of the distant mine. The living object of his attachment he visited once or twice in the distant town, and told her with a sparkling eye of his ardent hopes; but no lover ever hung with more fondness over the untimely grave of his mistress than the curate did, morn and eve, over the black heaps that rose at his feet, in which he felt his own fate involved. He sat beside them, took the moist stones in his hand; minutely, darkly, distinctly traced were the veins of the rich mineral; and then he retraced the path to his dwelling, and sat down silent and abstracted. The puny income, that had so long been his sole resource, he now thought of with perfect contempt. "Ten pounds a quarter!—he had not the slightest intention of retaining his cure beyond the time when the returns of the mine began to pour in." And these returns really seemed, for a short time, about to realize his most sanguine anticipations: a small vein of valuable copper was cut into; the shares rose greatly in price; and his own, for which he had given nearly a thousand pounds, might now be sold for fifteen hundred. A few months before the receipt of this sum would have been felt to be the greatest blessing that ever fell to man; but now the prospect of the future was so glorious, that he received the tempting offer with no small scorn, observing, "that he should be a fool to part with what would soon gain him many thousands."

Could a man whose every thought and imagination were thus deliciously occupied, attend earnestly to the poor, cold, rugged realities that called every moment for his exertions? It is a painful and a bitter thing, however, when our enjoyments depend wholly on the uncertain chances of each coming day and hour: the reports from the mine beneath were not always favourable; there were some moments when the vein of copper began to be less productive, at others a total extinction was threatened. The curate gazed on the countenances of the miners, just ascended from the scene of toil, with a lynx and scrutinizing eye, that said, ere the tone could utter, "Oh say that my hopes still live!" But death came at last, and the curate felt the barbed arrow in his soul. Not the extinction of being—that, perhaps, had been mercy; but the withering for ever of every happy and every golden hope. After a few weeks of thrilling suspense and joy the vein of ore failed utterly: other parts of the ground were explored, and excavations made in every direction, but all in vain; and in a few months the whole speculation fell through. The legacy was entirely gone, and not the slightest addition had been made to the real comforts and enjoyments of the possessors. The miserable man now allowed the truth of

this, and the words of his mother fell awfully on his ear: they were fierce, unsparing, and ceaseless; and he listened to them in silence, but not in calmness. There was a voice that would have brought comfort, that he loved to hear; but it was afar, and he had long been a stranger to its sweet tones; for, during the fever of speculation, he had neglected the orphan girl, and had lately heard that she had gone to a more distant residence.

Nearly twelve months passed away: the curate's mind, that had borne calmly the long pressure of real poverty, could not support the fearful blow that cut off his expectations: a deep despondency grew on his spirits daily, and the care of his parish seemed to be a heavy burden. It was strange, but his thoughts still hovered around the scene of his ruin. One evening he had wandered thither, and was seated on one of the scattered heaps that attested with what avidity riches had been sought: it was an evening in autumn, and the rays of the sun, setting in the sea, that was full in view, were thrown on the waste spot. The stones, containing a portion of the rich mineral, gleamed with a golden hue, as the fading beams rested on them, as if in mockery of the hopes of the wretched man who sat there. But he needed no illusions of fancy to swell the sum of real anguish: thought after thought coursed wildly through his brain, and in them were despair, remorse, and blasted love. Raising his eyes from the barren soil, he saw a female advancing slowly over the moor, as if her steps were turned to the neighbouring village. The path led through the ruined mine, and as the stranger drew near to the despairing curate she paused, and the eyes of each were fastened intensely on the other. It was Mary, the object of his affection, of whom he had often thought with self-reproach, and a longing desire to see her again. And now she stood before him. He who has bent beneath misery and desertion can tell how welcome are the returning glance and form of those who love us. The curate clasped his hands fervently, and a deep flush came to his wasted features.

"Mary," he said, "you are come to comfort me: I thought *you* would not forget or forsake me."

The girl stood silent for a few moments; but it was not the silence of a full heart. She was deeply changed: the look of simplicity and candour had given place to one of haughtiness; the spirit, too, it was evident, had been affected by the scenes of dissipation and splendour in which she had resided.

"James," she said, "I am come, but not to be your wife—that hour is past; and as to forsaken, you never came to see me for many months, till I thought you had forgot me."

He spoke in sincere and glowing words of his bright and prolonged hopes, and how they had wholly occupied his mind; and of former moments of her destitution, and his fidelity. Still she listened coldly: he knelt before her, and gazed on her beauty, in agony at the conviction that it never could be his; and then he told of the hour of her father's death, and how, in that last moment, she had been given to his care. She turned pale, and seemed to be struggling with remembrances.

"Mr. Collins," she said at last, "it is of no use to talk of this now; I cannot feel as I did then: remember the time when I kneeled before you, and prayed with tears that I might not leave my home, and that you would prefer my love to the love of gold. You would not, and now it is gone from you: not because of the ruin you have met with, but in the places where I have dwelt, other feelings, and prouder ones, have been nurtured. Farewell, my kind and generous protector, may every blessing attend you! but—but I never can be your wife."

She turned from the spot with a quickened step: he gazed after her retreating figure as long as it remained in sight, and then he turned to the solitude of his own heart.

"Is that my Mary?" he said, with a miserable smile, "the dear devoted girl that I watched over when her father died? Surely she was to be my wife, my beautiful wife! and was to comfort me in my misery." He would have sat down once more on the glittering pile beside him; but a sudden thought crossed his brain, and he started from the spot as if a serpent had stung him: he clenched his hand fiercely, and gnashed his teeth:—"There, there," he said, wildly, "was my ruin; my love, my fortune, all my joy on earth, and hope in heaven, were sold for these accursed heaps. I sold my bride, with all her tenderness and beauty, for these detested stones—ha! ha!—that now mock me like so many fiends."

The night had set in darkly ere he went to his wretched home; his spirit was utterly crushed, and his frame soon sank also. Before long he was unable, as well as unfit, to attend to his ministerial duties; and his numerous flock saw with pity that their pastor's career, it was probable, would soon draw to a close. Six months had not passed when the girl he loved, and whose attachment was the last silver cord to which he had clung, was married to

a young farmer in the neighbourhood. Even had she been faithful, what prospect remained to the curate of supporting a wife on the miserable pittance to which the loss of his bequest reduced him? But his feelings were embittered by the knowledge that she had brought a small portion to her husband, which was bequeathed to her by the will of the lady whom she had served. Another curate also was found to supply the wide parish of Calartha; but the people, in kindness, continued to allow their former minister his poor salary, from the conviction, perhaps, that he would soon cease to be a burden to them. He still loved, when his failing strength permitted, to walk out into the wild paths that had so long been familiar to him; and his feet, it was observed, though they sometimes fainted by the way, seemed to wander mechanically to the scene of his dazzling hopes and of his ruin; and there he would stay for hours, grasping, at times with a trembling hand, some stray stones, richly veined with the mineral, while his hollow eye and attenuated form showed that poverty and wealth would soon be alike indifferent to him. One day he had been absent from his home much longer than usual, and his mother and sister went forth to trace his steps to the well-known scene, and found him reclined peacefully there; but the flitting remains of strength had been exhausted beneath the heat of the day. They called on his name, and bade him come to his home: but he heard them no more; for life was extinct, and it seemed, from the expression of his features, that he had welcomed death.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in love,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy:
How sune it tines its scent and hue,
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Though thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet soon thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like any common weed and vile.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

BY JAMES PENNYCOOK BROWN.

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow gray as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

"He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are bless'd;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

"He spoke of a home where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;—
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth in age are beguiled;—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
It was there that the old man longed to be!

"For he knew that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where Want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

Poetical Ephemera.

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

BY JOHN BANIM.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief in different ways. Money was subscribed—(then came England's munificent donation—God prosper her for it!)—wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough, bare walls. Before proceeding to our story let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who he might have supposed had done so, till it was too late. Except for a glance—and, doubtless a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving, and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child,—he blessed God, and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bedside, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful, and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying,—stretched upon damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant,—often we have heard him whisper to himself (and to another who heard him!), "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Such men need not always make bad neighbours.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under "the sickness." He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father and his surviving child are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

"I wish Mr. Evans was in the place," cogitated Michaul Carroll; "a body could spake fornent him, and not spake for nothin', for all that he's an Englishman; and I don't like the thoughts o' goin' up to the house to the steward's face—it wouldn't turn kind to a body. May be he'd soon come home to us, the masther himself."

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul's hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on his small Irish estate since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the "hard" steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble feet into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well-known "stannin," and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopped a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigour in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward without having broken his fast that day. "Bud, *musha,* what's the harm o' that," he said to himself; "only here's the ould father, an' *her* pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well *asthore,* if they can't have the pyatees, they must have betther food—that's all;—ay—" he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—"an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room—

"Don't be a-crying to-night, father, you and the child, there; bud sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'."

"The good break'ast, *ma-bauchal?*[1] a-then, an' where 'ill id come from?"

"A body promised it to me, father.

"*Avich!* Michaul, an' sure its fun your making of us now, at any rate. Bud, the good night, *a chorra,*[2] an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last: that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was at the years o' your own weenock, now fast asleep at my side; an' it's my word to you now, *ma-bauchal;* an' you won't forget id; and there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel-in-glory by the hand, Michaul *a-vourneen.*"

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropped asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again: all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for, and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name, "the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore?" continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague-fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased: but the familiar noise of an old barn door creaking on its crazy hinges came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself; stole out cautiously; peeped into the barn through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evan's field.

The sight sickened the father—the blood on his son's hands, and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent grandson.

About an hour afterwards Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what *hollg*[3] is on you now, *ma-bauchal?*"

"Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear.

[1] My boy. [2] Term of endearment. [3] What are you about?

"An' who's the good Christhin 'll give id to us, Michaul?"

"Oh, you'll know that soon, father: now, a good-bye:"—he hurried to the door.

"A good-bye then, Michaul; bud tell me what's that on your hand?"

"No—nothin'," stammered Michaul, changing colour, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id: what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from anything he then saw).

"Well *avich*, an' sure I didn't say anything was on it wrong; or anything to make you look so square, an' spake so sthrange to your father, this mornin';—only I'll ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has took such a sudd'n likin' to us, to send us the good break'ast?—an' answer me sthraight, Michaul—what is id to be, that you call it so *good?*"

"The good mate, father:"—he was again passing the threshold.

"Stop!" cried his father; "stop an' turn fornent me. Mate?—the good mate?—What 'nd bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?"

"Why, as I said afore, father, a body that ——"

"A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say, outright, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's recaiver, at this hour o' your life, an' afther growin' up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No; I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' getting comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.

"Well thin, an' I won't, *avich;* I won't;—nothin' to throuble you sure: I didn't mean id;—only this, *a-vourneen,* don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyatees, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich-ma-chree,* than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessin' on our faist."

"Well thin, *I* won't either, father; I won't:—an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you—to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast."

"My vourneen you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure *avich,* beg, an' I'll beg wid you—sorrow a shame is in that:—No; but a good deed, Michaul, when it's done to keep us honest. So come; we'll go among the Christhins together. Only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing."

"What, father?" Michaul began to suspect.

"Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma-bauchal?* I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry; an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich,* there would be danger in quitting the place widout hiding every scrap of anything that could tell on us."

"Tell on us! What can tell on us?" demanded Michaul; "what's in the place to tell on us?"

"Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but——have you left nothing in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn.

"Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now father? Sure you know it's your ownsef has kep me from as much as laying a hand on it."

"Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich,* an' so——"

"*Curp-an-duoul!*" imprecated Michaul—this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night—let me alone I bid you, father."

"Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door: and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head and saying in a low voice—"Hushth now, father—it's time."

"No Michaul, I will not hushth; an' it's not time; come out with me to the barn."

"Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply: he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sunlight on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture.

"Is it in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn at daybreak the mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.

"Arrah, hushth, ould man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded.

"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly: "ay, and at your work in id, too."

"What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carrol!" demanded a well-known voice.

"Enough to hang his son," whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans' land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county jail, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably—"God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said—"I ax pardon o' you *avich*—won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot *him, a-vourneen.*"

"No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to trouble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you: no, but everything to be thankful for an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an'——" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road-side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr. Evans' steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'Tis a sthrange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrate's; "it's a very sthrange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward—"I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpœna him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Perry could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the jailer's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial

excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly: and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarcely hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier deliberately,

"Call Peery Carroll."

"Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the jailer led him by a side door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the jailer and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock.

"Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge.

"Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said—"My Judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day:—amen;"—and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers).

"Do you know Michaul, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?"

"Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body: afore that night no living creatur could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God;—an' sure the people are afther telling you by this time, how it come about that night—an' you, my lord,—an' ye, gintlemen,—an' all good Christians that hear me;—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; 'twas for the weenock and the ould father that he done it;—indeed, an'deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place; an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another babby; an' id had himself down a week or so beforehand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an' more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn,—ay, long afore the steward and the peelers came on us,—but was willin' to go among the neighbours an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease,—"to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn, that night?—"

"*Musha*—The Lord pity him and me—I did sir."

"Doing what?"—

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly.

"I must still give you pain, I fear;—stand up; take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head."

"*Och, musha, musha,* sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and for the first time weeping—"och, don't, my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favourable, the last day."

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes,

to hide his own tears; and at the same time many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs.

"Michaul, *avich!* Michaul, *a corra-machree!*" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son,—"is id your father they make to do it, *ma-bauchal?*"

"My father does what is right," answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

"We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box.

"Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigour of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michaul Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

GARDEN GOSSIP.

ACCOUNTING FOR THE COOLNESS BETWEEN THE LILY AND VIOLET.

"I will tell you a secret," the honey-bee said
To a violet drooping her dew-laden head;
"The lily's in love! for she listened last night,
While her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
To a zephyr that just had been rocking the rose,
Where, hidden, I hearkened in seeming repose.

"I would not betray her to any but you,
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true—
It will rest in your bosom in silence profound."
The violet bent her blue eye to the ground:
A tear and a smile in her loving look lay,
While the light-winged gossip went whirring away.

"I will tell you a secret," the honey-bee said,
And the young lily lifted her beautiful head—
"The violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy;
But for all her sweet manners, so modest and pure,
She gossips with every gay bird that sings to her.

"Now let me advise you, sweet flower, as a friend,
Oh, ne'er to such beings your confidence lend;
It grieves me to see one, all guileless like you,
Thus wronging a spirit so trustful and true:
But not for the world, love, my secret betray!"
And the little light gossip went buzzing away.

A blush in the lily's cheek trembled and fled:
"I'm sorry he told me," she tenderly said;
"If I mayn't trust the violet, pure as she seems,
I must fold in my own heart my beautiful dreams."
Was the mischief well managed? fair lady is't true?
Did the light garden gossip take lessons of *you!*

MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

EARLY SCOTTISH POETRY.

[William Hickling Prescott, born at Salem, Massachusetts, 4th May, 1796; died 28th January, 1859. Critic and historian. He studied at Harvard College with the intention of adopting the legal profession, in which his father was already distinguished; but an accident deprived him of the sight of one eye and seriously affected that of the other. He devoted himself to letters, and despite many physical inconveniences produced a series of historical works, which take rank amongst the first of their class. *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; The Catholic; History of the Conquest of Mexico, and the Life of the Conqueror Hernando Cortez; The Conquest of Peru; Philip the Second of Spain*, which was to have extended to five volumes, but soon after the publication of the third the author died; *Critical and Historical Essays* contributed to the *North American Review* (London: Routledge). Sir Archibald Alison said: "Mr. Prescott was by far the first historian of America; and he may justly be assigned a place beside the very greatest of modern Europe."]

The peculiarities of early Scottish poetry may also be referred, in a great degree, to the political relations of the nation, which for many centuries was distracted by all the rancorous dissensions incident to the ill-balanced fabric of feudal government. The frequent and long regencies, always unfavourable to civil concord, multiplied the sources of jealousy, and armed with new powers the facetious aristocracy. In the absence of legitimate authority each baron sought to fortify himself by the increased number of his retainers, who, in their turn, willingly attached themselves to the fortunes of a chief who secured to them plunder and protection. Hence a system of clanship was organized, more perfect and more durable than has existed in any other country, which is not entirely effaced at the present day. To the nobles who garrisoned the marches still greater military powers were necessarily delegated for purposes of state defence; and the names of Home, Douglas, and Buccleuch make a far more frequent and important figure in national history than that of the reigning sovereign. Hence private feuds were inflamed and vindicated by national antipathies, and a pretext of patriotism was never wanting to justify perpetual hostility. Hence the scene of the old ballads was laid chiefly on the borders, and hence the minstrels of the "North Countrie" obtained such pre-eminence over their musical brethren.

The odious passion of revenge, which seems adapted by nature to the ardent temperaments of the South, but which even there has been mitigated by the spirit of Christianity, glowed with fierce heat in the bosoms of those northern savages. An offence to the meanest individual was espoused by his whole clan, and was expiated not by the blood of the offender only, but by that of his whole kindred. The sack of a peaceful castle, and the slaughter of its sleeping inhabitants, seem to have been as familiar occurrences to these Border heroes as the lifting of a drove of cattle, and attended with as little compunction. The following pious invocation, uttered on the eve of an approaching foray, may show the acuteness of their moral sensibility:—

> "He that ordained us to be born
> Send us mair meat for the morn,
> Come by right or come by wrang,
> Christ, let us not fast owre lang,
> But blithely spend what's gaily got,—
> Ride, Rowland, hough 's i' the pot."

When superstition usurps the place of religion there will be little morality among the people. The only law they knew was the command of their chief; and the only one he admitted was his sword. "By what right," said a Scottish prince to a marauding Douglas, "do you hold these lands?" "By that of my sword," he answered.

From these causes the early Scottish poetry is deeply tinged with a gloomy ferocity, and abounds in details of cool, deliberate cruelty. It is true that this is frequently set off, as in the fine old ballads of *Chevy Chase* and *Auld Maitland*, by such deeds of rude but heroic gallantry as, in the words of Sydney, "stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet." But, on the whole, although the scene of the oldest ballads is pitched as late as the fourteenth century, the manners they exhibit are not much superior, in point of refinement and humanity, to those of our own North American savages.

From wanton or vindictive cruelty, especially when exercised on the defenceless or the innocent, the cultivated mind naturally shrinks with horror and disgust. But it was long ere the stern hearts of our English ancestors yielded to the soft impulses of mercy and benevolence. The reigns of the Norman dynasty are written in characters of fire and blood. As late as the conclusion of the fourteenth century we find the Black Prince, the "flower of English knighthood," as Froissart styles him, superintending the butchery of three thousand unresisting captives, men, women, and children, who vainly clung to him for mercy. The general usage of surrendering as hostages their wives and children, whose members were mutilated or lives sacrificed on

the least infraction of their engagements, is a still better evidence of the universal barbarism of the so much lauded age of chivalry.

Another trait in the old Scotch poetry, and of a very opposite nature from that we have been describing, is its occasional sensibility; touches of genuine pathos are found scattered among the cold, appalling passions of the age, like the flowers which, in Switzerland, are said to bloom alongside the avalanche. No state of society is so rude as to extinguish the spark of natural affection; tenderness for our offspring is but a more enlarged selfishness, perfectly compatible with the utmost ferocity towards others. Hence scenes of parental and filial attachment are to be met with in these poems, which cannot be read without emotion. The passion of love appears to have been a favourite study with the ancient English writers; and by none, in any language we have read, is it managed with so much art and feeling as by the dramatic writers of Queen Elizabeth's day. The Scottish minstrels, with less art, seem to be entitled to the praise of possessing an equal share of tenderness. In the Spanish ballad love glows with the fierce ardour of a tropical sun. The amorous serenader celebrates the beauties of his Zayda (the name which, from its frequency, would seem to be a general title for a Spanish mistress) in all the florid hyperbole of oriental gallantry, or, as a disappointed lover, wanders along the banks of the Guadalete, imprecating curses on her head, and vengeance on his devoted rival. The calm dejection and tender melancholy which are diffused over the Scottish love-songs are far more affecting than all this turbulence of passion. The sensibility which, even in a rude age, seems to have characterized the Scottish maiden, was doubtless nourished by the solemn complexion of the scenery by which she was surrounded, by the sympathies continually awakened for her lover in his career of peril and adventure, and by the facilities afforded her for brooding over her misfortunes in the silence of rural solitude.

To similar physical causes may be principally referred those superstitions which are so liberally diffused over the poetry of Scotland down to the present day. The tendency of wild, solitary districts, darkened with mountains and extensive forests, to raise in the mind ideas of solemn, preternatural awe, has been noticed from the earliest ages. "Where is a lofty and deeply shaded grove," writes Seneca in one of his epistles, "filled with venerable trees, whose interlacing boughs shut out the face of heaven, the grandeur of the wood, the silence of the place, the shade so dense and uniform, infuse into the breast the notion of a divinity;" and thus the speculative fancy of the ancients, always ready to supply the apparent void of nature, garrisoned each grove, fountain, or grotto with some local and tutelary genius. These sylvan deities, clothed with corporeal figures, and endowed with mortal appetites, were brought near to the level of humanity. But the Christian revelation, which assures us of another world, is the "evidence of things unseen;" and while it dissipates the gross and sensible creations of classic mythology, raises our conceptions to the spiritual and the infinite. In our eager thirst for communication with the world of spirits we naturally imagine it can only be through the medium of spirits like themselves; and in the vulgar creed these apparitions never come from the abodes of the blessed, but from the tomb, where they are supposed to await the period of a final and universal resurrection, and whence they are allowed to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," for penance or some other inscrutable purpose. Hence the gloomy, undefined character of the modern apparition is much more appalling than the sensual and social personifications of antiquity.

The natural phenomena of a wild uncultivated country greatly conspire to promote the illusions of the fancy. The power of clouds to reflect, to distort, and to magnify objects is well known; and on this principle many of the preternatural appearances in the German mountains and the Scottish Highlands, whose lofty summits and unreclaimed valleys are shrouded in clouds and exhalations, have been ingeniously and philosophically explained. The solitary peasant, as the shades of evening close around him, witnesses with dismay the gathering phantoms, and, hurrying home, retails his adventures with due amplification. What is easily believed is easily seen, and the marvellous incident is soon placed beyond dispute by a multitude of testimonies. The appetite, once excited, is keen in detecting other visions and prognostics, which as speedily circulate through the channels of rustic tradition, until in time each glen and solitary heath has its unearthly visitants, each family its omen or boding spectre; and superstition, systematized into a science, is expounded by indoctrinated wizards and gifted seers.

In addition to these fancies, common, though in a less degree, to other nations, the inhabitants of the North have inherited a more material mythology, which has survived the elegant fictions of Greece and Rome, either because it was not deemed of sufficient importance to

provoke the arm of the church, or because it was too nearly accommodated to the moral constitution of the people to be thus easily eradicated. The character of a mythology is always intimately connected with that of the scenery and climate in which it is invented. Thus the graceful Nymphs and Naiads of Greece; the Peris of Persia, who are said to live in the colours of the rainbow, and on the odours of flowers; the Fairies of England, who in airy circles "dance their ringlets to the whistling wind," have the frail gossamer forms and delicate functions congenial with the beautiful countries which they inhabit; while the Elves, Bogles, Brownies, and Kelpies, which seem to have legitimately descended, in ancient Highland verse, from the Scandinavian Dvergar, Nisser, &c., are of a stunted and malignant aspect, and are celebrated for nothing better than maiming cattle, bewildering the benighted traveller, and conjuring out the souls of new-born infants. Within the memory of the present generation very well authenticated anecdotes of these ghostly kidnappers have been circulated and greedily credited in the Scottish Highlands. But the sunshine of civilization is rapidly dispelling the lingering mists of superstition. The spirits of darkness love not the cheerful haunts of men; and the bustling activity of an increasing, industrious population allows brief space for the fears or inventions of fancy.

The fierce aspect of the Scottish ballad was mitigated under the general tranquillity which followed the accession of James to the united crowns of England and Scotland; and the northern muse might have caught some of the inspiration which fired her southern sister at this remarkable epoch, had not the fatal prejudices of her sovereign in favour of an English or even a Latin idiom diverted his ancient subjects from the cultivation of their own. As it was, Drummond of Hawthornden, whose melodious and melancholy strains, however, are to be enrolled among English verse, is the most eminent name which adorns the scanty annals of this reign. The civil and religious broils, which, by the sharp concussion they gave to the English intellect during the remainder of this unhappy century, seemed to have forced out every latent spark of genius, served only to discourage the less polished muse of the North. The austerity of the reformers chilled the sweet flow of social song, and the only verse in vogue was a kind of rude satire, sometimes pointed at the licentiousness of the Roman clergy, and sometimes at the formal affectation of the Puritans, but which, from the coarseness of the execution, and the transitory interest of its topics, has for the most part been consigned to a decent oblivion.

The Revolution in 1688, and the subsequent union of the two kingdoms, by the permanent assurance they gave of civil and religious liberty, and lastly, the establishment of parochial schools about the same period, by that wide diffusion of intelligence among the lower orders which has elevated them above every other European peasantry, had a most sensible influence on the moral and intellectual progress of the nation. Improvements in art and agriculture were introduced; the circle of ideas was expanded, and the feelings liberalized by a free communication with their southern neighbours; and religion, resigning much of her austerity, lent a prudent sanction to the hilarity of social intercourse. Popular poetry naturally reflects the habits and prevailing sentiments of a nation. The ancient notes of the border trumpet were exchanged for the cheerful sounds of rustic revelry; and the sensibility which used to be exhausted on subjects of acute but painful interest, now celebrated the temperate pleasures of domestic happiness, and rational though romantic love.

The rustic glee which had put such mettle into the compositions of James I. and V., those royal poets of the commonalty, as they have been aptly styled, was again renewed; ancient songs, purified from their original vices of sentiment or diction, were revived; new ones were accommodated to ancient melodies; and a revolution was gradually effected in Scottish verse, which experienced little variation during the remainder of the eighteenth century. The existence of a national music is essential to the entire success of lyrical poetry. It may be said, indeed, to give wings to song, which, in spite of its imperfections, is thus borne along, from one extremity of the nation to the other, with a rapidity denied to many a nobler composition.

Thus allied, verse not only represents the present, but the past; and while it invites us to repose or to honourable action, its tones speak of joys which are gone, or wake in us the recollections of ancient glory.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Ambition's goal—the love of praise,
A fever in the mind doth raise;
Renown contemn'd more greatness shows,
Than glory's self, when sought, bestows.

JOSEPH SCALIGER.

MAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide;
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet, blue-bosom'd violets
Are blowing by the rills;
The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—
Sweets for the sucking bee:
The sick come forth for the healing South,
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry,
That is told by golden hours.

It must be a true philosophy,
That the spirit when set free
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and the tree,
For the pulse is stirr'd as with voices heard
In the depth of the shady grove,
And while lonely we stray through the fields away,
The heart seems answering love.

LOST LOVE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Thatch of palm and a cover of clover,
Breath of balm in a field of brown;
The clouds blew up and the birds flew over,
And I looked upward, but who looked down?

Who was true in the test that tried us?
Who was it mocked? Who now may mourn
The loss of a love that a cross denied us,
With folded hands and a heart forlorn?

God forgive when the fair forget us!
The worth of a smile, the weight of a tear,
Why, who can measure? The fates beset us—
We laugh a moment, we mourn a year.

THE GUINEAMAN.

[Michael Scott, born in Glasgow, 30th October, 1789; died there, 7th November, 1835. Author of two of the most powerful and attractive sea novels which have been yet written, namely *Tom Cringle's Log* and *The Cruise of the Midge*. He was for several years engaged in business in Jamaica, and the numerous visits he was obliged to pay to the various islands of the Spanish Main supplied him with the knowledge of West Indian society and sea life which he afterwards turned to such good account. The stories first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The following incident occurs during the first cruise of the *Wave*, which was also Tom Cringle's first command. He had on board with him several friends, who, although only guests, thoroughly enter into the spirit of the action with the slaveship. Tom Cringle writes:—]

I expected the breeze would have freshened as the day broke, but I was disappointed; it fell, towards six o'clock, nearly calm. Come, thought I, we may as well go to breakfast; and my guests and I forthwith set down to our morning meal. Soon after, the wind died away altogether—and "out sweeps" was the word; but I soon saw we had no chance with the chase at this game, and as to attacking him (the slaver) with the boats, it was entirely out of the question; neither could I, in the prospect of a battle, afford to murder the people by pulling all day under a roasting sun, against one who could man his sweeps with relays of slaves, without one of his crew putting a finger to them; so I reluctantly laid them in, and there I stood looking at him the whole forenoon, as he gradually drew ahead of us. At length I piped to dinner, and the men having finished theirs, were again on deck; but the calm still continued; and seeing no chance of it freshening, about four in the afternoon we sat down to ours in the cabin. There was little said; my friends, although brave and resolute men, were naturally happy to see the brig creeping away from us, as fighting could only bring them danger; and my own feelings were of that mixed quality, that while I determined to do all I could to bring him to action, it would not have broken my heart had he escaped. We had scarcely finished dinner, however, when the rushing of the water past the run of the little vessel, and the steadiness with which she skimmed along, showed that the light air had freshened.

Presently Tailtackle came down. "The breeze has set down, sir; the strange sail has got it strong to windward, and brings it along with him cheerily."

"Beat to quarters, then, Tailtackle; all hands stand by to shorten sail. How is she standing?"

"Right down for us, sir.

I went on deck, and there was the Guineaman about two miles to windward, evidently cleared for action, with her decks crowded with men, bowling along steadily under her single-reefed topsails.

I saw all clear. Wagtail and Gelid had followed me on deck, and were now busy with their black servants inspecting the muskets. But Bang still remained in the cabin. I went down. He was gobbling his last plantain, and forking up along with it most respectable slices of cheese, when I entered.

I had seen before I left the deck that an action was now unavoidable, and judging from the disparity of force, I had my own doubts as to the issue. I need scarcely say that I was greatly excited. It was my first command: my future standing in the service depended on my conduct *now*—and, God help me, I was all this while a mere lad, not more than twenty-one years old. A strange indescribable feeling had come over me, and an irresistible desire to disburden my mind to the excellent man before me. I sat down.

"Hey day," quoth Bang, as he laid down his coffee-cup; "why, Tom, what ails you? You look deuced pale, my boy."

"Up all night, sir, and bothered all day," said I; "wearied enough I can tell you."

I felt a strong tremor pervade my whole frame at this moment; and I was impelled to speak by some unknown impulse, which I could not account for nor analyze.

"Mr. Bang, you are the only friend whom I could count on in these countries; you know all about me and mine, and, I believe, would willingly do a kind action to my father's son."

"What are you at, Tom, my dear boy? come to the point, man."

"I will. I am distressed beyond measure at having led you and your excellent friends, Wagtail and Gelid, into this danger; but I could not help it, and I have satisfied my conscience on that point; so I have only to entreat that you will stay below, and not unnecessarily expose yourselves. And if I should fall—may I take this liberty, my dear sir," and I involuntarily took his hand—"if I should fall, and *I doubt if I shall ever see the sun set again*, as we are fearfully overmatched——"

Bang struck in—

"Why, if our friend be too big—why not be off then? Pull foot, man, eh?—Havannah under your lee?"

"A thousand reasons against it, my dear sir. I am a young man and a young officer; my character is to *make* in the service—No, no, it is impossible—an older and more tried hand might have bore up, but I must fight it out. If any stray shot carries me off, my dear sir, will you take"—Mary, I would have said, but I could not pronounce her name for the soul of me—"will you take charge of *her* miniature, and say I died as I have"—a choking lump rose in my throat, and I could not proceed for a second; "and will you send my writing-desk to my poor mother, there are letters in"—the lump grew bigger, the hot tears streamed from my eyes in torrents. I trembled like an aspen leaf, and grasping my excellent friend's hand more firmly, I sunk down on my knees in a passion of tears, and wept like a woman, while I fervently prayed to that great God in whose almighty hand I stood, that I might that day do my duty as an English seaman. Bang knelt by me. Presently the passion was quelled. I rose, and so did he.

"Before you, my dear sir, I am not ashamed to have ——"

"Don't mention it, my good boy, don't mention it; neither of us, as the old general said, will fight a bit the worse."

I looked at him. "Do you then mean to fight?" said I.

"To be sure I do—why not? I have no wife," he did not say he had no children—"Fight? To be sure I do."

"Another gun, sir," said Tailtackle, through the open skylight. Now all was bustle, and we hastened on deck. Our antagonist was a large brig, three hundred tons at the least, a long low vessel, painted black, out and in, and her sides round as an apple, with immensely square yards. She was apparently full of men. The sun was getting low, and she was coming down fast on us, on the verge of the dark blue water of the sea breeze. I could make out ten ports and nine guns of a side. I inwardly prayed they might not be long ones, but I was not a little startled to see through the glass that there were crowds of naked negroes at quarters, and on the forecastle and poop. That she was a contraband Guineaman I had already made up my mind to believe; and that she had some fifty hands of a crew, I also considered likely; but that her captain should have resorted to such a perilous measure, perilous to themselves as well as to us, as arming the captive slaves, was quite unexpected, and not a little alarming, as it evinced his determination to make the most desperate resistance.

Tailtackle was standing beside me at this time, with his jacket off, his cutlass girded on his thigh, and the belt drawn very tight. All

the rest of the crew were armed in a similar fashion; the small-arm men with muskets in their hands, and the rest at quarters at the guns; while the pikes were cast loose from the spars round which they had been stopped, with tubs of wadding, and boxes of grape, all ready ranged, and everything clear for action.

"Mr. Tailtackle," said I, "you are gunner here, and should be in the magazine. Cast off that cutlass; it is not your province to lead the boarders." The poor fellow blushed, having, in the excitement of the moment, forgotten that he was anything more than captain of the *Firebrand's* maintop.

"Mr. Timotheus," said Bang, "have you one of these bodkins to spare?"

Timothy laughed. "Certainly, sir; but *you* don't mean to head the boarders, sir, do you?"

"Who knows, now since I have learned to walk on this dancing cork of a craft?" rejoined Aaron with a grim smile, while he pulled off his coat, braced on his cutlass, and tied a large red cotton shawl round his head. He then took off his neckerchief and fastened it round his waist, as tight as he could draw.

"Strange that all men in peril—on the uneasiness, like," said he, "should always gird themselves as tightly as they can."

The slaver was now within musket-shot, when he put his helm to port, with the view of passing under our stern. To prevent being raked, we had to luff up sharp in the wind, and fire a broadside. I noticed the white splinters glance from his black wales; and a sharp yell rung in our ears, followed by a long melancholy howl.

"We have pinned some of the poor blacks," said Tailtackle, who still lingered on the deck; small space for remark, for the slaver again fired his broadside at us, with the same cool precision as before.

"Down with the helm, and let her come round," said I; "that will do—master, run across his stern—out sweeps forward, and keep her there—get the other carronade over to leeward—that is it—now, blaze away while he is becalmed—fire, small-arm men, and take good aim."

We were now right across his stern, with the spanker boom within ten yards of us; and although he worked his two stern-chasers with great determination, and poured whole showers of musketry from his rigging, and poop, and cabin-windows, yet, from the cleverness with which our sweeps were pulled, and the accuracy with which we were kept in our position, right athwart his stern, our fire, both from the cannon and musketry, the former loaded with round and grape, was telling, I could see, with fearful effect.

Crash—"There, my lads, down goes his maintopmast—pepper him well while they are blinded and confused among the wreck. Fire away—there goes the peak, shot away cleverly, close by the throat. Don't cease firing, although his flag be down—it was none of his doing. There, my lads, there he has it again; you have shot away the weather foretopsail sheet, and he cannot get from under you."

Two men at this moment lay out on his larboard foreyardarm, apparently with the intention of splicing the sheet, and getting the clew of the foretopsail once more down to the yard; if they had succeeded in this, the vessel would again have fetched way, and drawn out from under our fire. Mr. Bang and Paul Gelid had all this time been firing with murderous precision, from where they had ensconced themselves under the shelter of the larboard bulwark, close to the tafferel, with their three black servants in the cabin loading the six muskets, and little Wagtail, who was no great shot, sitting on the deck, handing them up and down.

"Now, Mr. Bang," cried I, "for the love of Heaven,"—and may Heaven forgive me for the ill-placed exclamation—"mark these two men—down with them!"

Bang turned towards me with all the coolness in the world—"What, those chaps on the end of the long stick?"

"Yes—yes" (I here spoke of the larboard foreyardarm), "yes, down with them."

He lifted his piece as steadily as if he had really been duck-shooting.

"I say, Gelid, my lad, take you the innermost."

"Ah!" quoth Paul. They fired—and down dropped both men, and squattered for a moment in the water, like wounded waterfowl, and then sank for ever, leaving two small puddles of blood on the surface.

"Now, master," shouted I, "put the helm up and lay him alongside—there—stand by with the grapplings—one round the backstay—the other through the chainplate there—so—you have it." As we ranged under his counter—"Mainchains are your chance, men—boarders, follow me." And in the enthusiasm of the moment I jumped into the slaver's main channel, followed by twenty-eight men. We were in the act of getting over the netting when the enemy rallied, and fired a volley of small arms, which sent four out of the twenty-eight to their account, and wounded three more. We gained the quarterdeck, where the

Spanish captain and about forty of his crew showed a determined front, cutlass and pistol in hand—we charged them—they stood their ground. Tailtackle (who, the moment he heard the boarders called, had jumped out of the magazine, and followed me) at a blow clove the Spanish captain to the chin; the lieutenant, or second in command, was my bird, and I had disabled him by a sabre-cut on the sword-arm, when he drew his pistol, and shot me through the left shoulder. I felt no pain, but a sharp pinch, and then a cold sensation, as if water had been poured down my neck.

Jigmaree was close by me with a boarding-pike, and our fellows were fighting with all the gallantry inherent in British sailors. For a moment the battle was poised in equal scales. At length our antagonist gave way, when about fifteen of the slaves, naked barbarians, who had been ranged with muskets in their hands on the forecastle, suddenly jumped down into the waist with a yell, and came to the rescue of the Spanish part of the crew.

I thought we were lost. Our people, all but Tailtackle, poor Handlead, and Jigmaree, held back. The Spaniards rallied, and fought with renewed courage, and it was now, not for glory, but for dear life, as all retreat was cut off by the parting of the grapplings and warps that had lashed the schooner alongside of the slaver, for the *Wave* had by this time forged ahead, and lay across the brig's bows, in place of being on our quarter, with her foremast jammed against the slaver's bowsprit, whose spritsail-yard crossed our deck between the masts. We could not therefore retreat to our own vessel if we had wished it, as the Spaniards had possession of the waist and forecastle; all at once, however, a discharge of round and grape crashed through the bridleport of the brig, and swept off three of the black auxiliaries before mentioned, and wounded as many more, and the next moment an unexpected ally appeared on the field. When we boarded, the *Wave* had been left with only Peter Mangrove; the five dockyard negroes; Pearl, one of the captain's gigs, the handsome black already introduced on the scene; poor little Reefpoint, who was badly hurt; Aaron Bang, Paul Gelid, and Wagtail. But this Pearl without price, at the very moment of time when I thought the game was up, jumped on deck through the bowport, cutlass in hand, followed by the five black carpenters and Peter Mangrove, after whom appeared no less a personage than Aaron Bang himself and the three blackamoor valets, armed with boarding-pikes. Bang flourished his cutlass for an instant.

"Now, Pearl, my darling, shout to them in Coromantee—shout;" and forthwith the black quartermaster sung out, "Coromantee Sheik Cocoloo, kockernony populorum fiz," which, as I afterwards learned, being interpreted, is, "Behold the Sultan Cocoloo, the great ostrich, with a feather in his tail like a palm branch; fight for him, you sons of female dogs." In an instant the black Spanish auxiliaries sided with Pearl, and Bang, and the negroes, and joined in charging the white Spaniards, who were speedily driven down the main hatchway, leaving one-half of their number dead or badly wounded on the blood-slippery deck. But they still made a desperate defence by firing up the hatchway. I hailed them to surrender.

"Zounds!" cried Jigmaree, "there's the clink of hammers; they are knocking off the fetters of the slaves."

"If you let the blacks loose," I sung out in Spanish, "by the Heaven above us, I will blow you up, although I should go with you! Hold your hands, Spaniards! Mind what you do, madmen!"

"On with the hatches, men," shouted Tailtackle.

They had been thrown overboard, or put out of the way, they could nowhere be seen. The firing from below continued.

"Cast loose that carronade there; clap in a canister of grape—so—now run it forward, and fire down the hatchway." It was done, and taking effect amongst the pent-up slaves, such a yell arose—O God! O God!—I never can forget it. Still the maniacs continued firing up the hatchway.

"Load and fire again." My people were now furious, and fought more like incarnate fiends broke loose from hell than human beings.

"Run the gun up to the hatchway once more." They ran the carronade so furiously forward, that the coaming or ledge was split off, and down went the gun, carriage and all, with a crash into the hold. Presently smoke appeared rising up the fore-hatchway.

"They have set fire to the brig; overboard! —regain the schooner, or we shall all be blown into the air like peels of onions!" sung out little Jigmaree.

But where was the *Wave*? She had broke away, and was now a cable's length ahead, apparently fast leaving us, with Paul Gelid and Wagtail, and poor little Reefpoint, who, badly wounded as he was, had left his hammock, and come on deck in the emergency, making signs of their inability to cut away the halyards;

and the tiller being shot away, the schooner had become utterly unmanageable.

"Up, and let fall the foresail, men—down with the foretack—cheerily now—get way on the brig, and overhaul the *Wave* promptly, or we are lost," cried I. It was done with all the coolness of desperate men. I took the helm, and presently we were once more alongside of our own vessel. Time we were so, for about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, whose shackles had been knocked off, now scrambled up the fore-hatchway, and we had only time to jump overboard when they made a rush aft; and no doubt, exhausted as we were, they would have massacred us on the spot, frantic and furious as they had become from the murderous fire of grape that had been directed down the hatchway.

But the fire was quicker than they. The smouldering smoke, that was rising like a pillar of cloud from the fore-hatchway, was now streaked with tongues of red flame, which, licking the masts and spars, ran up and caught the sails and rigging. In an instant the fire spread to every part of the gear aloft, while the other element, the sea, was also striving for the mastery in the destruction of the doomed vessel; for our shot, or the fall of the carronade into the hold, had started some of the bottom planks, and she was fast settling down by the head. We could hear the water rushing in like a mill-stream. The fire increased—her guns went off as they became heated—she gave a sudden heel—and while five hundred human beings, pent up in her noisome hold, split the heavens with their piercing death-yells, down she went with a heavy lurch, head foremost, right in the wake of the setting sun, whose level rays made the thick dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappeared glow with the hue of the amethyst; and while the whirling clouds, gilded by his dying radiance, curled up into the blue sky in rolling masses, growing thinner and thinner, until they vanished away, even like the wreck whereout they arose,—and the circling eddies created by her sinking no longer sparkled and flashed in the red light,—and the stilled waters where she had gone down, as if oil had been cast on them, were spread out like polished silver, shining like a mirror, while all around was dark blue ripple,—a puff of fat black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged, with a loud gurgling noise, from out the deep bosom of the calmed sea, and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upwards, until it reached a little way above our mast-heads, where it melted and spread out into a dark pall, that overhung the scene of death, as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads, as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of *Him* who hath said—"Thou shalt not kill."

For a few moments all was silent as the grave, and I felt as if the air had become too thick for breathing, while I looked up like another Cain.

Presently, about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, *men, women,* and *children,* who had been drawn down by the vortex, rose amidst numberless pieces of smoking wreck to the surface of the sea; the strongest yelling like fiends in their despair, while the weaker, the women, and the helpless gasping little ones, were choking, and gurgling, and sinking all around. Yea, the small thin expiring cry of the innocent sucking infant torn from its sinking mother's breast, as she held it for a brief moment above the waters, which had already for ever closed over herself, was there. But we could not perceive one single individual of her white crew; like desperate men, they had all gone down with the brig. We picked up about one half of the miserable Africans, and —my pen trembles as I write it—fell necessity compelled us to fire on the remainder, as it was utterly impossible for us to take them on board. Oh that I could erase such a scene for ever from my memory! One incident I cannot help relating. We had saved a woman, a handsome, clear-skinned girl of about sixteen years of age. She was very faint when we got her in, and was lying with her head over a port-sill, when a strong athletic young negro swam to the part of the schooner where she was. She held down her hand to him; he was in the act of grasping it, when he was shot through the heart from above. She instantly jumped overboard, and, clasping him in her arms, they sank, and disappeared together. "Oh, woman, whatever may be the colour of your skin, your heart is of one only!" said Aaron.

Soon all was quiet; a wounded black here and there was shrieking in his great agony, and struggling for a moment before he sank into his watery grave for ever; a few pieces of wreck were floating and sparkling on the surface of the deep in the blood-red sunbeams, which streamed in a flood of glorious light on the bloody deck, shattered hull, and torn sails and rigging of the *Wave,* and on the dead bodies and mangled limbs of those who had fallen; while some heavy scattering drops of rain fell sparkling from a passing cloud, as if

Nature had wept in pity over the dismal scene; or as if they had been blessed tears, shed by an angel in his heavenward course, as he hovered for a moment and looked down in pity on the fantastic tricks played by the worm of a day—by weak man, in his little moment of power and ferocity. I said something—ill and hastily. Aaron was close beside me, sitting on a carronade slide, while the surgeon was dressing a pike wound in his neck. He looked up solemnly in my face, and then pointed to the blessed luminary, that was now sinking in the sea and blazing up into the resplendent heavens—"Cringle, for shame—for shame—your impatience is blasphemous. Remember this morning—and thank *Him*"—here he looked up and crossed himself—"thank Him who, while he has called poor Mr. Handlead and so many brave fellows to their last awful reckoning, has mercifully brought *us* to the end of this fearful day;—oh, thank Him, Tom, *that you have seen the sun set once more!*"

MY NATIVE VALE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

My native vale, my native vale! In visions and in dreams
I see your towers and trees, and hear the music of your streams;
I feel the fragrance of the thorn where lovers loved to meet;
I walk upon thy hills and see thee slumbering at their feet.
In every knoll I see a friend, in every tree a brother,
And clasp thy breast, as I would clasp the bosom of my mother.

There stands the tottering tower I climb'd, and won the falcon's brood;
There flows the stream I've trysted through, when it was wild in flood.
There is the fairy glen—the pools I mused in youth among,
The very nook where first I pour'd forth unconsider'd song:
And stood with gladness in my heart, and bright hope on my brow—
Ah! I had other visions then than I have visions now.

I went into my native vale—alas! what did I see?
At every door strange faces, where glad looks once welcomed me;
The sunshine faded on the hills, the music left the brooks,
The song of its unnumber'd larks was as the voice of rooks;
The plough had been in all my haunts, the axe had touch'd the grove;
And death had follow'd—there was nought remain'd for me to love.

My native vale, farewell! farewell!—my father, on thy hearth
The light extinguish'd—and thy roof no longer rings with mirth;
There sits a stranger on thy chair; and they are dead and gone
Who charm'd my early life—all—all sleep 'neath the churchyard stone:
There's nought moves save yon red round moon, nought lives but that pure river,
That lived when I was young—all—all are gone, and gone for ever!

Keir with thy pasture mountains green, Drumlanrig with thy towers,
Carse with thy lily banks and braes, and Blackwood with thy bowers,
And fair Dalswinton with thy walks of scented thorn and holly,
Where some had toil'd the day, and shared the night 'tween sense and folly,—
Farewell, farewell, your flowers will glad the bird, and feed the bee,
And charm ten thousand hearts, although no more they'll gladden me.

I stood within my native vales, fast by the river brink,
And saw the long and yellow corn 'neath shining sickles sink;
I heard the fair-hair'd maidens wake songs of thy latter day;
And joy'd to see the bandsmen smile, albeit their locks were gray:
I thought on mine own musings—when men shook their tresses hoary,
And said, "Alas!" and named my name, "thou art no heir of glory!"

MELROSE ABBEY.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Upon the southern bank of the Tweed stand the ruins of the celebrated abbey of Melrose, surrounded by the little village of the same name. The ruins of this ancient monastery, or rather of the church connected with it (for the domestic buildings are entirely gone), afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture of which this country can boast. By singular good fortune Melrose is also one of the most entire, as it is the most beautiful, of all the ecclesiastical ruins scattered throughout this Reformed land. To say that it is beautiful is to say nothing. It is exquisitely—splendidly lovely. It is an object possessed of infinite grace and unmeasurable charm; it is fine in its general aspect and in its minutest details; it is a study—a glory. The beauty of Melrose, however, is not a healthful ordinary beauty:

> So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
> We start, for soul is wanting there.
> *Its* is the loveliness in death,
> That parts not quite with parting breath;
> But beauty with that fearful bloom,
> That hue which haunts it to the tomb.

Its is not the beauty of summer, but the melancholy grace of autumn; not the beauty of a blooming bride, but that of a pining and death-stricken maiden. It is not that this is a thing of perfect splendour that we admire it, but because it is a fragment which only represents or shadows forth a matchless whole which *has been*, and whose merits we are, from this shattered specimen, completely disposed to allow.

Melrose Abbey was first built by David I. in the year 1136, dedicated to St. Mary, and devoted to the use of a body of Cistercian monks. The church, which alone remains, measures 287 feet in length, and 157 at the greatest breadth. It is built in the most ornate style of the Gothic architecture, and therefore decorated with an infinite variety of sculptures, most of which are exquisitely fine. While the western extremity of the building is entirely ruined and removed, the eastern and more important parts are fortunately in a state of tolerable preservation; in particular, the oriel window, and that which surmounts the south door, both alike admirable, are almost entire. It is also matter of great thankfulness that a good many of the shapely pillars for the support of the roof are still extant. It is to these objects that the attention of travellers is chiefly directed.

It is not to the zeal of Reformers alone that the desecration of our best old religious buildings is to be attributed. The enthusiasm of individuals in more recent times has sometimes done that which the Reformers left undone; as is testified by a notorious circumstance told by the person who shows Melrose. On the eastern window of the church there were formerly thirteen effigies, supposed to represent our Saviour and his apostles.[1] These, harmless and beautiful as they were, happened to provoke the wrath of a canting weaver in Gattonside, who, in a moment of inspired zeal, went up one night by means of a ladder, and with a hammer and chisel knocked off the heads and limbs of the figures. Next morning he made no scruple to publish the transaction, observing with a great deal of exultation to every person whom he met, that he had "fairly stumpet thae vile paipist dirt *now!*" The people sometimes catch up a remarkable word when uttered on a remarkable occasion by one of their number, and turn the utterer into ridicule by attaching it to him as a nickname; and it is some consolation to think that this monster was therefore treated with the sobriquet of "Stumpie," and of course carried it about with him to his grave.

It would require a distinct volume to do justice to the infinite details of Melrose Abbey; for the whole is built in a style of such elaborate ornament, that almost every foot-breadth has its beauty, and every beauty is worthy of notice. I shall content myself with merely adding the description which Sir Walter Scott has given of it in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:—

> If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
> When the broken arches are dark in night,
> And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
> When the cold light's uncertain shower
> Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
> When buttress and buttress, alternately,
> Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
> When silver edges the imagery,
> And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
> When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
> And the howlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,

[1] In the drawing of Melrose Abbey in Slezer's *Theatrum Scotiæ*, the niches are all filled with statues. Slezer took his drawings early in the reign of King William.

Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

. . . . . .

By a steel-clench'd postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, light, and small;
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells[1] were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and capital furnish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

. . . . . .

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.

At the time of the Reformation the inmates of this abbey shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity thrown upon the Romish churchmen, as is testified by a ballad then popular, which contained the following verse:—

The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays, when they fasted;
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale
As lang as their neighbours' lasted.

Whatever might be the sensuality of the monks of Melrose, it is certain that some of their power was sometimes matter of real inconvenience to the public. The abbot had such an extensive jurisdiction, and the privileges of girth and sanctuary interfered so much with the execution of justice, that James V. is said to have once acted as baron baillie, in order to punish those malefactors in the character of the abbot's deputy, whom his own sovereign power, and that of the laws, were unable to reach otherwise. But whatever may be thought of this, there can be no doubt that the protection extended to criminals by the religious was a true blessing in the main, at a time when the law could neither inflict punishment nor protect a criminal from the rash and unmeasured retribution of those whom he had offended.

After the Reformation a brother of the Earl of Morton became commendator of the abbey, and out of the ruins built himself a house, which may still be seen about fifty yards to the north-east of the church. The regality soon after passed into the hands of Lord Binning, an eminent lawyer, ancestor to the Earl of Haddington: and about the middle of last century the whole became the property of the Buccleuch family.[2]

[1] Corbells, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face or mask.

THE RIVER.

[Caroline Anne Bowles (Mrs. Southey), born at Buckland, Hants, 6th December, 1787; died 20th July, 1854. She was a daughter of Captain Charles Bowles, and her poetical gifts were early manifested, although for many years she continued to publish her poems anonymously. In 1839 she married Robert Southey, the poet-laureate. Her principal works are: *Ellen Fitzarthur*, a metrical tale; *The Widow's Tale*, and other Poems; *Solitary Hours; Chapters on Churchyards* (her only prose work); *The Birthday; Tales of the Factories*, &c. "Mrs. Southey is the Cowper of our modern poetesses. She has much of that great writer's humour, fondness for rural life, melancholy pathos, and moral satire."—*H. N. Coleridge.*]

River! River! little River!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling River!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!
Broad and deep and *still* as Time,
Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

[2] The late George M. Kemp, the celebrated architect of the Scott Monument in Edinburgh, made a drawing of Melrose Abbey, showing the edifice as it is supposed to have appeared when in its perfect condition. This drawing (now in possession of the publishers of the *Casquet*) represents a building of rare beauty.

TOBY WILT.

[Dr. Moritz Erdmann Engel, born at Plauen, 1764; died there 1836. He was professor of philosophy and town's deacon of his native place, and was the author of *Moral Tales; Mottoes for Youth*, &c. &c.]

One of the chief ornaments of a little provincial town, his native place, flourished Mr. Toby Wilt. At no period had he evinced a desire to travel, and never, on any occasion, exceeded his prescribed limits round the adjacent hamlets. In spite of this, however he knew more of the world than many who had travelled a great deal farther, and some who had expended the best part of their fortune on a fashionable trip to Paris or Italy. He was possessed of a rich fund of little anecdotes of the most useful class, which he had obtained by observation, and retailed for his own and his friends' edification. And though these showed no great stretch of genius or invention, they possessed considerable practical merit, and were, for the most part, remarkable for coming before company coupled together, always two and two.

Among his acquaintance was a careful young gentleman of the name of Till, a great admirer of Mr. Toby Wilt for his known prudence and stock of observations. On one occasion he ventured to express his high opinion of them, to which his old friend replied in his stuttering style, "Ha! hem?—what, do you indeed think me such a wiseacre, then?"

"Why, all the world says so, Mr. Wilt; and I should be glad to become your pupil."

"Would you so, young man? Nothing more easy. If you really wish to be a prudent youth, in fact, you have only to study the conduct and deportment of fools."

"In what manner do you mean?"

"What manner! by trying to act differently, to be sure."

"May I beg an anecdote, or example, for the sake of illustration?"

"I believe I can accommodate you with one, Mr. Till. When I was a young man, there resided in this town a Mr. Veit, an old mathematician, rather a meagre and morose sort of personage. I used often to see him walking about, muttering to himself as he went along, and never stopping to salute any of his neighbours and acquaintance; much less would he look them in the face and converse with them; being always too earnestly engaged in solving the problem of his own perfections. Now what do you suppose, Mr. Till, that people were in the habit of saying of him?"

"Most probably that he was a very shrewd, wise old gentleman," said Mr. Till.

"No; you are somewhat on the wrong side; they called him an old fool. So, so! I used to think within myself—for this sort of title, however general, was not at all to my taste—I must take care how I imitate my old friend Mr. Veit. I see that will never do; one must not appear to be too full of one's self. Perhaps it is not well-bred, at all events, to go muttering with one's self; I see we must be more sociable, and talk a little to our neighbours. Let me hear your notion on the subject, Mr. Till; did I judge rightly?"

"Oh, indisputably; I think you were in the right."

"Nay, I am not so sure of that; not exactly so, as you will find. For we had another genius, a finical kind of personage, and a dancing-master, the very converse of the old postulating mathematician; and yet he did not please, though he used to stare in everybody's face as he skipped along. He was glad to talk to every one who would listen to him, as long as their patience lasted. Well, Mr. Till, and what do you suppose people used to say of *him?*"

"Most likely they would call him a wild, merry sort of fellow; somewhat of a bore withal."

"There you are not so very wide of the mark, Mr. Till; for they called him a fool. You see he won the same title by a very opposite kind of merit. Here's for us! I thought to myself; this is odd enough. What must one do? how in the world must one contrive to win the reputation of a wise man? It is plain one must take neither Mr. Veit nor Mr. Slight for our model. No; first of all, Mr. Till, you must look persons full in the face, and salute them like the dancing-master, and then you must have your eyes upon yourself, and reflect seriously, talk with your neighbours, like Mr. Slight, and think of your own affairs afterwards, like Mr. Veit. That was my mode of arguing, Mr. Till. I compounded the gentleman, sir: people called me a prudent, long-headed fellow; and this is the whole of the mystery."

On another occasion our prudent citizen received a visit from a young merchant of the name of Flau. He, too, came to consult; and, after making some wry faces, he began to lament the extent of his losses and misfortunes.

"Well," replied old Wilt, giving him a tap

on the shoulder, "and what does all this amount to?"

"You must be on the alert, sir, and pursue fortune more diligently. She is a shy bird; and you must be on the look-out like a sportsman."

"So I have, my dear sir, this long time past, but all to no purpose. One unlucky blow followed another, till I was fairly tripped up by the heels. For the future, I shall fold my arms, and rest quietly at home."

"In that you are wrong again, young gentleman; you must be on the look-out, I tell you; you need only to have a care how you carry your head."

"How I carry my head!" repeated Mr. Flau; "what do you mean, Mr. Wilt, by that?"

"Only what I say; you must have a care how you carry your head, and the rest will follow of course. Let me explain how. When my left-hand neighbour was employed in building his new house, the whole street was paved with bricks and beams and rubbish, not very pleasant to pass over. Now one day, who should happen to be going that way but our worthy mayor Mr. Trick, then a young fashionable alderman. He always carried his head high, and thus he came skipping along, with his arms dangling by his side, and his nose elevated towards the clouds; yet the next moment he found himself sprawling upon the ground; he had contrived to trip up his own heels, to break one of his legs, and obtain the advantage of limping to the end of his days, as you may often see. Do you take? do you comprehend me, Mr. Flau?"

"Perhaps you allude to the old proverb, 'Take heed not to carry your head too high.'"

"To be sure, but you must likewise contrive not to carry it too low; faults on both sides! If you have borne it too high, don't bear it now too low; you comprehend me? and you will do yet.

"Not long afterwards Mr. Schale, the poet, was passing the same dangerous way, Mr. Flau. He was, perhaps, spouting verses, or brooding over his *res angustæ domi*—I know not which; but he came jogging forwards with a woeful aspect, 'eyes bent on earth,' and a stooping, slouching gait, as if he would be glad to lower himself into the ground, sir. Well! he walked over one of the ropes; smack it went, and one of the great beams came tumbling about his ears from the scaffolding above. But he was too miserable a dog to be killed; he unluckily escaped; but was so terrified and nervous, poor devil, with the shock, that he fainted away, fell sick, and was confined to his garret for several weeks.

"Do you comprehend my meaning yet, Mr. Flau? How would you carry your head when you passed?"

"I! I would keep it in just equilibrium, to be sure."

"True; we must not cast our eye too ambitiously towards the clouds, nor fix it too demurely upon the ground. Whether we look above, around, or before us, Mr. Flau, let us do it in a calm, becoming sort of manner, and then we shall get on in the world, and no accidents will be likely to befall us. Let us preserve our equanimity: you comprehend me? Good morning, Mr. Flau."

On a third occasion a certain Mr. Wills waited upon his friend Mr. Wilt, for the purpose of borrowing a sum of money to complete some little speculation he had in hand.

"It is quite a prudent step; very sure," he said to old Mr. Wilt, "though I am sensible it is not one of your lucrative speculations; but, as it happens to come very *apropos*, I should like to turn it to account, and make the most of it."

Old Wilt did not much relish this style of salutation, and seeing whither it would lead—

"Pray, my dear Mr. Wills," inquired he, "how much money, do you think, will serve your turn?"

"It is nothing much of a sum, a mere trifle; some hundred dollars will suffice."

"So! if it be no more, I will directly comply with your request. Indeed, to show how much I have your interest at heart, I will also present you with something else, which, between ourselves, is worth more than a thousand dollars."

"Ah! pray explain yourself, my dear Mr. Wilt."

"Nay! it is only a short story; but it will serve our turn. In my younger days, I had rather an eccentric kind of man for my neighbour, a Mr. Grell. He had continually a certain cant phrase at his tongue's end, which at last proved his ruin.

"You surprise me! I should like to know it."

"You shall. When any of his acquaintance used casually to accost him, observing, 'Well, Grell, how does business go on; how much did you clear by the last bargain?' 'Pshaw!' he would say, 'a mere trifle—some fifty dollars or so, but what of that?' Then again when he was asked: 'Well, Grell, how much are you minus by the last bankruptcy?' 'Pshaw!' he would answer, 'it is not worth speaking of; a mere trifle, some five per cent.' Now, though

Grell was a warm man in his day, I can assure you, this cursed foolish phrase of his brought him to ruin. He was at length compelled to decamp, sir, bag and baggage."

"What was the sum, Mr. Wills, which you stated?"

"I think I requested the loan of one hundred dollars."

"Exactly so; but my memory is growing treacherous. Well, Mr. Wills, but I had another neighbour, one Mr. Tomms, a corn-dealer. By means of another sort of saying did that man build the fine mansion you see yonder, with all its offices and warehouses to boot, sir. What say you?"

"I say it is very strange indeed, Mr. Wilt: I have a great curiosity to hear this second phrase."

"You shall, Mr. Wills. Why, when his friends accosted him, 'Well, Mr. Tomms, how does business proceed? what cleared you by your last concern?' 'A good round sum —a hundred, that I did!' was his invariable answer, at the same time you might see that he was in high glee. When they perceived on the other hand that he was low, very low in spirits, they would inquire: 'What is the matter, Mr. Tomms? how much have you lost?' 'No joke indeed! a good round sum; some fifty dollars, I assure you.' Now this man began his career with a very small capital; but, as I told you before, he has built that large house with all its offices, I say, and warehouses round it. Now, Mr. Wills, which of these two phrases seems best suited to your taste?"

"Why the last of them, Mr. Wilt, of course."

"Yet," replied old Wilt, "this Mr. Tomms does not quite suit me. He had the knack of saying a good round sum, to be sure, even when he was paying his poor-rates or his taxes. Then, I think, he ought to have employed, like a humane and loyal man, the saying of my other neighbour—'a mere trifle, nothing worth speaking of.' The truth is, Mr. Wills, that as they were both my near neighbours, I carefully preserved both their phrases, and apply them according to the circumstances of time and place; sometimes speaking like Mr. Grell, and at others like Mr. Tomms."

"Not so with me," cried Mr. Wills; "I admire Mr. Tomms' phrase; I do from my soul, sir."

"What was your demand—the sum you have occasion for, Mr. Wills?"

"A good round sum of money—one hundred dollars: no trifle, my dear Mr. Wilt!"

"There you talk like a man of sense—a very prudent man, Mr. Wills: you have really learned your monied catechism very well. Your answer was quite correct. Had you come to request really only a small trifle, I might perhaps have listened to you; but, as you observe it is a good round sum, allow me to pause. I wish you a good morning, Mr. Wills."—But, having thus amused himself, old Mr. Wilt lent him the sum of money.

THE HOURS.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON.

Hours—minutes—moments are the smaller coin
That make the sum of even the richest life:
But yet there are no misers of their hoards,
Nor usance reckoned in the mart upon them;
Still they are priceless!—

Nay, Pallet, paint not thus the hours,—
Young urchins, weaving wreaths of flowers;
Hiding in the buds of roses,
Where the folding pink-leaf closes,
Peeping from the sunflower's stem,
Or a beauty's garment hem!
No!—rather, Limner, make them lurk,
Busy at their blanching work,
Withering wrinkles in the cheek,—
Every hour before, more sleek;—
In the dimples—'neath the lid
Of the eye;—or show them slid
Sly among the auburn tresses,
Like a falcon bound with jesses,
Turning them to silvery gray;
Scattering snow tints in their play!
Oh! the hours are crabbed creatures,
Still at war with beauty's features!—

—*The Chameleon.*

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SHAKSPEARE.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

[Thomas Carlyle, born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, 1795. Historian, biographer, and essayist. He studied at the Edinburgh University with a view to the ministry, but afterwards resolved to devote himself to literature. In 1823 he contributed articles upon "Montesquieu," "Montaigne," "Nelson," and the "Two Pitts" to Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and various critical papers to the *Edinburgh Review*. These were soon followed by a translation of *Legendre's Geometry* with an "Essay on Proportion," a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and the *Life of Schiller*. In the course of years—years of earnest labour, which have had an important influence upon modern thought, although the influence was at first somewhat slow of growth—Mr Carlyle produced: *Sartor Resartus*, the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh; *The French Revolution* ("No work of greater genius, either historical or poetical, has been produced in this country for many years"—*Westminster Review*); *Chartism; Hero Worship; Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; Latter-day Pamphlets; Past and Present; Life of John Stirling; Life of Frederick the Great;* and a collection in seven volumes of his *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*.[1] One of the many services Mr. Carlyle has rendered to the present century has been the revelation of the importance and value of German literature. He died in 1881.]

Taste, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of Nature, the majesty of Man, the infinite loveliness of Truth and Virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor; but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted and self-seeking, be he poor or rich. In old ages, the humble Minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of those glories, while to the proud Baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown. Nor is there still any aristocratic monopoly of judgment more than of genius: for as to that *Science of Negation* which is taught peculiarly by men of professed elegance, we confess we hold it rather cheap. It is a necessary, but decidedly a subordinate accomplishment; nay, if it be rated at the highest, it becomes a ruinous vice. This is an old truth; yet ever needing new application and enforcement. Let us know what to love, and we shall know also what to reject; what to affirm, and we shall know also what to deny: but it is dangerous to *begin* with denial, and fatal to end with it. To deny is easy; nothing is sooner learned or more generally practised: as matters go, we need no man of polish to teach it; but rather, if possible, a hundred men of wisdom to show us its limits, and teach us its reverse.

Such is our hypothesis of the case; how stands it with the facts? Are the fineness and truth of sense manifested by the artist found, in most instances, to be proportionate to his wealth and elevation of acquaintance? Are they found to have any perceptible relation either with the one or the other? We imagine not. Whose taste in painting, for instance, is truer and finer than Claude Lorraine's? And was not he a poor colour-grinder; outwardly the meanest of menials? Where, again, we might ask, lay Shakspeare's rent-roll; and what generous peer took him by the hand and unfolded to him the "open secret" of the Universe; teaching him that this was beautiful, and that not so? Was he not a peasant by birth, and by fortune something lower; and was it not thought much, even in the height of his reputation, that Southampton allowed him equal patronage with the zanies, jugglers, and bearwards of the time? Yet compare his taste, even as it respects the negative side of things; for, in regard to the positive and far higher side, it admits no comparison with any other mortal's,—compare it, for instance, with the taste of Beaumont and Fletcher, his contemporaries, men of rank and education, and of fine genius like himself. Tried even by the nice, fastidious, and in great part false and artificial delicacy of modern times, how stands it with the two parties; with the gay triumphant men of fashion, and the poor vagrant linkboy? Does the latter sin against, we shall not say taste, but etiquette, as the former do? For one line, for one word, which some Chesterfield might wish blotted from the first, are there not in the others whole pages and scenes which, with palpitating heart, he would hurry into deepest night? This too, observe, respects not their genius, but their culture; not their appropriation of beauties, but their rejection of deformities, by supposition the grand and peculiar result of high breeding! Surely, in such instances, even that humble supposition is ill borne out.

[1] Chapman & Hall publish various editions of these works: the "People's Edition" is admirable in every respect.

The truth of the matter seems to be, that with the culture of a genuine poet, thinker or other artist, the influence of rank has no exclusive or even special concern. For men of action, for senators, public speakers, political writers, the case may be different; but of such we speak not at present. Neither do we speak of imitators, and the crowd of mediocre men, to whom fashionable life sometimes gives an external inoffensiveness, often compensated by a frigid malignity of character. We speak of men who, from amid the perplexed and conflicting elements of their everyday existence, are to form themselves into harmony and wisdom, and show forth the same wisdom to others that exist along with them. To such a man, high life, as it is called, will be a province of human life, but nothing more. He will study to deal with it as he deals with all forms of mortal being; to do it justice, and to draw instruction from it: but his light will come from a loftier region, or he wanders for ever in darkness; dwindles into a man of *vers de société*, or attains at best to be a Walpole or a Caylus. Still less can we think that he is to be viewed as a hireling; that his excellence will be regulated by his pay. "Sufficiently provided for from within, he has need of little from without;" food and raiment, and an unviolated home, will be given him in the rudest land; and with these, while the kind earth is round him, and the everlasting heaven is over him, the world has little more that it can give. Is he poor? So also were Homer and Socrates; so was Samuel Johnson; so was John Milton. Shall we reproach him with his poverty, and infer that, because he is poor, he must likewise be worthless? God forbid that the time should ever come when he too shall esteem riches the synonym of good! The spirit of Mammon has a wide empire; but it cannot, and must not, be worshipped in the Holy of Holies. Nay, does not the heart of every genuine disciple of literature, however mean his sphere, instinctively deny this principle, as applicable either to himself or another? Is it not rather true, as D'Alembert has said, that for every man of letters, who deserves that name, the motto and the watchword will be FREEDOM, TRUTH, and even this same POVERTY; that if he fear the last, the two first can never be made sure to him?

We have stated these things, to bring the question somewhat nearer its real basis; not for the sake of the Germans, who nowise need the admission of them. The German authors are not poor; neither are they excluded from association with the wealthy and well-born. On the contrary, we scruple not to say that in both these respects they are considerably better situated than our own. Their booksellers, it is true, cannot pay as ours do; yet, there as here, a man lives by his writings; and, to compare *Jördens* with *Johnson* and *D'Israeli*, somewhat better there than here. No case like our own noble Otway's has met us in their biographies; Boyces and Chattertons are much rarer in German than in English history. But farther, and what is far more important: From the number of universities, libraries, collections of art, museums, and other literary or scientific institutions of a public or private nature, we question whether the chance which a meritorious man of letters has before him, of obtaining some permanent appointment, some independent civic existence, is not a hundred to one in favour of the German, compared with the Englishman. This is a weighty item, and indeed the weightiest of all; for it will be granted that, for the votary of literature, the relation of entire dependence on the merchants of literature is, at best, and however liberal the terms, a highly questionable one. It tempts him daily and hourly to sink from an artist into a manufacturer; nay, so precarious, fluctuating, and everyway unsatisfactory must his civic and economic concerns become, that too many of his class cannot even attain the praise of common honesty as manufacturers. There is, no doubt, a spirit of martyrdom, as we have asserted, which can sustain this too: but few indeed have the spirit of martyrs; and that state of matters is the safest which requires it least. The German authors, moreover, to their credit be it spoken, seem to set less store by wealth than many of ours. There have been prudent, quiet men among them, who actually appeared not to want more wealth; whom wealth could not tempt either to this hand or that, from their preappointed aims. Neither must we think so hardly of the German nobility as to believe them insensible to genius, or of opinion that a patent from the Lion King is so superior to "a patent direct from Almighty God." A fair proportion of the German authors are themselves men of rank: we mention only, as of our own time, and notable in other respects, the two Stolbergs and Novalis. Let us not be unjust to this class of persons. It is a poor error to figure them as wrapt up in ceremonial stateliness, avoiding the most gifted man of a lower station; and, for their own supercilious triviality, themselves avoided by all truly gifted men. On the whole, we should change our notion of the German nobleman: that ancient, thirsty,

thick-headed, sixteen-quartered Baron, who still hovers in our minds, never did exist in such perfection, and is now as extinct as our own Squire Western. His descendant is a man of other culture, other aims and other habits. We question whether there is an aristocracy in Europe which, taken as a whole, both in a public and private capacity, more honours art and literature, and does more both in public and private to encourage them. Excluded from society! What, we would ask, was Wieland's, Schiller's, Herder's, Johannes Müller's society? Has not Goethe, by birth a Frankfort burgher, been, since his twenty-sixth year, the companion, not of nobles but of princes, and for half his life a minister of state? And is not this man, unrivalled in so many far deeper qualities, known also and felt to be unrivalled in nobleness of breeding and bearing; fit not to learn of princes in this respect, but by the example of his daily life to teach them?

We hear much of the munificent spirit displayed among the better classes in England; their high estimation of the arts, and generous patronage of the artist. We rejoice to hear it; we hope it is true, and will become truer and truer. We hope that a great change has taken place among these classes since the time when Bishop Burnet could write of them, "They are for the most part the *worst* instructed and the *least* knowing of any of their rank I ever went among!" Nevertheless, let us arrogate to ourselves no exclusive praise in this particular. Other nations can appreciate the arts, and cherish their cultivators, as well as we. Nay, while learning from us in many other matters, we suspect the Germans might even teach us somewhat in regard to this. At all events, the pity which certain of our authors express for the civil condition of their brethren in that country is, from such a quarter, a superfluous feeling. Nowhere, let us rest assured, is genius more devoutly honoured than there, by all ranks of men, from peasants and burghers up to legislators and kings. It was but last year that the Diet of the Empire passed an act in favour of one individual poet: the Final Edition of Goethe's Works was guaranteed to be protected against commercial injury in every State of Germany; and special assurances to that effect were sent him, in the kindest terms, from all the authorities there assembled, some of them the highest in his country or in Europe. Nay, even while we write, are not the newspapers recording a visit from the Sovereign of Bavaria in person to the same venerable man?—a mere ceremony perhaps, but one which almost recalls to us the era of the antique Sages and the Grecian Kings.

This hypothesis, therefore, it would seem, is not supported by facts, and so returns to its original elements. The causes it alleges are impossible: but, what is still more fatal, the effect it proposes to account for has, in reality, no existence. We venture to deny that the Germans are defective in taste; even as a nation, as a public, taking one thing with another, we imagine they may stand comparison with any of their neighbours; as writers, as critics, they may decidedly court it. True, there is a mass of dulness, awkwardness, and false susceptibility in the lower regions of their literature: but is not bad taste endemical in such regions of every literature under the sun? Pure Stupidity, indeed, is of a quiet nature, and content to be merely stupid. But seldom do we find it pure; seldom unadulterated with some tincture of ambition, which drives it into new and strange metamorphoses. Here it has assumed a contemptuous trenchant air, intended to represent superior tact, and a sort of all-wisdom; there a truculent atrabilious scowl, which is to stand for passionate strength: now we have an outpouring of tumid fervour; now a fruitless, asthmatic hunting after wit and humour. Grave or gay, enthusiastic or derisive, admiring or despising, the dull man would be something which he is not and cannot be. Shall we confess that, of these two common extremes, we reckon the German error considerably the more harmless, and, in our day, by far the more curable? Of unwise admiration much may be hoped, for much good is really in it: but unwise contempt is itself a negation; nothing comes of it, for it *is* nothing.

To judge of a national taste, however, we must raise our view from its transitory modes to its perennial models; from the mass of vulgar writers, who blaze out and are extinguished with the popular delusion which they flatter, to those few who are admitted to shine with a pure and lasting lustre; to whom, by common consent, the eyes of the people are turned, as to its loadstars and celestial luminaries. Among German writers of this stamp, we would ask any candid reader of them, let him be of what country or creed he might, whether bad taste struck him as a prevailing characteristic. Was Wieland's taste uncultivated? Taste, we should say, and taste of the very species which a disciple of the Negative School would call the highest, formed the great object of his life; the perfection he unweariedly

endeavoured after, and, more than any other perfection, has attained. The most fastidious Frenchman might read him, with admiration of his merely French qualities. And is not Klopstock, with his clear enthusiasm, his azure purity, and heavenly if still somewhat cold and lunar light, a man of taste? His *Messias* reminds us oftener of no other poets than of Virgil and Racine. But it is to Lessing that an Englishman would turn with readiest affection. We cannot but wonder that more of this man is not known among us; or that the knowledge of him has not done more to remove such misconceptions. Among all the writers of the eighteenth century, we will not except even Diderot and David Hume, there is not one of a more compact and rigid intellectual structure; who more distinctly knows what he is aiming at, or with more gracefulness, vigour, and precision sets it forth to his readers. He thinks with the clearness and piercing sharpness of the most expert logician; but a genial fire pervades him, a wit, a heartiness, a general richness and fineness of nature, to which most logicians are strangers. He is a sceptic in many things, but the noblest of sceptics; a mild, manly, half-careless enthusiasm struggles through his indignant unbelief; he stands before us like a toilworn but unwearied and heroic champion, earning not the conquest but the battle; as indeed himself admits to us, that "it is not the finding of truth, but the honest search for it, that profits." We confess we should be entirely at a loss for the literary creed of that man who reckoned Lessing other than a thoroughly cultivated writer; nay, entitled to rank, in this particular, with the most distinguished writers of any existing nation. As a poet, as a critic, philosopher, or controversialist, his style will be found precisely such as we of England are accustomed to admire most; brief, nervous, vivid; yet quiet, without glitter or antithesis; idiomatic, pure without purism; transparent, yet full of character and reflex hues of meaning. "Every sentence," says Horn, and justly, "is like a phalanx;" not a word wrong placed, not a word that could be spared; and it forms itself so calmly and lightly, and stands in its completeness so gay, yet so impregnable! As a poet he contemptuously denied himself all merit; but his readers have not taken him at his word: here too a similar felicity of style attends him; his plays, his *Minna von Barnhelm*, his *Emilie Galotti*, his *Nathan der Weise*, have a genuine and graceful poetic life; yet no works known to us in any language are purer from exaggeration, or any appearance of falsehood. They are pictures, we might say, painted not in colours, but in crayons; yet a strange attraction lies in them; for the figures are grouped into the finest attitudes, and true and spirit-speaking in every line. It is with his style chiefly that we have to do here; yet we must add, that the matter of his works is not less meritorious. His Criticism and philosophic or religious Scepticism were of a higher mood than had yet been heard in Europe, still more in Germany: his *Dramaturgie* first exploded the pretensions of the French theatre, and, with irresistible conviction, made Shakspeare known to his countrymen; preparing the way for a brighter era in their literature, the chief men of which still thankfully look back to Lessing as their patriarch. His *Laocoon*, with its deep glances into the philosophy of Art, his *Dialogues of Freemasons*, a work of far higher import than its title indicates, may yet teach many things to most of us, which we know not, and ought to know.

With Lessing and Klopstock might be joined, in this respect, nearly every one, we do not say of their distinguished, but even of their tolerated contemporaries. The two Jacobis, known more or less in all countries, are little known here, if they are accused of wanting literary taste. These are men, whether as thinkers or poets, to be regarded and admired for their mild and lofty wisdom, the devoutness, the benignity and calm grandeur of their philosophical views. In such, it were strange if among so many high merits, this lower one of a just and elegant style, which is indeed their natural and even necessary product, had been wanting. We recommend the elder Jacobi no less for his clearness than for his depth; of the younger, it may be enough in this point of view to say that the chief praisers of his earlier poetry were the French. Neither are Hamann and Mendelsohn, who could meditate deep thoughts, defective in the power of uttering them with propriety. The *Phædon* of the latter, in its chaste precision and simplicity of style, may almost remind us of Xenophon: Socrates, to our mind, has spoken in no modern language so like Socrates, as here, by the lips of this wise and cultivated Jew.[1]

[1] The history of Mendelsohn is interesting in itself, and full of encouragement to all lovers of self-improvement. At thirteen he was a wandering Jewish beggar, without health, without home, almost without a language—for the jargon of broken Hebrew and provincial German which he spoke could scarcely be called one. At middle age he could write this *Phædon*, was a man of wealth and breeding, and ranked among the teachers of his age. Like Pope, he abode by his original creed,

Among the poets and more popular writers of the time, the case is the same: Utz, Gellert, Cramer, Ramler, Kleist, Hagedorn, Rabener, Gleim, and a multitude of lesser men, whatever excellences they might want, certainly are not chargeable with bad taste. Nay, perhaps of all writers they are the least chargeable with it: a certain clear, light, unaffected elegance, of a higher nature than French elegance, it might be, yet to the exclusion of all very deep or genial qualities, was the excellence they strove after, and, for the most part, in a fair measure attained. They resemble English writers of the same, or perhaps an earlier period, more than any other foreigners: apart from Pope, whose influence is visible enough, Beattie, Logan, Wilkie, Glover, unknown perhaps to any of them, might otherwise have almost seemed their models. Goldsmith also would rank among them; perhaps in regard to true poetic genius, at their head, for none of them has left us a *Vicar of Wakefield;* though, in regard to judgment, knowledge, general talent, his place would scarcely be so high.

The same thing holds in general, and with fewer drawbacks, of the somewhat later and more energetic race, denominated the *Göttingen School;* in contradistinction from the Saxon, to which Rabener, Cramer, and Gellert directly belonged, and most of those others indirectly. Hölty, Bürger, the two Stolbergs, are men whom Bossu might measure with his scales and compasses as strictly as he pleased. Of Herder, Schiller, Goethe, we speak not here: they are men of another stature and form of movement, whom Bossu's scale and compasses could not measure without difficulty, or rather not at all. To say that such men wrote with taste of this sort were saying little; for this forms not the apex, but the basis, in their conception of style; a quality not to be paraded as an excellence, but to be understood as indispensable, as there by necessity and like a thing of course.

In truth, for it must be spoken out, our opponents are widely astray in this matter; so widely that their views of it are not only dim and perplexed, but altogether imaginary and delusive. It is proposed to school the Germans in the Alphabet of taste; and the Germans are already busied with their Accidence! Far from being behind other nations in the practice or science of Criticism, it is a fact, for which we fearlessly refer to all competent judges, that they are distinctly and even considerably in advance. We state what is already known to a great part of Europe to be true. Criticism has assumed a new form in Germany; it proceeds on other principles, and proposes to itself a higher aim. The grand question is not now a question concerning the qualities of diction, the coherence of metaphors, the fitness of sentiments, the general logical truth, in a work of art, as it was some half-century ago among most critics; neither is it a question mainly of a psychological sort, to be answered by discovering and delineating the peculiar nature of the poet from his poetry, as is usual with the best of our own critics at present: but it is, not indeed exclusively, but inclusively of those two other questions, properly and ultimately a question on the essence and peculiar life of the poetry itself. The first of these questions, as we see it answered, for instance, in the criticisms of Johnson and Kames, relates, strictly speaking, to the *garment* of poetry; the second, indeed, to its *body* and material existence, a much higher point; but only the last to its *soul* and spiritual existence, by which alone can the body, in its movements and phases, be *informed* with significance and rational life. The problem is not now to determine by what mechanism Addison composed sentences and struck out similitudes; but by what far finer and more mysterious mechanism Shakspeare organized his dramas, and gave life and individuality to his Ariel and his Hamlet. Wherein lies that life; how have they attained that shape and individuality? Whence comes that empyrean fire which irradiates their whole being, and pierces, at least in starry gleams, like a diviner thing, into all hearts? Are these dramas of his not veri-similar only, but true; nay, truer than reality itself, since the essence of unmixed reality is bodied forth in them under more expressive symbols! What is this unity of theirs; and can our deeper inspection discern it to be indivisible, and existing by necessity, because each work springs, as it were, from the general elements of all

though often solicited to change it: indeed, the grand problem of his life was to better the inward and outward condition of his own ill-fated people; for whom he actually accomplished much benefit. He was a mild, shrewd, and worthy man; and might well love *Phædon* and Socrates, for his own character was Socratic. He was a friend of Lessing's: indeed, a pupil; for Lessing, having accidentally met him at chess, recognized the spirit that lay struggling under such incumbrances, and generously undertook to help him. By teaching the poor Jew a little Greek, he disenchanted him from the Talmud and the Rabbins. The two were afterwards co-labourers in Nicolai's *Deutsche Bibliothek*, the first German *Review* of any character; which, however, in the hands of Nicolai himself, it subsequently lost. Mendelsohn's works have mostly been translated into French.

Thought, and grows up therefrom into form and expansion by its own growth? Not only who was the poet, and how did he compose; but what and how was the poem, and why was it a poem and not rhymed eloquence, creation and not figured passion? These are the questions for the critic. Criticism stands like an interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired; between the prophet and those who hear the melody of his words, and catch some glimpse of their material meaning, but understand not their deeper import. She pretends to open for us this deeper import; to clear our sense that it may discern the pure brightness of this eternal Beauty, and recognize it as heavenly, under all forms where it looks forth, and reject, as of the earth earthy, all forms, be their material splendour what it may, where no gleaming of that other shines through.

This is the task of Criticism as the Germans understand it. And how do they accomplish this task? By a vague declamation clothed in gorgeous mystic phraseology? By vehement tumultuous anthems to the poet and his poetry; by epithets and laudatory similitudes drawn from Tartarus and Elysium, and all intermediate terrors and glories; whereby, in truth, it is rendered clear both that the poet is an extremely great poet, and also that the critic's allotment of understanding, overflowed by these Pythian raptures, has unhappily melted into deliquium? Nowise in this manner do the Germans proceed: but by rigorous scientific inquiry; by appeal to principles which, whether correct or not, have been deduced patiently, and by long investigation, from the highest and calmest regions of Philosophy. For this finer portion of their Criticism is now also embodied in systems; and standing, so far as these reach, coherent, distinct, and methodical, no less than, on their much shallower foundation, the systems of Boileau and Blair. That this new Criticism is a complete, much more a certain science, we are far from meaning to affirm: the *æsthetic* theories of Kant, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Richter, vary in external aspect, according to the varied habits of the individual; and can at best only be regarded as approximations to the truth, or modifications of it; each critic representing it as it harmonizes more or less perfectly with the other intellectual persuasions of his own mind, and of different classes of minds that resemble his. Nor can we here undertake to inquire what degree of such approximation to the truth there is in each or all of these writers; or in Tieck and the two Schlegels, who, especially the latter, have laboured so meritoriously in reconciling these various opinions; and so successfully in impressing and diffusing the best spirit of them, first in their own country, and now also in several others. Thus much, however, we will say; That we reckon the mere circumstance of such a science being in existence, a ground of the highest consideration, and worthy the best attention of all inquiring men. For we should err widely if we thought that this new tendency of critical science pertains to Germany alone. It is a European tendency, and springs from the general condition of intellect in Europe. We ourselves have all, for the last thirty years, more or less distinctly felt the necessity of such a science: witness the neglect into which our Blairs and Bossus have silently fallen; our increased and increasing admiration, not only of Shakspeare, but of all his contemporaries, and of all who breathe any portion of his spirit; our controversy whether Pope was a poet; and so much vague effort on the part of our best critics everywhere to express some still unexpressed idea concerning the nature of true poetry; as if they felt in their hearts that a pure glory, nay a divineness, belonged to it, for which they had as yet no name and no intellectual form. But in Italy too, in France itself, the same thing is visible. Their grand controversy, so hotly urged, between the *Classicists* and *Romanticists*, in which the Schlegels are assumed, much too loosely, on all hands, as the patrons and generalissimos of the latter, shows us sufficiently what spirit is at work in that long-stagnant literature. Doubtless this turbid fermentation of the elements will at length settle into clearness, both there and here, as in Germany it has already in a great measure done; and perhaps a more serene and genial poetic day is everywhere to be expected with some confidence. How much the example of the Germans may have to teach us in this particular needs no farther exposition.

The authors and first promulgators of this new critical doctrine were at one time contemptuously named the *New School;* nor was it till after a war of all the few good heads in the nation with all the many bad ones had ended as such wars must ever do,[1] that these

[1] It began in Schiller's *Musenalmanach* for 1797. The *Xenien* (a series of philosophic epigrams jointly by Schiller and Goethe) descended there unexpectedly, like a flood of ethereal fire, on the German literary world; quickening all that was noble into new life, but visiting the ancient empire of Dulness with astonishment and unknown pangs. The agitation was extreme: scarcely since the age of Luther has there been such stir and

critical principles were generally adopted; and their assertors found to be no *School*, or new heretical Sect, but the ancient primitive Catholic communion, of which all sects that had any living light in them were but members and subordinate modes. It is, indeed, the most sacred article of this creed to preach and practise universal tolerance. Every literature of the world has been cultivated by the Germans; and to every literature they have studied to give due honour. Shakspeare and Homer, no doubt, occupy alone the loftiest station in the poetical Olympus; but there is space in it for all true Singers out of every age and clime. Ferdusi and the primeval Mythologists of Hindostan live in brotherly union with the Troubadours and ancient Storytellers of the West. The wayward mystic gloom of Calderon, the lurid fire of Dante, the auroral light of Tasso, the clear icy glitter of Racine, all are acknowledged and reverenced; nay, in the celestial forecourt an abode has been appointed for the Gressets and Delilles, that no spark of inspiration, no tone of mental music, might remain unrecognized. The Germans study foreign nations in a spirit which deserves to be oftener imitated. It is their honest endeavour to understand each, with its own peculiarities, in its own special manner of existing; not that they may praise it, or censure it, or attempt to alter it, but simply that they may see this manner of existing as the nation itself sees it, and so participate in whatever worth or beauty it has brought into being. Of all literatures, accordingly, the German has the best as well as the most translations; men like Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Schlegel, Tieck, have not disdained this task. Of Shakspeare there are three entire versions admitted to be good; and we know not how many partial, or considered as bad. In their criticisms of him, we ourselves have long ago admitted that no such clear judgment or hearty appreciation of his merits had ever been exhibited by any critic of our own.

To attempt stating in separate aphorisms the doctrines of this new poetical system, would, in such space as is now allowed us, be to insure them of misapprehension. The science of Criticism, as the Germans practise it, is no study of an hour; for it springs from the depths of thought, and remotely or immediately connects itself with the subtlest problems of all philosophy. One characteristic of it we may state, the obvious parent of many others. Poetic beauty, in its pure essence, is not, by this theory, as by all our theories, from Hume's to Alison's, derived from anything external, or of merely intellectual origin; not from association, or any reflex or reminiscence of mere sensations; nor from natural love, either of imitation, of similarity in dissimilarity, of excitement by contrast, or of seeing difficulties overcome. On the contrary, it is assumed as underived; not borrowing its existence from such sources, but as lending to most of these their significance and principal charm for the mind. It dwells and is born in the inmost Spirit of Man, united to all love of Virtue, to all true belief in God; or rather, it is one with this love and this belief, another phase of the same highest principle in the mysterious infinitude of the human Soul. To apprehend this beauty of poetry, in its full and purest brightness, is not easy, but difficult; thousands on thousands eagerly read poems, and attain not the smallest taste of it; yet to all uncorrupted hearts, some effulgences of this heavenly glory are here and there revealed; and to apprehend it clearly and wholly, to acquire and maintain a sense and heart that sees and worships it, is the last perfection of all humane culture. With mere readers for amusement, therefore, this criticism has, and can have, nothing to do; these find their amusement in less or greater measure, and the nature of Poetry remains for ever hidden from them in deepest concealment. On all hands, there is no truce given to the hypothesis that the ultimate object of the poet is to please. Sensation, even of the finest and most rapturous sort, is not the end, but the means. Art is to be loved, not because of its effects, but because of itself; not because it is useful for spiritual pleasure, or even for moral culture, but because it is Art, and the highest in man, and the soul of all beauty. To inquire after its *utility* would be like inquiring after the *utility* of a God, or, what to the Germans would sound stranger than it does to us, the *utility* of Virtue and Religion. On these particulars, the authenticity of which we might verify, not so much by citation of individual passages, as by reference to the scope and spirit of whole treatises, we must for the present leave our readers to their own reflections. Might we advise them, it would be to inquire farther, and, if possible, to see the matter with their own eyes.

strife in the intellect of Germany; indeed, scarcely since that age has there been a controversy, if we consider its ultimate bearings on the best and noblest interests of mankind, so important as this, which, for the time, seemed only to turn on metaphysical subtleties, and matters of mere elegance. Its farther applications became apparent by degrees.

THE MOUSE TURNED HERMIT.

FROM PIGNOTTI.

"O beata solitudo!"

In winter, when my grandmother sat spinning
  Close in the corner by the chimney-side,
To many a tale, still ending, still beginning,
  She made me list with eyes and mouth full wide,
Wondering at all the monstrous things she told,
Things quite as monstrous as herself was old.

She told me how the frogs and mice went fighting,
  And every word and deed of wolves and foxes,
Of ghosts and witches in dead night delighting,
  Of fairy spirits rummaging in boxes;
And this in her own strain of fearful joy,
While I stood by, a happy frightened boy.

One night, quite sulky, not a word she utter'd,
  Spinning away as mute as any fish,
Except that now and then she growl'd and mutter'd;
  At last I begged and prayed, till, to my wish,
She cleared her pipes, spat thrice, coughed for a while,
And thus began with something like a smile:

"Once on a time there was a mouse," quoth she,
  "Who, sick of worldly tears and laughter, grew
Enamour'd of a sainted privacy;
  To all terrestrial things he bade adieu,
And entered, far from mouse, or cat, or man,
A thick-wall'd cheese, the best of Parmesan.

"And, good soul, knowing that the root of evil
  Is idleness, that bane of heavenly grace,
Our hermit laboured hard against the devil,
  Unweariedly in that same sacred place,
Where further in he toiled, and further yet,
With teeth for holy nibbling sharply set.

"His fur-skin jacket soon became distended,
  And his plump sides could vie with any friar's:
Happy the pious who, by Heaven befriended,
  Reap the full harvest of their just desires!
And happier they, whom an eternal vow
Shuts from the world, who live—we know not how!

"Just at that time, driven to the very brink
  Of dire destruction, was the mousal nation;
Corn was lock'd up, fast, close, without a chink,
  No hope appeared to save them from starvation;
For who could dare grimalkin's whisker'd chaps,
And long-clawed paws, in search of random scraps?

"Then was a solemn deputation sent
  From one and all to every neighbouring house,
Each with a bag upon his shoulder went,
  And last they came unto our hermit-mouse,
Where, squeaking out a chorus at his door,
They begg'd him to take pity on the poor.

"'O my dear children,' said the anchorite,
  'On mortal happiness and transient cares
No more I bend my thoughts, no more delight
  In sublunary, worldly, vain affairs;
These things have I forsworn, and must, though loath,
Reprove your striving thus against my oath.

"'Poor, helpless as I am, what can I do?
  A solitary tenant of these walls;
What can I more than breathe my prayers for you?
  And Heaven oft listens when the pious calls!
Go, my dear children, leave me here to pray,
Go, go, and take your empty bags away.'"

"Ho! grandmother," cried I, "this matches well
  This mouse of yours so snug within his cheese,
With many a monk as snug within his cell,
  Swollen up with plenty and a life of ease,
Who takes but cannot give to a poor sinner,
Proclaims a fast and hurries home to dinner."

"Ah, hold your tongue!" the good old dame screamed out,
  "You jackanapes! who taught you thus to prate?
How is't you dare to slander the devout?
  Men in so blessed, so sanctified a state!
Oh, wretched world!—Ah, hold your wicked tongue!—
Alas! that sin should be in one so young!

"If e'er you talk so naughtily again,
  I promise you 'twill be a bitter day!"
So spoke my grandmother, nor spoke in vain;
  She look'd so fierce I'd not a word to say;
And still I'm silent as I hope to thrive,
For many grandmothers are yet alive.

A POET'S PRESENT.

TO THE LADY OLIVIA PORTER.[1]

Goe! hunt the whiter ermine, and present
His wealthy skin, as this daye's tribute sent
To my Endymion's love, though she be far
More gently smooth, more soft than ermines are!
Goe! climbe that rock; and when thou there hast found
A star, contracted in a diamond,
Give it Endymion's love; whose glorious eyes
Darken the starry jewels of the skies!
Goe! dive into the southern sea, and when
Thou hast found (to trouble the nice sight of men)
A swelling pearle, and such whose single worth
Boasts all the wonders which the seas bring forth,
Give it Endymion's love; whose every tear
Would more enrich the skilful jeweller.
How I command! how slowly they obey!
The churlish Tartar will not hunt to-day;
Nor will that lazy, sallow Indian strive
To climbe the rock; nor that dull Negro dive.
Thus Poets, like to kings, by trust deceived,
Give oftener what is heard of than received.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

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[1] Wife of the poet's friend and patron, Endymion Porter.

P. GÉNET, PINX

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SPANISH LIFE IN GRANADA.

SPANISH LIFE IN GRANADA.

[THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, one of the most remarkable of modern French prose writers, born at Tarbes in 1811, died in Paris, 1872. Beginning life as an artist, he soon turned to literature, and was employed on the *Presse*, as dramatic and art critic, for more than twenty years. His first novel, "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*" appeared in 1835, followed by half a dozen others, between that date and 1869. As a novelist Gautier belongs to the romantic school, of which Victor Hugo was the prototype. His writings are marked by a subtle and keen insight, minute painting, and sustained elegance of diction. Besides novels and poems, Gautier wrote some highly popular books of travel in Spain, Turkey and Russia, from the former of which the following extracts are made.]

We often went to San Domingo to sit beneath the shade of the laurels, and bathe in a pool, near which, if the satirical songs are to be believed, the monks used to lead no very reputable sort of life. It is a remarkable fact, that the most Catholic countries are always those in which the priests and monks are treated most cavalierly; the Spanish songs and stories about the clergy rival, in license, the facetiæ of Rabelais and Beroalde de Verville, and to judge by the manner in which all the ceremonies of the church are parodied in the old pieces, one would hardly think that the Inquisition ever existed.

Talking of baths, I will here relate a little incident which proves that the thermal art, carried to so high a degree of perfection by the Arabs, has lost much of its former splendour in Granada. Our guide took us to some baths that appeared very well managed, the rooms being situated round a patio shaded by a covering of vine-leaves, while a large reservoir of very limpid water occupied the greater part of the patio. So far all was well; but of what do you think the baths themselves were made? of copper, zinc, stone, or wood? Not a bit of it; you are wrong. I will tell you at once, for you will never guess: they were enormous clay jars, like those made to hold oil. These novel baths were about two-thirds buried in the ground. Before potting ourselves in them we had the inside covered with a clean cloth, a piece of precaution which struck the attendant as something so extremely strange, and which astonished him so profoundly, that we were obliged to repeat the order several times before he would obey it. He explained this whim of ours to his own satisfaction by shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head in a commiserative manner as he pronounced in a low voice the one word: *Inglese*. There we sat, squatted down in our oil jars, with our heads stuck out at the top, like peasants *en terrine*, cutting rather grotesque figures. It was on this occasion that I understood for the first time the story of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, which had always struck me as being rather difficult to believe, and had made me for an instant doubt the veracity of the "Thousand and One Nights."

There are also, in the Albaycin, some old Moorish baths, and a pond covered over with a vaulted roof, pierced by a number of little holes in the shape of stars, but they are not in working order, and you can get nothing but cold water.

This is about all that is to be seen at Granada, during a stay of some weeks. Public amusements are scarce. The theatre is closed during the summer; the bull-fights do not take place at any fixed periods; there are no clubs or establishments of this description, and the Lyceum is the only place where it is possible to see the French and other foreign papers. On certain days, there is a meeting of the members, when they read papers on various subjects as well as poetry, besides singing and playing pieces, generally written by some young author of the company.

Every one employs his time, most conscientiously, in doing nothing. Gallantry, cigarettes, the manufacture of quatrains and octaves, and especially card-playing, are found sufficient to fill up a man's existence very agreeably. In Granada you see nothing of that furious restlessness, that necessity for action and change of place, which torments the people of the north. The Spanish struck me as being very philosophical. They attach hardly any importance to national life, and are totally indifferent about comfort. The thousand factitious wants, created by the civilization of northern countries, appear to them puerile and troublesome refinements. Not having to protect themselves continually against the climate, the advantages of the English home have no attractions in their eyes. What do people who would cheerfully pay for a breeze or a draught of air, if they could obtain such a thing, care whether or not the windows close properly? Favored by a beautiful sky, they have reduced human existence to its simplest expression: this sobriety and moderation in everything enables them to enjoy a large amount of

liberty, a state of extreme independence; they have time enough to live, which we cannot say that we have. Spaniards cannot understand how a man can labour first in order to rest afterwards. They very much prefer pursuing an opposite course, and I think that by so doing, they show their superior sense. A workman who has earned a few reals leaves his work, throws his fine embroidered jacket over his shoulders, takes his guitar and goes and dances, or makes love to the *majas* of his acquaintance until he has not a single *cuarto* left: he then returns to his employment. An Andalusian can live splendidly for three or four sous a day; for this sum he can have the whitest bread, an enormous slice of watermelon, and a small glass of aniseed, while his lodgings cost him nothing more than the trouble of spreading his cloak upon the ground under some portico or the arch of some bridge. As a general rule, Spaniards consider work something humiliating, and unworthy of a freeman, which, in my opinion, is a natural and very reasonable idea, since Heaven wishing to punish man for his disobedience, found no greater infliction than the obliging him to gain his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. Pleasures procured, as ours are, by dint of labor, fatigue, and mental anxiety and perseverance, strike Spaniards as being bought much too dearly. Like all people who lead a simple life, approaching a state of nature, they possess a correctness of judgment which makes them despise the artificial enjoyments of society. Any one coming from Paris or London, those two whirlpools of devouring activity, of feverish and unnaturally excited energy, is greatly surprised by the mode of life of the people of Granada,—a mode of life that is all leisure, filled up with conversation, siestas, promenades, music, and dancing. The stranger is astonished at the happy calmness, the tranquil dignity of the faces he sees around him. No one has that busy look which is noticeable in the persons hurrying through the streets of Paris. Every one strolls leisurely along, choosing the shady side of the street, stopping to chat with his friends, and betraying no desire to arrive at his destination in the shortest possible time. The certitude of not being able to make money extinguishes all ambition: there is no chance of a young man making a brilliant career. The most adventurous among them go to Manilla or Havana, or enter the army, but on account of the piteous state of the public finances, they sometimes wait for years without hearing anything about pay. Convinced of the inutility of exertion, Spaniards do not endeavour to make fortunes, for they know that such things are quite out of the question; and they therefore pass their time in a delightful state of idleness, favored by the beauty of the country and the heat of the climate.

I saw nothing of Spanish pride; nothing is so deceptive as the reputation bestowed on individuals and nations. On the contrary, I found them exceedingly simple-minded and good-natured; Spain is the true country of equality, if not in words, at least in deeds. The poorest beggar lights his *papelito* at the *puro* of a powerful nobleman, who allows him to do so without the slightest affectation of condescension; a marchioness will step with a smile over the bodies of the ragged vagabonds who are slumbering across the threshold, and when travelling will not make a face if compelled to drink out of the same glass as the *mayoral*, the *zagul*, and the *escopetero* of the diligence. Foreigners find great difficulty in accustoming themselves to this familiarity, especially the English, who have their letters brought upon salvers, and take them with tongs. An Englishman traveling from Seville to Jeres, told his *calesero* to go and get his dinner in the kitchen. The *calesero*, who, in his own mind, thought he was honouring a heretic very highly by sitting down at the same table with him, did not make the slightest remark, but concealed his rage as carefully as the villain in a melodrama; but about three or four leagues from Jeres, in the midst of a frightful desert, full of quagmires and bushes, he threw the Englishman very neatly out of the vehicle, shouting to him as he whipped on his horse: "My lord, you did not think me worthy of sitting at your table, and I, Don Jose Balbrino Bustamente y Orosco, do not think you good enough to sit on the seat in my calesin. Good evening!"

The servants, both male and female, are treated with a gentle familiarity very different from our affected civility, which seems, every moment, to remind them of the inferiority of their condition. A short example will prove the truth of this assertion. We had gone to a party given at the country-house of the Señora * *. *; in the evening there was a general desire to have a lit-

tle dancing, but there were a great many more ladies than gentlemen present. To obviate this difficulty, the Senora * * * sent for the gardener and another servant, who danced the whole evening without the least awkwardness, false bashfulness, or servile forwardness, but just as if they had been on a perfect equality with the rest of the company. They invited, in turn, the fairest and most noble ladies present, and the latter complied with their request in the most graceful manner possible. Our democrats are very far from having attained this practical equality, and our most determined Republicans would revolt at the idea of figuring in a quadrille, opposite a peasant or a footman.

Of course, there are a great many exceptions to these remarks, as there are to all other generalities. There are, doubtless, many Spaniards who are active, laborious, and sensible to all the refinements of life, but what I have said conveys the general impression felt by a traveller after a stay of some little time,—an impression which is often more correct than that of a native observer, who is less struck by the novelty of the various circumstances.

ASCENT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

As our curiosity was satisfied with regard to Granada and its buildings, we resolved, from having had a view of the Sierra Nevada at every turn we took, to become more intimately acquainted with it, and endeavour to ascend the Mulhacen, which is the most elevated point of the range. Our friends at first attempted to dissuade us from this project, which was really attended with some little danger, but, on seeing that our resolution was fixed, they recommended us a huntsman whose name was Alexandro Romero, as a person thoroughly acquainted with the mountains, and possessing every qualification to act as guide. He came and saw us at our *casa de pupilos*, and his manly, frank physiognomy immediately prepossessed us in his favour. He wore an old velvet waistcoat, a red woollen sash, and white linen gaiters, like those of the Valencians, which enabled you to see his clean-made, nervous legs, tanned like Cordovan leather. Alpargatas of twisted rope served him for shoes, while a little Andalusian hat, which had grown red from exposure to the sun, a carbine and a powder-flask, slung across his shoulder, completed his costume. He undertook to make all the necessary preparations for our expedition, and promised to bring, at three o'clock the next morning, the four horses we required, one for my travelling companion, one for myself, a third for a young German who had joined our caravan, and a fourth for our servant, who was intrusted with the direction of the culinary department. As for Romero, he was to walk. Our provisions consisted of a ham, some roast fowls, some chocolate, bread, lemons, sugar, and a large leathern sack called a *bota*, filled with excellent Val-de-Penas, which was the principal article in the list.

At the appointed hour, the horses were before our house, while Romero was hammering away at the door, with the butt-end of his carbine. Still scarcely awake, we mounted our steeds, and the procession set forth, our guide running on beforehand to point out the road. Although it was already light, the sun had not risen, and the undulating outlines of the smaller hills, which we had passed, were spread out all around us, cool, limpid and blue, like the waves of an immovable ocean. In the distance, Granada had disappeared beneath the vapourized atmosphere. When the fiery globe at last appeared on the horizon, all the hill-tops were covered with a rosy tint, like so many young girls at the sight of their lovers, and appeared to experience a feeling of bashful confusion at the idea of having been seen in their morning *déshabille*. The ridges of the mountains are connected with the plain by gentle slopes, forming the first table-land which is easily accessible. When we reached this place, our guide decided that we should allow our horses a little breathing time, give them something to eat, and breakfast ourselves. We ensconced ourselves at the foot of a rock, near a little spring, the water of which was as bright as a diamond, and sparkled beneath the emerald-coloured grass. Romero, with all the dexterity of an American savage, improvised a fire with a handful of brushwood, while Louis prepared some chocolate, which with the addition of a slice of ham and a draught of wine, composed our first meal in the mountains. While our breakfast was cooking, a superb viper passed beside us, and appeared surprised and dissatisfied at our installing ourselves on his estate, a fact that he gave us to understand by impolitely hissing at us, for which he was rewarded by a sturdy thrust with a sword-stick through the stomach. A little bird that had watched the proceedings very at-

tentively, no sooner saw the viper disabled, than it flew up with the feathers of its neck standing on end, its eyes all fire, and flapping its wings, and piping in a strange state of exultation. Every time that any portion of the venomous beast writhed convulsively, the bird shrunk back, soon returning to the charge, however, and pecking the viper with its beak, after which it would rise in the air three or four feet. I do not know what the serpent could have done, during its lifetime, to the bird, or what was the feeling of hatred we had gratified by killing the viper, but it is certain that I never beheld such an amount of delight.

We once again set out. From time to time we met a string of little asses coming down from the higher parts of the mountains with their load of snow, which they were carrying to Granada for the day's consumption. The drivers saluted us as they passed by, with the time-honoured "Vayan Ustedes con Dios," and we replied by some joke about their merchandise, which would never accompany them as far as the city, and which they would be obliged to sell to the official who was entrusted with the duty of watering the public streets.

We were always preceded by Romero, who leaped from stone to stone with the agility of a chamois, and kept exclaiming *Bueno camino* (a good road). I should certainly very much like to know what the worthy fellow would call a bad road, for, as far as I was concerned, I could not perceive the slightest signs of any road at all. To our right and left, as far as the eye could distinguish, yawned delightful abysses very blue, very azure, and very vapoury, varying in depth from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, a difference, however, about which we troubled ourselves very little, for a few dozen fathoms, more or less, made very little difference in the matter. I recollect with a shudder, a certain pass, three or four pistol-shots long, and two broad,—a sort of natural plank running between two gulfs. As my horse headed the procession, I had to pass first over this kind of tight-rope, which would have made the most determined acrobats pause and reflect. At certain points there was just enough weight for my horse's feet, and each of my legs was dangling over a separate abyss. I sat motionless in my saddle, as upright as if I had been balancing a chair on the end of my nose. This pass, which took us a few minutes to traverse, struck me as particularly long.

When I quietly reflect on this incredible ascent, I am lost in surprise, as at the remembrance of some incoherent dream. We passed over spots where a goat would have hesitated to have set its foot, and scaled precipices so steep that the ears of our horses touched our chins. Our road lay between rocks and blocks of stone, which threatened to fall down upon us every moment, and in zigzags along the edge of the most frightful precipices. We took advantage of every favourable opportunity, and although advancing slowly, we still advanced, gradually approaching the goal of our ambition,—namely, the summit, that we had lost sight of since we had been in the mountains, because each separate piece of table-land hides the one above it.

Every time our horses stopped to take breath we turned round in our saddles to contemplate the immense panorama formed by the circular canvas of the horizon. The mountain tops which lay below us looked as if they had been marked out in a large map. The Vega of Granada, and all Andalusia, presented the appearance of an azure sea, in the midst of which a few white points that caught the rays of the sun, represented the sails of the different vessels. The neighbouring eminences that were completely bare, and cracked and split from top to bottom, were tinged in the shade a green-ash colour, Egyptian blue, lilac, and pearl-grey, while in the sunshine they assumed a most admirable and warm hue similar to that of orange peel, tarnished gold, or a lion's skin. Nothing gives you so good an idea of a chaos, of a world still in the course of creation, as a mountain range seen from its highest point. It seems as if a nation of Titans had been endeavouring to build a sacrilegious Babel, some prodigious *Lylac* or other; that they had heaped together all the materials and commenced the gigantic terraces, when suddenly the breath of some unknown being had, like a tempest, swept over the temples and palaces they had begun, shaking their foundations and levelling them with the ground. You might fancy yourself amidst the ruins of an antediluvian Babylon, a pre-Adamite city. The enormous blocks, the Pharaoh-like masses, awaken in your breast thoughts of a race of giants that has now disappeared, so visibly is the old age of the world written in deep wrinkles on the bald front and rugged face of these millennial mountains.

We had reached the region inhabited by

the eagles. Several times, at a distance, we saw one of these noble birds perched upon a solitary rock, with its eye turned toward the sun, and immersed in that state of contemplative ecstasy which with animals replaces thought. There was one of them floating at an immense height above us, and seemingly motionless in the midst of a sea of light. Romero could not resist the pleasure of sending him a visiting card in the shape of a bullet. It carried away one of the large feathers of his wing, but the eagle, nothing moved, continued on his way with indescribable majesty, as if nothing had happened. The feather whirled round and round a long time before reaching the earth; it was picked up by Romero, who stuck it in his hat.

Thin streaks of snow now began to show themselves, scattered here and there, in the shade; the air became more rarified and the rocks more steep and precipitous; soon afterwards the snow appeared in immense sheets and enormous heaps which the sun was no longer strong enough to melt. We were above the sources of the Gruil, which we perceived like a blue riband frosted with silver, streaming down with all possible speed in the direction of its beloved city. The table-land on which we stood is about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest spot in the range with the exception of the peak of Veleta and the Mulhaeen, which towers another thousand feet towards the immeasurable height of heaven. On this spot Romero decided that we should pass the night. The horses, who were worn out with fatigue, were unsaddled; Louis and the guide tore up a quantity of brushwood, roots, and juniper plants to make a fire, for although in the plain the thermometer stood at thirty or thirty-five degrees, there was a freshness on the heights we then occupied, which we knew would settle down into intense cold as soon as the sun had set. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon; my companion and the young German determined to take advantage of the day-light that remained, to scale alone and on foot the last heights of the mountain. For my own part, I preferred stopping behind; my soul was moved by the grand and sublime spectacle before me, and I busied myself with scribbling in my pocket-book sundry verses, which, if not well turned, had at least the merit of being the only alexandrines composed at such an elevation. After my strophes were finished, I manufactured some sorbets with snow, sugar, lemon and brandy, for our dessert. Our encampment presented rather a picturesque appearance; our saddles served us for seats, and our cloaks for a carpet, while a large heap of snow protected us from the wind. A fire of broom blazed brightly in the centre, and we fed it by throwing in, from time to time, a fresh branch which shrivelled up and hissed, darting out its sap in little streams of all colours. Above us the horses stretched forward their thin heads, with their sad gentle eyes, and caught an occasional puff of warmth.

Night was rapidly approaching. The least elevated mountains were the first to sink into obscurity, and the light, like a fisherman flying before the rising tide, leaped from peak to peak, retiring to the highest in order to escape from the shade which was advancing from the valleys beneath and burying everything in its bluish waves. The last ray which stopped on the summit of the Mulhacen hesitated for an instant, then spreading out its golden wings, winged its way like some birds of flame into the depths of heaven and disappeared. The obscurity was now complete, and the increased brilliancy of our fire caused a number of grotesque shadows to dance out upon the sides of the rocks. Eugene and the German had not returned, and I began to grow anxious on their account; I feared that they might have fallen down some precipice, or been buried beneath some mass of snow. Romero and Louis already requested me to sign a declaration to the effect that they had neither murdered nor robbed the two worthy gentlemen, and that, if the latter were dead, it was their own fault.

Meanwhile, we tore our lungs to pieces by indulging in the most shrill and savage cries, to let them know the position of our wigwam, in case they should not be able to perceive the fire. At last the report of fire-arms, which was hurled back by all the echoes of the mountains, told us that we had been heard, and that our companions were but a short distance off,—in fact, at the expiration of a few minutes, they made their appearance, fatigued and worn out, asserting that they had distinctly seen Africa on the other side of the ocean; it is very possible they had done so, for the air of these parts is so pure, that the eye can perceive objects at the distance of thirty or forty leagues. We were all very merry at

supper, and by dint of playing the bagpipes with our skin of wine, we made it almost as flat as the wallet of a Castilian beggar. It was agreed that each of us should sit up in turn to attend the fire, an arrangement which was faithfully carried out, but the circumference of our circle, which was at first pretty considerable, kept becoming smaller and smaller. Every hour the cold became more intense, and at last we literally laid ourselves in the fire itself, so as to burn our shoes and pantaloons. Louis gave vent to his feelings in loud exclamation; he bewailed his *gaspacho* (cold garlic soup) his house, his bed, and even his wife. He made himself a formal promise, by everything he reverenced, never to be caught a second time attempting an ascent; he asserted that mountains are far more interesting when seen from below, and that a man must be a maniac to expose himself to the chance of breaking every bone in his body a hundred thousand times, and having his nose frozen off in the middle of the month of August, in Andalusia, and in sight of Africa. All night long he did nothing but grumble and groan in the same manner, and we could not succeed in reducing him to silence. Romero said nothing, and yet his dress was made of thin linen, and all that he had to wrap round him was a narrow piece of cloth.

At last the dawn appeared; we were enveloped in a cloud, and Romero advised me to begin our descent, if we wished to reach Granada before night. When it was sufficiently light to enable us to distinguish the various objects, I observed that Eugene was as red as a lobster nicely boiled, and at the same moment he made an analogous observation with respect to me, and did not feel himself bound to conceal the fact. The young German and Louis were also equally red; Romero alone had preserved his peculiar tint, which resembled, by the way, that of a boot-top, and although his legs of bronze were naked, they had not undergone the slightest alteration. It was the biting cold, and the rarefaction of the air that had turned us this colour. Going up a mountain is nothing, because you look at the objects above you, but coming down with the awful depths before your eyes, is quite a different affair. At first the thing appeared impracticable, and Louis began screeching like a jay who is being picked alive. However, we could not remain forever in the Mulhacen, which is as little adapted for the purpose of habitation as any place in the known world, and so, with Romero at our head, we began our descent. It would be impossible, without laying ourselves open to the charge of exaggeration, to convey any notion of the paths, or rather the absence of paths, by which our dare-devil of a guide conducted us; never more break-neck obstacles crowded together in the course marked out for any steeple chase, and I entertain strong doubts as to whether the feats of any "gentleman riders" ever outrivalled our exploits on the Mulhacen. The *Montagnes Russes* were mild declivities in comparison to the precipices with which we had to do. We were almost constantly standing up in our stirrups, and leaning back over the cruppers of our horses, in order to avoid performing an incessant succession of parabolas over their heads. All the lines of perspective seemed jumbled together; the streams appeared to be flowing up towards their source, the rocks vacillated and staggered on their bases, and the most distant objects appeared to be only two paces off; we had lost all feeling of proportion, an effect which is very common in the mountains, where the enormous size of the masses, and the vertical position of the different ranges, do not allow of your judging distances in the ordinary manner.

In spite of every difficulty we reached Granada without our horses having even made one false step, only they had got but one shoe left among them all. Andalusian horses—and ours were of the most authentic description—cannot be equalled for mountain travelling. They are so docile, so patient, and so intelligent, that the best thing the rider can do is to throw the reins on their necks and let them follow their own impulse.

We were impatiently expected, for our friends in the city had seen our fire burning like a beacon on the table land of Mulhacen. I wanted to go and give an account of our perilous expedition to the charming Senoras B———, but was so fatigued that I fell asleep on a chair, holding my stocking in my hand, and I did not wake before ten o'clock the following morning, when I was still in the same position. Some few days afterwards we quitted Granada, sighing quite as deeply as ever King Boabdil did.

THE WISH.

Niobe on Phrygian sands
Turn'd a weeping statue stands,
And the Pandionian Maid
In a swallow's wings array'd;
But a mirror I would be,
To be looked on still by thee;
Or the gown wherein thou'rt drest,
That I might thy limbs invest;
Or a crystal spring, wherein
Thou might'st bathe thy purer skin;
Or sweet unguents to anoint
And make supple every joint;
Or a knot, thy breast to deck;
Or a chain to clasp thy neck;
Or thy shoe I wish to be,
That thou might'st but tread on me.

ANACREON. Stanley's Translation.

THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.

[GEORGE W. PATTEN, whose collected poems were published in 1867, was born in Newport, R. I., not far from 1808; graduated at Brown University and entered the army, serving in the Florida war with the Seminole Indians, and in the Mexican war.]

Blaze, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow:
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain.
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain,
I scorn your proffered treaty, the pale face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "blood" my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all;—
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
Ye've trailed me thro' the forest; ye've tracked me o'er the stream,
And struggling thro' the Everglades your bristling bayonets gleam.
But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you: Come not here!
Think ye to find my homestead?—I give it to the fire.
My tawny household do ye seek?—I am a childless sire.
But should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have and good;
I live on hate,—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.
I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave!
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter, till I sink beneath its wave!

THE POET.

But he, the bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful and of soul sublime;
Who from the glowing mint of fancy pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold to matchless purity refin'd,
And stamp'd with all the Godhead in his mind;
He, whom I feel, but want the power to paint,
Springs from a soul impatient of restraint,
And free from every care; a soul that loves
The Muse's haunts, clear founts and shady groves.
Never, no, never, did he wildly rave,
And shake his thyrsus in the Aonian cave.
Whom poverty kept sober, and the cries
Of a lean stomach, clamorous for supplies;
No; the wine circled briskly through their veins,
When Horace pour'd his dithyrambic strains!
What room for fancy, say, unless the mind,
And all its thoughts, to poetry resigned,
Be hurried, with resistless force along,
By the two kindred powers of Wine and Song!
O! 'tis the exclusive business of a breast
Impetuous, uncontroll'd,—not one distrest
With household cares, to view the bright abodes,
The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of Gods.

JUVENAL—*Gifford's Translation.*

SAVAGEISM AND CIVILIZATION.

[HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, born at Granville, Ohio, May 5, 1832, entered a bookstore in Buffalo in 1848, and in 1852 was sent by the proprietor to open business in California. In 1858 he began in San Francisco his collection of Pacific Coast books, which now numbers 35,000 volumes, and occupies a separate two story and basement brick building 40 by 60 feet. In 1875 he pub-

lished "*The Native Races of the Pacific States*," in 5 vols., 8vo., from which the following extract is made, and has now in press a "*History of the Pacific States*," which will comprise complete histories of Central America, Mexico; New Mexico and Arizona; California; Utah and Nevada; Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana; British Columbia, and Alaska. Says the London *Westminster Review*, "His style is clear and without affectation, recalling the straightforward simplicity of Herodotus," while the *Atlantic Monthly* finds that "beyond all the patient labor in marshaling details, Mr. Bancroft shows also a sound, healthy, literary judgment."]

The terms Savage and Civilized, as applied to races of men, are relative and not absolute terms. At best these words mark only broad shifting stages in human progress; the one near the point of departure, the other farther on toward the unattainable end. This progress is one and universal, though of varying rapidity and extent; there are degrees in savageism and there are degrees in civilization; indeed, though placed in opposition, the one is but a degree of the other. The Haidah, whom we call savage, is as much superior to the Shoshones, the lowest of Americans, as the Aztec is superior to the Haidah, or the European to the Aztec. Looking back some thousands of ages, we of to-day are civilized; looking forward through the same duration of time, we are savages.

Nor is it, in the absence of fixed conditions, and amidst the many shades of difference presented by the nations along our western seaboard, an easy matter to tell where even comparative savageism ends and civilization begins. In the common acceptation of these terms, we may safely call the Central Californians savage, and the Quichés of Guatemala civilized; but between these two extremes are hundreds of peoples, each of which presents some claim for both distinctions. Thus, if the domestication of ruminants, or some knowledge of arts and metals, constitute civilization, then are the ingenious but half-torpid Hyperboreans civilized, for the Eskimos tame reindeer, and the Thlinkeets are skillful carvers and make use of copper; if the cultivation of the soil, the building of substantial houses of adobe, wood, and stone, with the manufacture of cloth and pottery, denote an exodus from savageism, then are the Pueblos of New Mexico no longer savages; yet in both these instances enough may be seen, either of stupidity or brutishness, to forbid our ranking them with the more advanced Aztecs, Mayas and Quichés.

We know what savages are; how, like wild animals, they depend for food and raiment upon the spontaneous products of nature, migrating with the beasts and birds and fishes, burrowing beneath the ground, hiding in caves, or throwing over themselves a shelter of bark or skins or branches or boards, eating or starving as food is abundant or scarce; nevertheless, all of them have made some advancement from their original naked, helpless condition, and have acquired some aids in the procurement of their poor necessities. Primeval man, the only real point of departure, and hence the only true savage, nowhere exists on the globe to-day. Be the animal man never so low—lower in skill and wisdom than the brute, less active in obtaining food, less ingenious in building his den—the first step out of his houseless, comfortless condition, the first fashioning of a tool, the first attempt to cover nakedness and wall out the wind, if this endeavor spring from intellect and not from instinct, is the first step toward civilization. Hence the modern savage is not the pre-historic or primitive man; nor is it among the barbarous nations of to-day that we must look for the rudest barbarism.

Often is the question asked, What is civilization? and the answer comes, The act of civilizing; the state of being civilized. What is the act of civilizing? To reclaim from a savage or barbarous state; to educate; to refine. What is a savage or barbarous state? A wild uncultivated state; a state of nature. Thus far the dictionaries. The term civilization, then, popularly implies both the transition from a natural to an artificial state, and the artificial condition attained. The derivation of the word civilization, from *civis*, citizen, *civitas*, city, and originally from *cœtus*, union, seems to indicate that culture which, in feudal times, distinguished the occupants of cities from the ill-mannered boors of the country. The word savage, on the other hand, from *silva*, a wood, points to man primeval; *silvestres homines*, men of the forest, not necessarily ferocious or brutal, but children of nature. From these simple beginnings both words have gradually acquired a broader significance, until by one is understood a state of comfort, intelligence, and refinement; and by the other, humanity wild and bestial.

Guizot defines civilization as an "improved condition of man resulting from the establishment of social order in place of the

individual independence and lawlessness of the savage or barbarous life;" Buckle as "the triumph of mind over external agents;" Virey as "the development more or less absolute of the moral and intellectual faculties of man united in society;" Burke as the exponent of two principles, "the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion." Whatever be the characteristics of what we call savage life," says John Stuart Mill, "the contrary of these, or the qualities which society puts on as it throws off these, constitute civilization;" and, remarks Emerson, "a nation that has no clothing, no iron, no alphabet, no marriage, no arts of peace, no abstract thought, we call barbarous."

Men talk of civilization and call it liberty, religion, government, morality. Now liberty is no more a sign of civilization than tyranny; for the lowest savages are the least governed of all people. Civilized liberty, it is true, marks a more advanced stage than savage liberty, but between these two extremes of liberty there is a necessary age of tyranny, no less significant of an advance on primitive liberty than is constitutional liberty an advance on tyranny. Nor is religion civilization, except in so far as the form and machinery of sacerdotal rites, and the abandonment of fetichism for monotheism become significant of intenser thought and expansion of intellect. No nation ever practiced grosser immorality, or what we of the present day hold to be immorality, than Greece during the height of her intellectual refinement. Peace is no more civilization than war, virtue than vice, good than evil. All these are the incidents, not the essence, of civilization.

That which we commonly call civilization is not an adjunct nor an acquirement of man; it is neither a creed nor a polity, neither science nor philosophy nor industry; it is rather the measure of progressional force implanted in man, the general fund of the nation's wealth, learning, and refinement, the store-house of accumulated results, the essence of all best worth preserving from the distillations of good and the distillations of evil. It is a something between men, no less than a something within them; for neither an isolated man nor an association of brutes can by any possibility become civilized.

Further than this, civilization is not only the measure of aggregated human experiences, but it is a living, working principle. It is a social transition; a moving forward rather than an end attained; a developing vitality rather than a fixed entity; it is the effort or aim at refinement rather than refinement itself; it is labor with a view to improvement and not improvement consummated, although it may be and is the metre of such improvement. And this accords with latter-day teachings. Although in its infancy, and, moreover, unable to explain things unexplainable, the science of evolution thus far has proved that the normal condition of the human race, as well as that of physical nature, is progressional; that the plant in a congenial soil is not more sure to grow than is humanity with favorable surroundings certain to advance. Nay, more, we speak of the progress of civilization as of something that moves on of its own accord; we may, if we will, recognize in this onward movement, the same principle of life manifest in nature and in the individual man.

To things we do not understand we give names, with which by frequent use we become familiar, when we fancy that we know all about the things themselves. At the first glance civilization appears to be a simple matter; to be well clad, well housed, and well fed, to be intelligent and cultured are better than nakedness and ignorance; therefore it is a good thing, a thing that men do well to strive for,—and that is all. But once attempt to go below this placid surface, and investigate the nature of progressional phenomena, and we find ourselves launched upon an eternity of ocean, and in pursuit of the same occult Cause, which has been sought alike by philosophic and barbaric of every age and nation; we find ourselves face to face with a great mystery, to which we stand in the same relation as to other great mysteries, such as the origin of things, the principle of life, the soul-nature. When such questions are answered as What is attraction, heat, electricity; what instinct, intellect, soul? Why are plants forced to grow and molecules to conglomerate and go whirling in huge masses through space?—then we may know why society moves ever onward like a river in channels predetermined. At present, these phenomena we may understand in their action partially, in their essence not at all; we may mark effects, we may recognize the same principle under widely different conditions, though we may not be able to discover what that principle is. Science tells us that these things are so; that certain combinations of certain

elements are inevitably followed by certain results, but science does not attempt to explain why they are so.

As to the causes which originate progressional phenomena there are differences of opinion. One sees in the intellect the germ of an eternal unfolding; another recognizes in the soul-element the vital principle of progress, and attributes to religion all the benefits of enlightenment; one builds a theory on the ground-work of a fundamental and innate morality; another discovers in the forces of nature the controlling influence upon man's destiny; while yet others, as we have seen, believe accumulative and inherent nervous force to be the media through which culture is transmitted. Some believe that moral causes create the physical, others that physical causes create the moral.

Thus Mr. Buckle attempts to prove that man's development is wholly dependent upon his physical surroundings. Huxley points to a system of reflex actions,—mind acting on matter, and matter on mind,—as the possible culture-basis. Darwin advances the doctrine of an evolution from vivified matter as the principle of progressive development. In the transmution of nerve-element from parents to children, Bagehot sees "the continuous force which binds age to age, which enables each to begin with some improvement on the last, if the last did itself improve; which makes each civilization not a set of detached dots, but a line of color, surely enhancing shade by shade." Some see in human progress the over-ruling hand of a divine providence, others the results of man's skill; with some it is free will, with others necessity; some believe that intellectual development springs from better systems of government, others that wealth lies at the foundation of all culture; every philosopher recognizes some cause, invents some system, or brings human actions under the dominion of some species of law.

As in animals of the same genus or species, inhabiting widely different localities, we see the results of common instincts, so in the evolutions of the human race, divided by time or space, we see the same general principles at work. So too it would seem, whether species are one or many, whether man is a perfectly created being or an evolution from a lower form, that all the human races of the globe are formed on one model and governed by the same laws. In the customs, languages, and myths of ages and nations far removed from each other in social, moral, and mental characteristics, innumerable and striking analogies exist. Not only have all nations weapons, but many who are separated from each other by a hemisphere use the same weapon; not only is belief universal, but many relate the same myth; and to suppose the bow and arrow to have had a common origin, or that all flood-myths, and myths of a future life are but off-shoots from Noachic and Biblical narratives is scarcely reasonable.

It is easier to tell what civilization is not, and what it does not spring from, than what it is and what its origin. To attribute its rise to any of the principles, ethical, political, or material, that come under the cognizance of man, is fallacy, for it is as much an entity as any other primeval principle; nor may we, with Archbishop Whately, entertain the doctrine that civilization never could have arisen had not the Creator appeared upon earth as the first instructor; for, unfortunately for this hypothesis, the aboriginals supposedly so taught, were scarcely civilized at all, and compare unfavorably with the other all-perfect works of creation; so that this sort of reasoning, like innumerable other attempts of man to limit the powers of Omnipotence, and narrow them down to our weak understandings, is little else than puerility.

Nor, as we have seen, is this act of civilizing the effect of volition; nor, as will hereafter more clearly appear, does it arise from an inherent principle of good any more than from an inherent principle of evil. The ultimate result, though difficult of proof, we take for granted to be good, but the agencies employed for its consummation number among them more of those we call evil than of those we call good. The isolated individual never, by any possibility, can become civilized like the social man; he cannot even speak, and without a flow of words there can be no complete flow of thought. Send him forth away from his fellow-man to roam the forest with the wild beasts, and he would be almost as wild and beastlike as his companions; it is doubtful if he would ever fashion a tool, but would not rather with his claws alone procure his food, and forever remain as he now is, the most impotent of animals. The intellect, by which means alone man rises above other animals, never could work, because the intellect is quickened only as it comes

in contact with intellect. The germ of development therein implanted cannot unfold singly any more than the organism can bear fruit singly. It is a well-established fact that the mind without language cannot fully develop; it is likewise established that language is not inherent, that it springs up between men, not in them. Language, like civilization, belongs to society, and is in no wise a part or the property of the individual.

We may hold then, *a priori*, that this progressional principle exists; that it exists not more in the man than around him; that it requires an atmosphere in which to live, as life in the body requires an atmosphere which is its vital breath, and that this atmosphere is generated only by the contact of man with man. Under analysis this social atmosphere appears to be composed of two opposing principles—good and evil—which, like attraction and repulsion, or positive and negative electricity, underlie all activities. One is as essential to progress as the other; either, in excess or disproportionately administered, like an excess of oxygen or of hydrogen in the air, becomes pernicious, engenders social disruptions and decay which continue until the equilibrium is restored; yet all the while with the progress of humanity the good increases while the evil diminishes. Every impulse incident to humanity is born of the union of these two opposing principles. For example, as I have said, and will attempt more fully to show further on, association is the first requisite of progress. But what is to bring about association? Naked nomads will not voluntarily yield up their freedom, quit their wanderings, hold conventions and pass resolutions concerning the greatest good to the greatest number; patriotism, love, benevolence, brotherly kindness, will not bring savage men together: intrinsic force must be employed, an iron hand must be laid upon them which will compel them to unite, else there can be no civilization; and to accomplish this first great good to man,—to compel mankind to take the initial step toward the amelioration of their condition,—it is ordained that an evil, or what to us of these latter times is surely an evil, come forward,—and that evil is War.

Primeval man, in his social organization, is patriarchal, spreading out over vast domains in little bands or families, just large enough to be able successfully to cope with wild beasts. And in that state humanity would forever remain did not some terrible cause force these bands to confederate.

HUBERT H. BANCROFT.

METHOD.

[HERBERT SPENCER, one of the most original and influential of modern thinkers, was born in Derby, Eng., in 1820. He was early devoted to mathematics and natural science; became a civil engineer in 1837, sub-editor of the *Economist* in 1848, and published his first book, "*Social Statics*," in 1850. His principal works are "*Illustrations of Universal Progress*," "*Education*," "*Essays*," "*Principles of Psychology*," (1855) "*First Principles*," (1862) "*Principles of Biology*," (1867) "*Study of Sociology*," (1872) and "*Descriptive Sociology*," still in progress of publication in numbers. Spencer is an apostle of the doctrine of evolution, a master of logical method, and has attempted the difficult task of constructing a complete philosophy of nature and of society.

From his "*Principles of Psychology*" we extract the following chapter on Method.]

It is a dominant characteristic of Intelligence, viewed in its successive stages of evolution, that its processes, which, as originally performed, were not accompanied with a consciousness of the manner in which they were performed, or of their adaptation to the ends achieved, become eventually both conscious and systematic. Not simply is this seen on comparing the actions popularly distinguished as instinctive and rational; but it is seen on comparing the successive phases of rationality itself. Thus, children reason, but do not know it. Youths know empirically what reason is, and when they are reasoning.—Cultivated adults reason intentionally, with a view to certain results. The more advanced of such presently inquire after what manner they reason. And finally, a few reach a state in which they consciously conform their reasonings to those logical principles which analysis discloses. Clearly to exhibit this law of mental progress, and to show the extent of its application, sundry illustrations may be cited.

Classification supplies us with one. All intelligent action presupposes a grouping together of things possessing like properties. To know what is eatable and what not; which creatures to pursue and which to fly; what materials are fit for these purposes and what for those; alike imply the arrange-

ment of objects into classes of such nature, that from certain sensible characteristics of each, certain other characteristics are foreseen. It is manifest that throughout all life, brute and human, more or less of this discrimination is exercised; that it is more exercised by higher creatures than by lower; and that successful action is in part dependent on the extent to which it is pushed. Now it needs but to open a work on Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, or Zoology, to see how this classification which the child, the savage, and the peasant, carry on spontaneously, and without thinking what they are doing, is carried on by men of science systematically, knowingly, and with deliberate purpose. It needs but to watch their respective proceedings, to see that the degrees of likeness and unlikeness, which unconsciously guide the ignorant in forming classes and sub-classes, are consciously used by the cultured to the same end. And it needs but to contrast the less advanced men of science with the more advanced, to see that this process of making groups, which the first pursue with but little perception of its ultimate use, is pursued by the last with clear ideas of its value as a means of achieving higher objects.

So too is it with nomenclatures. Few will hesitate to admit that in the first stages of language, things were named incidentally —not from a recognition of the value of names as facilitating communication; but under the pressure of particular ideas which it was desired to convey. The poverty of aboriginal tongues, which contain words only for the commonest and most conspicuous objects, serves of itself to show, that systems of verbal signs were, in the beginning, unconsciously extended as far only as necessity impelled. Now, however, nomenclatures are made intentionally. A new star, a new island, a new mineral, a new plant or animal, are severally named by their discoverers as soon as found; and are so named with more or less comprehension of the purpose which names subserve. Moreover it may be remarked that whereas, in the primitive unconscious process of naming, the symbols employed were, as far as might be, descriptive of the things signified; so, in our artificial systems of names —and especially in our chemical one—a descriptive character has been designedly given. Add to which, that whereas there spontaneously grew up in natural nomenclatures, certain habitual ways of combining and inflecting names to indicate composite and modified objects; so, in the nomenclatures of science, systematic modes of forming compound names have been consciously adopted.

Again, a similar progress may be traced in the making of inductions. As is now commonly acknowledged, all general truths are either immediately or mediately inductive—are either themselves derived from aggregations of observed facts, or are deduced from truths that are so derived. The grouping together of the like coexistences and sequences presented by experience, and the formation of a belief that future coexistences and sequences will resemble past ones, is the common type of all initial inferences, whether they be those of the infant or the philosopher. Up to the time of the Greeks, mankind had pursued this process of forming conclusions, unknowingly, as the mass of them pursue it still. Aristotle recognized the fact that certain classes of conclusions were thus formed; and to some extent taught the necessity of so forming them. But it was not until Bacon lived, that the generalization of experiences was erected into a method. Now, however, that all educated men are in a sense Bacon's disciples, we may daily see followed out systematically, and with design, in the investigations of science, those same mental operations which mankind at large have all along unwittingly gone through, in gaining their commonest knowledge of surrounding things. And further, in the valuable "System of Logic" of John Mill, we have now exhibited to us in an organized form, those more complex intellectual procedures which acute thinkers have ever employed, to some extent, in verifying the aboriginal inductive process—procedures which the most advanced inquirers are now beginning to employ with premeditation, and with a recognition of their nature and their purpose.

Another illustration may be drawn from the first part of this work. On reconsidering the chapter treating of the Universal Postulate, it will be seen that the canon of belief there enunciated as the one to be used in testing every premise, every step in an argument, every conclusion, is one which men have from the beginning used to these ends; that beliefs which are proved by the inconceivableness of their negations to invariably exist, men have, of necessity, always held to be true, though they have not knowingly done this; and that the step re-

maining to be taken, was simply to apply this test consciously and systematically. It will also be seen that the like may be said of the second canon of belief contained in that chapter; viz. that the certainty of any conclusion is great, in proportion as the assumptions of the Universal Postulate made in reaching it are few. For as was pointed out (§ 8), people in general habitually show but little confidence in results reached by elaborate calculations, or by long chains of reasoning; whilst they habitually show the greatest confidence in results reached by direct perception; and these contrasted classes of results are those which respectively presuppose very many and very few assumptions of the Universal Postulate. In this case therefore, as in the other, the rational criterion is simply the popular criterion analyzed, systematized, and applied with premeditation.

In further exemplification of this law I might enlarge upon the fact, that having found habit to generate facility, we intentionally habituate ourselves to those acts in which facility is desired; upon the fact, that having seen how the mind masters its problems by proceeding from the simple to the complex, we now consciously pursue our scientific inquiries in the same order; upon the fact, that having, in our social operations, spontaneously fallen into division of labour, we now, in any new undertaking, introduce division of labour intentionally. But without multiplying illustrations, it will by this time be sufficiently clear, that, as above said, not only between the so-called instinctive processes and rational ones, is there a difference in respect of the consciousness with which they are performed, but there are analogous differences between the successive gradations of rationality itself.

Are we not here then, led to a general doctrine of methods? In each of the cases cited, we see an arranged course of action deliberately pursued with a view to special ends—a method; and on inquiring how one of these methods differs from any conscious intelligent procedure not dignified by the title, we find that it differs only in length and complication. Neglecting this distinction as a merely conventional one—ceasing to regard methods objectively, as written down in books, and regarding them subjectively, as elaborate modes of operation by which the mind reaches certain results—we shall see that they may properly be considered as the highest self-conscious manifestations of the rational faculty. And if, viewed analytically, all methods are simply complex intellectual processes, standing towards conscious reasoning much as conscious reasoning stands towards unconscious reasoning, and as unconscious reasoning stands towards processes lower in the scale—if further, in the several instances above given, methods arose by the systematization and deliberate carrying out of mental operations which were before irregularly and unwittingly pursued—may we not fairly infer that all methods arise after this manner? That they become methods, when the processes they embody have been so frequently repeated as to assume an organized form? And that it is the frequent repetition, which serves alike to give them definiteness, and to attract consciousness to them as processes by which certain ends have been achieved. Is it not indeed obvious, *à priori* that no method can be practicable to the intellect save one which harmonizes with its pre-established modes of action? Is it not obvious that the conception of a method by its promulgator implies in the experiences of his own mind, cases in which he has successfully followed such method? Is it not obvious that the advance he makes, consists in observing the processes through which his mind passed on those occasions, and generalizing and arranging them into a system? And is it not then obvious that, both in respect of origin and applicability, no method is possible but such as consists of an orderly and habitual use of the procedures which the intellect spontaneously pursues, but pursues fitfully, incompletely, and unconsciously? The answers can scarcely be doubtful.

By thus carrying consciousness a stage higher, and recognizing the method by which methods are evolved, we may perhaps see our way to further devices in aid of scientific inquiry. As in the case of deductive logic, and classification, and nomenclature, and induction, and the rest, it happened that by becoming conscious of the mode in which the mind wrought in these directions, men were enabled to organize its workings, and consequently to reach results previously unattainable; so, it is possible that by becoming conscious of the method by which methods are formed, we may be assisted in our search after further methods. If in the instances given, the method of forming methods was that of observing the operations by which from time to time the

mind spontaneously achieved its ends, and arranging these into a general scheme of action to be constantly followed in analogous cases; then, in whatever directions our modes of inquiry are at present unmethodized, our policy must be to trace the steps by which success is occasionally achieved in these directions; in the hope that by so doing, we may be enabled to frame systems of procedure which shall render future successes more or less sure. That there is scope for this cannot be doubted. On remembering how much, even of the best thinking, is done in an irregular way; how little of the whole chain of thought by which a discovery is made, is included in the bare logical processes; and how unorganized is the part not so included; it will be manifest that there are intellectual operations still remaining to be methodized. And here may fitly be introduced an example, to which, in fact, the foregoing considerations are in a manner introductory.

Every generalization is at first an hypothesis. In seeking out the law of any class of phenomena, it is needful to make assumptions respecting it, and then to gather evidence to prove the truth or untruth of the assumptions. The most rigorous adherent of the inductive method, cannot dispense with such assumptions; seeing that without them, he can neither know what facts to look for, nor how to interrogate such facts as he may have. Hypotheses, then, being the indispensable stepping-stones to generalizations—every generalization having to pass through the hypothetic stage—it becomes a question whether there exists any mode of guiding ourselves towards true hypotheses. At present, hypotheses are chosen unsystematically—are suggested by cursory inspections of the phenomena; and the seizing of right ones seems, in the great majority of cases, a matter of accident. May we not infer however, from the peculiar skill which some men have displayed in the selection of true hypotheses, that there is a special kind of intellectual action by which they are distinguishable? To call the faculty shown by such men, genius, or intuition, is merely to elude the question. If mental phenomena conform to fixed laws, then, an unusual skill in choosing true hypotheses, means nothing else than an unusual tendency to pursue that mental process by which true hypotheses are reached; and this implies that such a process does exist.

To identify this process is the problem: to find how, when seeking the law of any group of phenomena, we may make a probable assumption respecting them—how we may guide ourselves to a point of view from which the facts to be generalized can be seen in their fundamental relations. Evidently, as the thing wanted is always an unknown thing, the only possible guidance must be that arising from a foreknowledge of whereabouts it is to be found, or of its general aspect, or of both. If all true generalizations (excluding the merely empirical ones) should possess a peculiarity in common; and this peculiarity should be one not difficult of recognition; the desired guidance may be had. That such a peculiarity exists, will by this time have been inferred; and it now remains to inquire what it is.

Most are familiar with the observation, that viewed in one of its chief aspects, scientific progress is constantly towards larger and larger generalizations—towards generalizations, that is, which include the generalizations previously established. Further, the remark has been made, that every true generalization commonly affords an explanation of some other series of facts than the series out of the investigation of which it originated. In both of which propositions we have partial statements of the truth, that each onward step in science is achieved when a group of phenomena to be generalized is brought under the same generalization with some connate group previously considered separate. Let us look at a few cases.

In the Calculus it was thus, when the relationships of extension, linear, superficial, and solid, were found to conform to the same law with those of numbers that are multiplied into each other; and again, when numbers themselves, whether representing spaces, forces, times, objects, or what not, were found to possess certain general properties, capable of being expressed algebraically, which remain the same whatever the magnitudes of the numbers. In Mechanics it was thus, when a formula was discovered which brought the equilibrium of the scales, under the same generalization with the equilibrium of the lever with unequal arms: and again, when the discovery that fluids press equally in all directions, afforded explanations, alike of their uniform tendency towards horizontality, and of their power to support floating bodies. Thus too was it in Astronomy, when the apparently

erratic movements of the planets, and the comparatively regular movement of the moon, were explained as both due to similar orbital revolutions; and when the celestial motions, and the falling of rain-drops, were explained as different manifestations of the same force. It was thus in Optics, when the composite nature of light was discovered to be the passive cause of the prismatic spectrum, of the rainbow, and of the colours of objects; in Thermotics, when the expansion of mercury, the rising of smoke, and the boiling of water, were recognized as different manifestations of the same law of expansion by heat; in Acoustics, when the doctrine of undulations was found to apply equally to the phenomena of harmonies, of discords, of pulses, of sympathetic vibrations. Similarly, it was thus in Chemistry, when the burning of coal, the rusting of iron, and the wasting away of starved animals, were generalized as instances of oxidation. It was thus too, when the electro-positive and electro-negative relations of the elements, were brought in elucidation of their chemical affinities. And once more it was thus, when, by the investigations of Oersted and Ampère, the phenomena of Electricity and Magnetism were reduced to the same category; and the behaviour of the magnetic needle was assimilated to that of a needle subjected to the influence of artificial electric currents.

Now this circumstance, that a true generalization usually brings within one formula groups of phenomena which at first sight seem unallied, is itself a more or less reliable index of the truth of a generalization. For manifestly, to have found for any series of facts, a law which equally applies to some apparently distinct series, implies that we have laid hold of a truth more general than the truths presented by either series regarded separately—more general than the truths which give the special character to either series. If, in the instances above cited, and in hosts of others, we find that the most general fact displayed by any class of phenomena, is also the most general fact displayed by another class, or by several other classes; then, we may conversely infer, on finding a general fact to be true of several cases in each of two separate classes, that there is considerable probability of its being true of all the cases in each class. Or, to exhibit the proposition in another form:—A peculiarity observed to be common to cases that are widely distinct, is more likely to be a fundamental peculiarity, than one which is observed to be common to cases that are nearly related.

Hence, then, is deducible a method of guiding ourselves towards true hypotheses. For if a characteristic seen equally in instances usually placed in different categories, is more likely to be a general characteristic than one seen equally in instances belonging to the same category; then, it is obviously our policy, when seeking the most general characteristic of any category, not to compare the instances contained in it with each other, but to compare them with instances contained in some allied category. We must seek out all the categories with which alliance is probable; compare some of the phenomena included in each with some of the phenomena under investigation; ascertain by each comparison what there is common to both kinds; and then, if there be any characteristic common to both, inquire whether it is common to all the phenomena we are aiming to generalize: in doing which we may with advantage still act out the same principle, by comparing first the cases that are most strongly contrasted. The adoption of this course secures two advantages. Not only must any peculiarity which may be hit upon, as common to phenomena of separate classes, have a greater probability of being a generic peculiarity, than any one of the many peculiarities possessed in common by phenomena of the same class; but further, we shall be more likely to observe *all* that there is in common between diverse phenomena placed side by side, than we shall to observe *all* that there is in common between phenomena so much alike as to be classed together. Fewer hypotheses are possible; all that are possible are likely to be thought of; and of those thought of, each has a much higher chance of being true.

And now let us avail ourselves of this method, in searching out a generalization on which to base a synthetic Psychology. We have seen that it is a characteristic of progressive intelligence, eventually to perform consciously, processes which were originally performed unconsciously. We have seen that this truth is illustrated by the erecting into systematic modes of procedure, those higher mental operations which had before been followed irregularly and unconsciously. We have seen that by consciously pursuing this method by which methods are arrived at, there is a probability that further methods

may be reached. We have sought by doing this, to find a method of choosing probable hypotheses; and have reached a definite conclusion. Here, leaving these preliminary inquiries, it remains to take advantage of this conclusion in commencing the investigation before us.

CONNEXION OF MIND AND LIFE.

The only phenomena to which those of intelligence are allied, are the phenomena of vital activity in its lower forms; and to these their alliance is close. Though we commonly regard mental and bodily life as distinct, it needs only to ascend somewhat above the ordinary point of view, to see that they are but sub-divisions of life in general; and that no line of demarcation can be drawn between them, otherwise than arbitrarily. Doubtless, to those who persist, after the popular fashion, in contemplating only the extreme forms of the two, this assertion will appear as incredible as the assertion that a tree arises by imperceptible changes out of a seed, would appear to one who had seen none of the intermediate stages. But in the absence of prejudice, an examination of the successive links will produce conviction in the one case as in the other. It is not more certain that from the simple reflex action by which the infant sucks, up to the elaborate reasonings of the adult man, the progress is by daily infinitesimal steps, than it is certain that between the automatic actions of the lowest creatures, and the highest conscious actions of the human race, a series of actions, displayed by the various tribes of the animal kingdom, may be so placed, as to render it impossible to say of any one step in the series—Here intelligence begins. If, from the advanced man of science, pursuing his inquiries with a full understanding of the ratiocinative and inductive processes he employs, we descend to the man of ordinary education, who reasons well and comprehensively, but without knowing how; if, going a grade lower, we analyze the thinkings of the villager, whose highest generalizations are but little wider than those which local events afford data for; if, again, we sink to the inferior human races, who cannot take in ideas of any complexity, and whose conceptions of number scarcely transcend those of the dog;* if we take next the higher quadrumana, hosts of whose actions are quite as rational as those of schoolboys, and whose language, however unintelligible to us, is manifestly more or less intelligible to each other; if, from these, we proceed to domesticated animals, whose power of reasoning is conceded even by those under theological bias,† with the qualification that it is special and not general—a qualification which equally holds between the different grades of human reasoning; if, from the most sagacious quadrupeds, we descend to the less and less sagacious ones, noting as we pass how gradual is the transition to those which exhibit no power of modifying their actions to suit special conditions, and which so prove themselves to be guided by what we call instinct; if, from observing the operation of the higher instincts, in which a complicated combination of motions is produced by a complicated combination of stimuli, we go down to the successively lower ones, in which the applied stimuli and the resulting motions are less and less complex; if, presently, we find ourselves merging into what is technically known as reflex action, in which a single motion follows a single stimulus; if, from the creatures in which this implies the irritation of a nerve and the contraction of a muscle, we descend yet lower, to creatures devoid of nervous and muscular systems, and discover that in these the irritability and contractility are exhibited by the same tissue, which tissue also fulfils the functions of assimilation, secretion, respiration, and reproduction; and if, finally, we perceive that each of the phases of intelligence here instanced, shades off into the adjacent ones by modifications too numerous to specify, too minute to describe, we shall in some measure realize the fact, that no definite separation can be effected between the phenomena of mind and those of vitality in general. Without here, however, urging anything further in support of this position, and without requiring that it shall be admitted, present purposes will be sufficiently served by a recognition of the unquestionable truth, that there is a close relationship between the actions we call mental, and the actions we call organic—that these classes of actions are more nearly allied to each other than to any remaining classes.

Bodily and mental life being thus divisions of life in general—being related to each other as species of which life in general is the genus—it results from the conclusions

* See Galton's account of the Damaras.

† Dr Whately for example.

in the last chapter, that we shall most readily find a true generalization of mental phenomena, by comparing them with the lower vital phenomena, and inquiring what characteristic the two classes have in common. The propriety of this course may be recognized even in the absence of any considerations touching method. Only in some formula which includes all manifestations of intelligence, without exception, can we have a safe and sufficient foundation for a Synthetic Psychology. And saying nothing of the inseparableness of the two orders of vital action, it requires but to consider that the process of making a successful astronomical prediction, differs as widely from that by which the distance of an adjacent body is recognized or the hand moved towards it, as this does from the simple reflex stimulation of a gland—it requires only to consider this, to see that a formula including all manifestations of intelligence, must be one which also includes organic actions. Organic actions, however, and the actions which we class as intelligent, comprehend when taken together all the phenomena of vitality. Hence, then, it follows that in seeking out a characteristic common to both, we are in fact seeking out the characteristic of vital actions in general—the characteristic by which they are distinguished from non-vital actions. Our point of departure must be an inquiry after that peculiarity displayed alike by all the processes of life.

Before proceeding to this inquiry, it may be well to remark, that any conclusion to which it may lead, must be expected to have very little apparent bearing upon our special topic. The more general is any truth, the more vague it is. The greater the range and the more diverse the character of the phenomena, the less apparent relation will a proposition which is true of them all, have to each. Little connection is visible between the axiom — "Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," and the theorems of Euclid. The law that portions of matter attract each other with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance, does not seem to offer any explanation of the perturbations of Uranus, or the rising of a balloon. Similarly, we may be sure, *à priori*, that a fact predicable equally of all the infinitely varied actions going on in living bodies, must give little obvious promise of explaining the phenomena classed under the title of Psychology; and especially those highly complex phenomena of human intelligence, with which, in the minds of most, that title is associated.

HERBERT SPENCER.

WOMEN.

[CRISTOVAL DE CASTILLEJO, a Spanish poet, who wrote in the 16th century, was born at Ciudad Rodrigo, and died in 1590. His poems were written chiefly at Vienna, where he was secretary of Ferdinand I. Castillejo cultivated the old Spanish style.]

How dreary and lone
The world would appear,
If women were none!
'T would be like a fair,
With neither fun nor business there.

Without their smile,
Life would be tasteless, vain, and vile;
A chaos of perplexity;
A body without a soul 't would be;
A roving spirit, borne
Upon the winds forlorn;
A tree without or flowers or fruit;
A reason with no resting-place,
A castle with no governor to it;
A house without a base.
What are we, what our race,
How good for nothing and base,
Without fair woman to aid us!
What could we do, where should we go,
How should we wander in night and woe,
But for woman to lead us!

How could we love, if woman were not:
Love,—the brightest part of our lot;
Love,—the only charm of living;
Love,—the only gift worth giving?
Who would take charge of your house, —say, who,—
Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest,—
Who but the women, who guard them best,—
Guard, and adorn them too?
Who like them has a constant smile,
Full of peace, of meekness full,
When life's edge is blunt and dull,
And sorrow and sin, in frowning file,
Stand by the path in which we go
Down to the grave through wasting woe?
All that is good is theirs, is theirs,—
All we give, and all we get;
And if a beam of glory yet
Over the gloomy earth appears,
O, 't is theirs! O, 't is theirs!—
They are the guard, the soul, the seal
Of human hope and human weal;
They,—they,—none but they;
Woman,—sweet woman!—let none say nay

TO THE SUN.

[Caspar Melchior de Jovellanos, a distinguished Spanish poet, 1744—1811, was a lawyer by profession, and became ambassador to Russia, Minister of Justice, and later a prisoner and an exile, in the vicissitudes of Spanish politics early in the present century. Jovellanos is the author of the following fine ode]:

Great parent of the universe!
Bright ruler of the lucid day!
Thou glorious Sun! whose influence
The endless swarms of life obey,
Drinking existence from thy ray!—
Thou, who from forth the opening womb
Of the fair dawning crystalline
Com'st radiant to thine eastern shrine,
Pouring thy golden floods in light
O'er humblest vale and proudest height;
Whilst thy resplendent car reveals
Its rolling adamantine wheels,
That speed sublime, nor leave a trace,
Through all the airy realms of space:
Welcome thy reign!
Thy morning beams
And crown of rays,
Whose glory never more decays;
While every gladdening bosom feels the gleams
Of joy and peace again!—
Dark-shading Night,
Parent of treasons, perfidies, and guile,
Flies from thy sight,
And far in deep abysses hides the while;
And lazy Sleep,
Her shadows, lying phantasms, and alarms,
A hateful train,
Melt into air; and in their place the charms
Of lucid light and joy gay vigil keep;
And peace and pleasure visit us again.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

[Austin Dobson, one of the new school of English poets, born in 1840, has naturalized in English verse the peculiar forms employed by Villon and other old French poets, known as the *rondeau*, and *villanelle*. His "*Proverbs in Porcelain*," appeared in 1877. This poet describes a touching incident of the "baby violinist," six years old, who was made to play before large audiences. Going to bed one night excited and weary with over-exertion, he was heard to say, "Merciful God, make room for a little fellow," and soon after he died.]

He had played for his lordship's levée,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peakèd and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright.
And they said—too late—"He is weary,
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With a sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed,—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER.

[George Wentz, an American physician and poet, was born in Baltimore. Some refined and poetic verses from his pen have appeared in the *Southern Magazine*.]

Of all the human-helping songs to God
That swell upon the dim cathedral's air,
Most hopeful seems to me this song of all:
"Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!"

There is a supplication in the sound;
And on a flight of Music's solemn sigh,
My weary soul, earth-sick and full of care
Mounts upward to the sky.

A clear soprano, like a mounting bird,
Soars o'er the organ's deep vibrating tone,
To bear to her the lovingness I feel,
But may not plead alone.

For she, a spirit, from her lofty place
Doth oft her sympathetic ear incline,
To hear a mortal's word, and stills her heart
To hear the beat of mine.

The tender pleading of the song remains,
While priest and altar fade upon the air,
And all the dome is worshipful with her
Whose spirit hears my prayer.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

[John Gambold, a bishop among the Moravian Brethren, died in 1771.]

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have, and manhood known:
O what is life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy drafts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind:

O what is thought! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour:
O what is all we feel! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
So at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is friendship! why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again:
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

TO THE CUCKOO.

[Mr. D'Israeli, in his "*Calamities of Authors*," has included the name of John Logan as one of those unfortunate men of genius whose life has been marked by disappointment and misfortune. He had undoubtedly formed to himself a high standard of literary excellence and ambition, to which he never attained; but there is no evidence to warrant the assertion that Logan died of a broken heart. He died of consumption at the age of forty, leaving a sum of £200. Logan was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid-Lothian, in 1748.

One act in the literary life of Logan is to be blamed—his publication of the poems of Michael Bruce. His conduct as an editor cannot be justified. He left out several pieces by Bruce, and, as he states in his preface: 'To make up a miscellany, poems wrote by different authors are inserted.' The best of these he claimed, and published afterwards as his own. Certain relations and friends of Bruce, indignant at his conduct, have since endeavoured to snatch this laurel from his brows. With respect to the most valuable piece in the collection, the ode "*To the Cuckoo*"—"magical stanzas," says D'Israeli, and all will echo the praise, "of picture, melody, and sentiment," and which Burke admired so much that on visiting Edinburgh, he sought out Logan to compliment him—with respect to this beautiful effusion of fancy and feeling, the evidence seems to be as follows: In favour of Logan, there is the open publication of the ode under his own name in 1781; the fact of his having shown it in manuscript to several friends before its publication, and declared it to be his composition; and that, during his life, his claim to be the author was not disputed. In republishing the Ode, Logan made some corrections, such as an author was likely to make in a piece written by himself eleven or twelve years before. In 1873, Mr. David Laing, in a tract on the authorship of this ode, established Logan's claim beyond all dispute—one of the many services to Scottish literature, which Mr. Laing during a long life has rendered. Apart from the ode "*To the Cuckoo*," the best of Logan's productions are his verses on a "*Visit to the Country in Autumn*," his half-dramatic poem of "*The Lovers*," and his ballad stanzas on the "*Braes of Yarrow*." A vein of tenderness and moral sentiment runs through the whole, and his language is select and poetical. In some lines "*On the Death of a Young Lady*," we have the following true and touching exclamation:

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!
No after-friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days,
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.]

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring. John Logan.

THE PALACES OF GENOA.

[JULES GABRIEL JANIN, a French critic and journalist, was of Jewish extraction, born in 1804, and died in 1874. He was educated for the bar, but relinquished that profession for literature, becoming dramatic critic for the *Journal des Débats*, and writing copiously for the *Figaro* and other journals. His style is piquant, and his matter full of liveliness and sentiment. His novels, of which he wrote nearly a dozen, made no great mark in literature, and his travels and sketches may be said to be his best works. At the age of sixty-six, Janin was elected to the vacant chair of Sainte-Beuve in the French Academy. The following selection is from his *Voyage en Italie*.]

Of all the cities bathed by the Italian sea, Genoa is incontrovertibly the most beautiful. She leans proudly against the Apennines—at her marble feet softly murmur the waves of Liguria, that fair sea which has been traversed by all classic antiquity in such diversified apparel and for causes so various. Two mountains, of man's construction, shelter the port, crowded with ships of every nation. At the same instant with ourselves, entered in full sail, a superb English vessel, which was saluted by the Genoese cannon, and returned the courtesy. To-morrow we propose to view the town from the lofty deck of the English frigate, majestically reposing in the waters, which she seems to command.

This collection of palaces entitled Genoa, is incredible to all but the beholder. For two days, I have minutely examined this superb city, whose heart no longer beats, whose head is cold, which yet lives and moves, even with that inanimate trunkless frame, such strength and vitality do its marble entrails still maintain; within the circumference, in effect, are two towns, life and death side by side. On the borders of the sea, in the port, at the foot of the city, you find activity, motion, noise, a crowd—in a word, life, such as comports with Italian nations, inhabited ruins, a busy, intelligent, commercial population; but ascend higher, perambulate the streets, whose broad, hollow flags resound beneath your footsteps, enter, through porticos open to every storm, the splendid palaces inhabited by silence; cast your eyes upon the drapery of the depopulated saloons waving in the wind like funeral hangings; look upward and contemplate the solemn arches, whose echo once sang only verses of love; recline against the lofty windows, which, of yore, lent their nocturnal light to so many beauties forever vanished, which have listened to countless serenades now lost in the air; hearken to this deep silence, explore this desert for the last vestiges of annihilated grandeur, and say if even Jeremiah's lament over the cities doomed to perish, though replete with mournful energy, falls not below the level of this desolation!

Genoa, the speck of earth before us, so adorned and so sad, humble, yet embellished with such *chefs-d'œuvre!* how diverse have been her fortunes! The Romans have been there in turn, as they have been everywhere, bearing civilization and order in their train of conquest; the Eastern emperors have been masters there; then, like a tempest, came the barbarians, those universal incendiaries; then Charlemagne, the universal reconstructor; and then, eager with haste, the Moors, the accomplished barbarians, the finished masters of politeness, literature, gallantry, and courage. On this corner of earth have Guelphs and Ghibelins fought to desperation, after the pattern of the civil wars obtained from the heroes of Florence; afterwards, the Pisans and Venetians coveted the port open to their adventures, and disputed it, the last as merchants, the first as gentlemen; then France repaired to the succor of the town rent by factions; and finally came Doria, who made it a republic.

Meanwhile, there is a memorable day in the history of this city and in that of the universe, when a man, without name or credit, a poor, obscure, despised Genoese, departed to return with a world more, which he had discovered. Singular, intelligent little nook, where are associated the names of Louis XII, Christopher Columbus, and Doria! Review such a town, if you can, without emotions of pity and respect! Like the capitol, Genoa was built for eternity. While obeying her Doges, verily the republic sheltered worthily these monarchs of a day, for, within this narrow compass, are palaces meet for kings as Doges. These monarchs loved the fine arts as nobles, and paid for them like kings. It is thus that the greatest artists of the sixteenth Italian century, which is probably the most glorious era of human genius, crowded to Genoa, understanding that, on the shores of that sea so dear to poets, there lived a people of rich Athenians, employed in constructing a town of marble and gold. At this tidings, the most illustrious painters, the most celebrated

sculptors, and especially the greatest architects of the world, abandoned their work commenced, to go to embellish the rival of Venice, the *terra-firma*. Venice, more free, and not less fair, governed by rich merchants, sprung from the people; the Venice without spies or informers, executioners, state prisons, and courtesans; the pure, innocent, busy, liberal Venice, covered with shade, surrounded with orange-groves and flowers. Nor has Italian art alone come hither to lavish its adorable miracles on this sea-coast; France, the East, the Indies, Spain, even the New World, have been put under contribution to found, erect, ornament, and furnish these royal abodes.

Shall we commence with the public palace in this town of palaces? *Je le veux bien*, though there is scarce a preference. And yet, as a specimen, what a marvel the ducal palace is; though ruined, insulted, squandered as the implacable, stupid violence of revolutions have left it, as they ever have, in all places. The ascent is by a magnificent marble stairway, leaving on the right the pedestal on which was the statue of Doria, wickedly broken in an *emeute*. An immense vestibule, sustained by eighty columns of solid marble, conducts to a grand staircase, divided into spacious flights ushering into the council-chamber, and within this great hall, beneath these bold, self-supported vaults, through an admirable suite of columns and pilasters, in niches dug in the wall, stands a nation of severe statues. Is it illusion? The mantles of these statues seem agitated by the wind; we might imagine these shrouds had been washed on yester evening. What, then, is this animated, waving marble, that the breeze arranges with such varied, capricious grace, around these heroes? Nothing, however, can be more real; these statues, fully clad and equipped, which represent the great men of the republic, her legislators, poets, artists and soldiers, were broken by the populace in one of those impulses of furious rage (*delirium tremens*) which incites multitudes to destroy everything in their passage. Juvenal has, somewhere, aptly said, "They crush in wrath what they have worshipped with awe." There are to nations as to individuals, hours of mental malady, and then woe to all species of glory, to virtue, centuries of antiquity, to creeds, or grandeur, that fall beneath the hands of the furious zealots. Thus the people of Genoa have broken the images of their great men, as far as possible, insulted, disfigured, and mutilated them; they dashed in pieces the casque and cuirass, rent the toga and ermine, shivered the wand and sword, effaced the name and escutcheon, despoiled the sacred monuments of their sovereign insignia: leaving them in this state without respect or pity, not reflecting that they thus deprived history of all that made it holy, majestic, and venerable. Insensate, ungrateful people! But their rage is vain; it can only break, it can annihilate nothing, above all, glory. Such is man's power, that, what he has himself made, he is impotent to destroy. He may create, he cannot obliterate. Behold a temple he has overthrown; he thinks to subvert a structure, but he creates a ruin. He would banish history, and founds poetry instead. It is thus that, scarcely were they broken, ere these venerable images of illustrious Genoese have been immediately re-established; the statues, assassinated at evening, are on the morrow remounted on their bases, as did that of the commander on his tomb; only, as the sculptor was no longer there to impart life, a third time, to these assassinated great men, a pious, intelligent hand, has gathered dust from dust; formless clay has replaced the wrought marble of genius; over it they have thrown funeral mantles, and those severed heads have been substituted by deceptive effigies. Thus, every hero is remodelled by a little clay, skilfully arranged. And yet, to see them again assembled in that council-chamber, which they once inhabited, the effect on the imagination is undiminished; respect has not been scattered to the winds, like the dust of the broken marble. After all, what imports that this clay be more or less fashioned! Not the representation of the man makes the statue revered, but his name. Therefore, this hall of council has lost nothing by such profanation. I love these phantoms of statues not less than the originals, which, when extant, were themselves but phantoms of heroes of other days. Among relics of past times, there are some of slight significance, such as the fragments of a Carthaginian barque, the stones of a Venetian castle, brought by Genoese from Constantinople, a chain captured from the Pisans, a bronze table, which has no other signification than a judgment of Roman consuls in favor of Genoa, and other petty vanities. These Italian towns are proud in their poverty. Having ceased to be rich and glorious, they desire to preserve their nobility; and, especially tenacious of main

taining the antiquity of their origin, heap up to that effect all kinds of fragments, marble, bronze, and paper. After the ducal palace, the abode of the vanished supremacy of the Genoese, we shall visit the *hotel of the poor*, which is much richer even than that. Three great architects have reared this house, the luxury of whose arrangements is incredible. It contains a beautiful Christ of Michael Angelo, reposing in the arms of the blessed Virgin, an admirable piece of marble. The high altar is in the complete style of Pierre Puget, the French Michael Angelo; here the Virgin, who before sustained Christ, is herself supported by angels bearing her to the skies. What beautiful infants wafted upon their light wings! What a holy, pure, calm, charming Virgin! How much grace and strength combined in that happy group flying towards Heaven, bearing the mother of the Saviour, the Angel without wings! Pierre Puget is assuredly the greatest artist France has produced; Genoa abounds in his works. Doubtless, the Genoese, with a marvellous instinct in which Louis XIV was deficient, were the first to divine their noble neighbour, the statuary of Marseilles, for they possess more *chefs-d'œuvres* of Puget than the palace of Versailles contains. Compare, then, if you would be so bold, these beauteous angels of Puget with the chubby faces of both sexes, which, in reality, are of no sex, in the church of St. Lawrence, that Canova calls angels! Within this house, or rather palace of the poor, all is silence, freshness, beauty, repose, and murmur. Over that exquisite chapel, full of marvels, open the dormitories of the happy paupers, the veritable sovereign masters of all this magnificence. The indigent, not admitted within the sanctuary, receive daily food and winter vestments at the door; a true Italian benevolence, improvident and unlimited, a charity more fatal than useful, a Christian nursery of mendicant and philanthropist, two scourges which cultivate and nourish each other. In a well-constituted government, little encouragement should be extended to these charitable men, who devote themselves to the indiscriminate maintenance of all the idle who solicit alms. They are infinitely more dangerous than those of ambitious pursuits or covetous of glory. Commend me to ambition for promoting national interests! The ambitious man sheds around him all kinds of useful passions and new ideas; he is active, persevering, laborious, and intelligent, divines every available avenue of knowledge, rears his children with scrupulous care, perfectly conscious that his career is replete with perils to be avoided, dangers to be foreseen. The ambitious aspirant is the king of the future, while the benevolent man, on the contrary, exercises, for his own comfort, the easiest of all virtues and the most insignificant, charity. He sows his alms at random, to reap mendicants; reposes in that facile virtue which consists in bestowing the remains of his bread on those unwilling to earn it; and, destitute of foresight or precaution, trains his children to imitate their father, in thus indiscriminately lavishing the embarrassing superfluity of their fortune. Around such a man industry languishes, the laborious are discouraged, and consider it folly to toil amid so many, living without effort. A wise government, if desirous to advance, should mistrust charity far more than ambition. But this will ever be incomprehensible to the Italians. To give alms as they practise it, is a profession of the indolent; to be really ambitious, would be to them the labor of heroes, to remove the pillars of Hercules. You may imagine if the poor are thus lodged in marble and gold, neither of these, nor rare paintings, are wanting in the churches; and, in effect, the like admirable profusion exists in all the churches of Genoa. I have examined them generally, and in these well-preserved temples, on the flags covered with escutcheons, in the presence of *chefs-d'œuvre* of all the arts, in an atmosphere fragrant and balmy with flowers, under vaults glittering with graceful imagery relieved with gold, on which light breaks in colored reflections through Gothic windows, at the foot of marble altars, where taper and incense burn unceasingly, and which are never without prayer, I have comprehended, for the first time, that perpetual admiration, that continual impulse to devotion, which constitutes the most lively, indestructible passion of Italy. Admiration is fatiguing, without doubt; but how shall I suppress it, how refrain from expressing my boundless enthusiasm? And when they say to me, "Beware! moderate your emotion; how will it be when before St. Peter's at Rome?" I know not; but, meanwhile, it is impossible for me not to bend the knee in the Church of the Annunciation.

And how it elucidates what we before deemed ourselves perfectly cognizant of; to pass to and fro under this beautiful sky, to tread the happy earth, to enter freely beneath these arched vaults and salute such works of

genius; to behold, compare, touch them, and inquire, where has life passed, unblessed by the enjoyment of these countless wonders? Repeatedly they say to me, "Thou dreamest, happy man;" and verily a fair vision. They believe me returned to the impassioned enchantments of early youth, when all is love, poetry, enthusiasm, and admiration; the bird that sings in the tree, waving its foliage in the air, the breeze rising to meet the sun, the humming insect floating over nature, the wave, with its glitter, its freshness, and murmur. It is in youth that we admire the grass, flowers, stars, sky, the pale scintillating light of August evening; but it is for maturer years to appreciate marble, pictures, palaces, ruins, *chefs-d'œuvre;* all the scattered beauties cast by antiquity on the Christian world, which the Middle Age has bequeathed to the modern. What is the admiration of twenty years? A rose withering on a mistress's bosom. Ten years later it is a fragment of brown marble under a Grecian sun, the verse of a poet, one of those thousand rays that time has disdained to remove with the end of that scythe, which is at once a crotchet and a sword. And then, to comprehend finally the power of times that are no more, what modesty it induces! To survey the vast theatre of such dramas and poems, histories, and visions, how it enlightens studies in which imaginary proficiency had been attained!

In effect, since arriving in this highly-favored land, our admired prose-writers, Tacitus and Titus Livius; our favorite poets, Horace and Virgil, have emitted a sudden, vivid light, before unimagined; while the towns encompassed by ruined trenches, the crumbling edifices, whose towers yet remain, elucidate the civil wars and bloody conflicts of Italy. In these charming fields, watered by numberless little brooks, in the green pastures where the great oxen of the Georgics ruminated, I understand, or rather I discover, Virgil; Horace will doubtless come later, when the Tiber is before me; Naples will illustrate Ovid and the imperial voluptuousness; so with Dante in traversing the streets of Florence. Behold, then, a new world opening before me, a world of poetry and fairyland! And I, insensate that I was, hesitated to depart!

Moreover, I could never before comprehend that oft-repeated reply of the Doge, when forced by the insolence of Louis XIV to repair from Genoa to Versailles, to humble the republic. Conducting the noble stranger into the gardens of the palace, upon lawns trodden by a whole century of great men, amid the sound of a thousand fountains which shot into the air at a gesture of the master, escorting him through the immense galleries and vast saloons, a universe of marble and gold, pausing continually that he might admire all those miracles newly wrought in that barren spot, the review ending in the *salle du trône*, at the foot of the throne, erected in the most magnificent site that could have been selected in the kingdom of France, when they inquired what most astonished him at Versailles, "To see myself there," was his reply. This response amazed the whole court of Louis XIV., being altogether incomprehensible. Historians repeat without explaining it; honest academicians, nay Mr. Scribe himself, have applied the phrase, while ignorant of its meaning. To understand its sense, which is really clear and simple, though little adapted to young disciples of the French academy, it is necessary to visit Genoa, and survey her palaces. Truly, the courtiers of Versailles, in thinking to astonish the Doge of Genoa by pomp and magnificence, were ignorant of the town from whence he came. Had they known that the merchant representing a city of merchants had himself a palace of Versailles, that he inhabited a street filled with such, they would not have so flippantly inquired, "What most astonished you here, Monseigneur?"

And with what was this man to be astonished? A stone palace? His was of marble. Pillars of marble? He had pillars of porphyry. At columns of porphyry? His walls were of lapis lazuli. By such architects as Mansard? His was Francis Falcona, Andrea his brother, and Charles Fontana, who erected the obelisk at Rome, and constructed more beautiful stairways than those of Versailles. Your statues were by Coybesox, his by Puget; Lebrun was the king's painter, the Doge's was Paul Veronese; the king's portrait was executed by Mignard, Van Dyke painted the wife, child, and dog of the Doge of Genoa.

What, then, could astonish him in all these wonders of Versailles, whose chamber was painted by Aldrovardini, of which Romanelli designed the tapestries? Who had in his employment, Correggio, Titian, the two Caracci? What could astonish him, this king of a republic, who did not purchase, at random, the pictures of masters, but who,

from father to son, summoned great painters and said to them: "I must have a *chef-d'œuvre* at this place!" Who thus commanded Tintoret, as had his grandfather, Albert Dürer! A man that had summoned a Paul Veronese, expressly to cover the wall of his house, could aught astonish him? A garden of statues! but, around his palace were hanging-gardens like those of Babylon. Could the waters of Versailles surprise him, when an immense aqueduct cast, as it still does, an entire river through the city of Genoa? And as to the remainder of the royal splendor, what was there to astonish this good Doge, whose house contained the precious marbles of Italy, the riches of Japan and China, the perfumes of the East and mirrors of Venice, he who, in childhood, had sat to Rubens for his picture? The more minute the examination of Genoese architecture, the more evident the force of the Doge's reply. A Genoese palace, representing a true model of an illustrious epoch, is even externally embellished with marble and paintings; the flight of steps is immense; through a long suite of antique busts you reach the vast doors, which open spontaneously, and thus, unobstructed, may penetrate into the resplendent ruins. Then is presented to view all that grandeur which so many revolutions have been powerless to annihilate. Enter, the saloons are open, the table is still arranged for the feast of Banquo; only, the places are vacant. Advance fearlessly, silence is the solitary inhabitant of these abodes, echo alone is startled by your footsteps, and yet what involuntary respect is excited beneath these high and sonorous vaults! In effect, it is that a whole century of splendor and glory has left, within the walls, the unobliterated traces of its passage. The century is dead, but its abode is unchanged. Ask not where are the tombs, while the palaces remain! Thus, amid marshes, and surrounded with brambles, might be the palace of the Queen that slept for a hundred years. In that of the Genoese, all things are in place, as if the master and family were about to awake suddenly from their long sleep. The ante-chamber awaits the valets, insolent and armed to the teeth, as in the Romeo of Shakspeare. The inner cabinet is full of papers and books of the master, and a glance informs you that Dante has spoken, Columbus departed, that Galileo is released by the Holy Office. Enter that solemn chamber, still furnished with the garniture of ivory and ebony. Venice has sent thither her hangings and her mirrors, her gilt leather and pictures; the nuptial couch is canopied, the toilet arranged, even the remnant of paint is there, wherewith the dead have decked themselves in festal hour. Proceed onward in this abode of silence; all is in order; here, the cradle of the infant, the sword of the young man, the cuirass of the captain, the arm-chair of the sire;—their portraits regard you, passing with head uncovered, in reverence for these living generations. Again, folding doors open wide, to admit you, the guests of an hour. Now, behold the rich saloons, wherein the sixteenth century has lavished all its magnificence.

Great names and mighty passions have garnished these halls; the passions are vanished, the names nearly forgotten; the ball-lustres wave as at the last *fête;* the velvet seats await the dancers. Silence! jewelled youth approaches; in the adjacent banquet-hall, at that long table, covered with glass, bronze, silver, and gold, guests are about to sit. Meantime, more distant cabinets are open for political converse; the chapel is ready for prayer; the theatre invites; vast kitchens await but a little fire in their furnaces; high above, in a carved balcony, musicians are expected, and, reflected by the brilliant mirrors, you will shortly see gliding, the beautiful Italians with black eyes sparkling on the pure, transparent cheek. How delightful, if amid this silence could be heard the Romanesca, drawn from oblivion by the violin of Baillot!

Thus constructed, redundantly ornamented and furnished, are all these deserted palaces. The proprietor himself opens the door to you, being rather the guardian than master, and, ruined as he is, would deem himself dishonored in wresting a single picture from the rich walls, or in selling a solitary article of his magnificent apartments. Such a man possesses pictures of a million in value, who, for ten years, has not donned a new hat. All these palaces, thus held sacred, are public. The visitor may boldly enter, for they are filled with *chefs d'œuvre* only. If by chance one be inhabited, fear not to enter; the master will retreat, his wife and daughter give place to you, conscious, these hospitable gentlemen, that not to themselves alone belongs the enjoyment of all these miracles.

Jules Janin.

ADVANTAGES OF THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

[Dr. Adam Smith's (born 1723, died 1790,) *Wealth of Nations*, published in 1776, laid the foundation of the science of political economy. Some of its leading principles had been indicated by Hobbes and Locke; Mandeville had also in his *Fable of the Bees* illustrated the advantages of free trade, and Hume in his essays had shown that no nation could profit by stopping the natural flood of commerce between itself and the rest of the world. Several French writers, moreover, had made considerable advances towards the formation of a system. Smith, however, after a labour of ten years, produced a complete system of political economy; and the execution of his work evinces such indefatigable research, so much sagacity, learning, and information, derived from arts and manufactures, no less than from books, that the *Wealth of Nations* must always be regarded as one of the greatest works on political philosophy. Adam Smith was born and educated at Kircaldy, Scotland, and educated at Glasgow College, but subsequently removed and resided in Edinburgh, where he died. Though correct in his fundamental positions, Dr. Smith has been shown to be guilty of several errors. He does not always reason correctly from the principles he lays down; and some of his distinctions—as that between the different classes of society as productive and unproductive consumers—have been shown, on more careful analysis and observation, to be unfounded. In this work, as in his *Moral Sentiments*, Smith is copious and happy in his illustrations. The following account of the advantages of the division of labour is very finely written:]

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woolen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation

of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

AN ORIENTAL OPTIMIST.

In illustration of the general indifference, if not incapacity, of the Oriental mind for statistical science, we give the following remarkable letter published by Mr. Layard, the Oriental traveller, and written by a Turkish Cadi in reply to some inquiries concerning the commerce and population of his own city:

"My illustrious Friend and joy of my Liver!

"The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and another stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. O my soul! O my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us and we welcomed thee; go in peace.

"Of a truth thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid.

"Listen, O my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world: and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say—behold this star spinneth around that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go! He, from whose hand it came, will guide and direct it.

"But thou wilt say unto me, stand aside, O man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek paradise with thine eyes?

"O my friend! if thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

"The meek in spirit, (El Fakir),

Imaum Ali Zade."

COLIN AND LUCY.—A BALLAD.

[The friendship of Addison has shed a reflected light on some of his contemporaries, and it elevated them, in their own day, to considerable importance. Amongst these was Thomas Tickell (1686—1740), born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, son of a clergyman, and educated at Queen's College, Oxford. He was a writer in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*; and when Addison went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed in public business. The monumental tablet in Glasneven Church near Dublin to the memory of Tickell records that 'his highest honour was that of having been the friend of Addison.' His elegy, and his beautiful ballad of *Colin and Lucy*, would have served, however, to perpetuate his name.]

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

O! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains! beware.

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Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking, at her window thrice
The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

'By a false heart and broken vows
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,'
Nor think him all thy own.

'To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
That Lucy will be there.

'Then bear my corpse, my comrades! bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke; she died. Her corpse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedewed his brow;
He shook—he groaned—he fell!

From the vain bride—ah! bride no more!—
The varying crimson fled,
When stretched before her rival's corpse
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

OCTOBER 25, 1854.

[WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, a well-known British journalist, born in Ireland, 1821, gained a great reputation during the Crimean War, as correspondent of the London Times, (1854-55.) He has been successively the brilliant historian in the same journal of the Indian Mutiny (1859,) the American Civil War (1861-65,) the Austro-Prussian War, The Franco-Prussian War, and the Kaffir War, (1879-80.]

Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain-tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below. Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain passes near Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en échelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin-deep by the earth-

works which ran along the line of these ridges on our rear; but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 Redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and Redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-general Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight 'wave' in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93d Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell 'retired' his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in Redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards Redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava; but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 Redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 Redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a 'long spray' of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslems quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt! There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries, which are placed along the French intrenchments, strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight, and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half-mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some fifteen hundred men along the ridge—lancers, and dragoons, and hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The Heavy Brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel.* The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel

in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!"—shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-general Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d' élite*—their light-blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning-blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the heights, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy; but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierce through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and redcoats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy; went through it as though it were made of pasteboard; and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.

Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-general Scarlett, and to say: "Well done!" The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

A disastrous scene followed this triumph —the famous Light Cavalry charge. It had been Lord Raglan's intention that the cavalry should aid in regaining the heights surmounted by the redoubts taken from the Turks, or, in default of this, prevent the Russians from carrying off the guns at those redoubts. Some misconception occurred as to the order; Captain Nolan, who conveyed the message, fell in the charge; but it was construed by the lieutenant-general, Lord Lucan, to mean, that he should attack at all hazards, and the Earl of Cardigan, as second in command, put the order in execution.*

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in

* The poet-laureate, Mr. Tennyson, has commemorated this splendid but melancholy feat of war:

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards, the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it is joined by the second; they never halt or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin! It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL.

THE NOCTURNAL BIRDS OF PREY.

[GEORGE LOUIS LECLERC, COMTE DE BUFFON, a French naturalist, 1707-1788, was born in Burgundy and died in Paris. In early life he travelled much in England and in Italy; was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1739, appointed keeper of the Royal Museum soon after, and devoted himself to natural science, especially zoölogy. While not a profound or original investigator, Buffon is a clear descriptive writer, much given to generalization and theory.

His great work, the *Histoire Naturelle*, in which he was assisted by Daubenton and others, appeared in 44 quarto volumes from 1749 to 1804. It has passed through numerous editions, and has been translated into English and other languages.]

The eyes of these birds are so delicate, that they seem to be dazzled by the splendour of day, and entirely overpowered by the lustre of the solar rays; they require a gentle light, such as prevails at the dawn, or in the evening shades. They leave their retreats to hunt, or rather to search for their prey, and their expeditions are performed with great advantage; for, in this still season, the other birds and small animals feel the soft influence of sleep, or are about to yield to its soothing power. Those nights that are cheered by the presence of the moon, are to them the finest of days, days of pleasure and of abundance, in which they seek their prey for several hours together, and procure an ample supply of provisions. When she withholds her silver beams, their nights are not fortunate; and their ravages are confined to a single hour in the morning and in the evening; for we cannot suppose that these birds, though they can distinguish objects nicely in a weak light, are able to perform their motions when involved in total darkness. Their sight fails when the gloom of night is completely settled; and in this respect they differ not from other animals, such as hares, wolves, and stags, which

leave the woods in the evening to feed or to hunt during the night; only, these animals see still better in the day than in the night; whereas the organs of vision in the nocturnal birds are so much overpowered by the brightness of the day, that they are obliged to remain in the same spot without stirring; and when they are forced to leave their retreat, their flight is tardy and interrupted, being afraid of striking against the intervening obstacles. The other birds, perceiving their fear, or their constrained situation, delight to insult them: the tit-mouse, the finch, the red-breast, the black-bird, the jay, the thrush, etc., assemble to enjoy the sport. The bird of night remains perched upon a branch, motionless and confounded, hears their movements and their cries, which are incessantly repeated because it answers them only with insignificant gestures, turning round its head, its eyes, and its body with a foolish air. It even suffers itself to be assaulted, without making resistance; the smallest, the weakest of its enemies are the most eager to torment it the most, determined to turn it into ridicule. Upon this play of mockery, or of natural antipathy, is founded the pretty art of bird-calling. We have only to put an Owl, or even to imitate its notes, in the place where the limed twigs are spread, in order to draw the other birds. The best time is about an hour before the close of the day; for if this diversion be deferred later, the same small birds which assemble in the day to insult over the bird of night with so much audacity and obstinacy, avoid the encounter after the evening shades have restored his vigour, and encouraged his exertions.

All this must be understood with certain restrictions, which it will be proper to state here: 1. All the species of Owls are not alike dazzled with the light; the Great-eared Owl sees so distinctly in open day, as to be able to fly to considerable distances; the Little Owl chases and catches its prey long before the setting, and after the rising of the sun. Travellers inform us that the Great-eared Owl or Eagle-Owl of North America catches the white grouse in open day, and even when the reflection of the snow adds to the intensity of the light: Belon remarks, that "whoever will examine the sight of these birds, will find it not so weak as is commonly imagined." 2. It appears that the Long-eared Owl sees worse than the Scops, and is the most dazzled by the light of day, as are also the Tawny Owl, the White, and the Aluco; for these equally attract the same birds and afford them sport. But before we relate the facts which apply to each particular species, we must mention the general distinctions.

The Nocturnal Birds of Prey may be divided into two principal *genera;* the genus of the *Hibou*, (the Long-eared or Horned Owl,) and that of the *Chouette*, (the Earless or Little Owl,) each of which contains several different species. The distinguishing character of these two *genera* is, that all the *Hibous* have two tufts of feathers in the shape of ears erect on each side of their head; while, in the Chouettes, the head is round without tufts or prominent feathers. Most of the Owls of America differ so little from those of Europe, that we may refer them to the same origin.

Aristotle mentions twelve species of birds which see in the dark, and fly during the night; and as in these he includes the Osprey and Goat-sucker, under the names of *Phinis* and *Ægotilas;* and three others under the names of *Capriceps*, *Chalcis*, and *Charadrios*, which feed on fish, and inhabit marshes, or the margins of lakes and streams, it appears that he has reduced all the Owls known in Greece in his time to seven species; the Long-eared, which he calls *Otos*, precedes and conducts the quails when they begin their migration, and for this reason it is named *dux*, or *leader;* the etymology seems certain, but the fact must be suspected. It is true that the quails, when they leave us in the autumn, are excessively fat, and scarcely fly but in the night, and repose during the day in the shade to avoid the heat; and hence the Long-eared Owl may sometimes be observed to accompany or go before these flocks of quails; but it has never been observed that the Long-eared Owl is, like the quail, a bird of passage. The only fact which I have found in travellers, that seems to countenance this opinion, is in the Preface to Catesby's Natural History of Carolina. He says, that in the twenty-sixth degree of north latitude, being nearly in the middle of the Atlantic, in his passage to Carolina, he saw an Owl over the vessel; and he was more surprised at this circumstance, as that bird has short wings, and is easily fatigued. He adds, that after making several attempts to alight, it disappeared.

It may be alleged in support of this fact that the Owls have not all short wings, since in most of these birds they stretch beyond

the point of the tail, and the Great-eared Owl and the Scops are the only species whose wings do not reach quite its length. Besides, we learn from their screams that all these birds perform long journeys; whence it seems that the power of flying to a distance during the night belongs to them as well as to the others; but their sight being less perfect, and not being able to descry remote objects, they cannot form an idea of a great extent of country, and therefore have not, like most other birds, the instinct of migration. At least, it appears that our Owls are stationary. I have received all the species, not only in summer, in spring, in autumn, but even in the most piercing colds of winter. The Scops alone disappears in this season; and I have actually been informed, that this small species departs in the autumn, and arrives in the spring: hence we ought to ascribe to the Scops, rather than the Long-eared Owl, the business of leading the quails. But this fact is not proved, and I know not the foundation of another fact advanced by Aristotle, who says, that the Tawny Owl (*Glaux Noctua*, according to his translator, Gaza) conceals itself for several days together; for in the chilliest season of the year I have received some that were caught in the woods; and if it be pretended that the words *Glaux Noctua* signifies the White Owl, the fact would be still farther from the truth; for, except in very dark and rainy evenings, it is constantly heard through the whole year to whistle and scream about twilight.

THE HORSE.

The reduction of the horse to a domestic state, is the greatest acquisition from the animal world, which was ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates of human pleasures. He exults in the chase and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of the rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He, in some measure, renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing, and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor.

These are features in the character of the horse, whose natural qualities have been matured by art; and turned with care to the service of man. His education commences with the loss of liberty, and is completed by restraint. The slavery of the horse is so ancient and so universal, that he is rarely seen in a natural state. When employed in labour, he is always covered with the harness; and, even during the time destined for repose, he is never entirely delivered from bonds. If sometimes permitted to roam in the pasture, he always bears the mark of servitude, and often the external impressions of labour and pain. His mouth is deformed by the perpetual friction of the bit; his sides are galled with wounds, or furrowed with cicatrices; and his hoofs are pierced with nails. The natural gestures of his body are constrained by the habitual pressure of fetters, from which it would be in vain to deliver him; for he would not be more at liberty. Those horses, the servitude of which is most mild, which are kept solely for the purpose of luxury and magnificence, and whose golden chains only gratify the vanity of their masters, are more dishonoured by the elegance of their trappings, and by the plaits of their hair, than by the iron shoes on their feet.

Art is always excelled by Nature; and in animated beings, liberty of movement constitutes the perfection of their existence. Examine those horses which have multiplied so prodigiously in Spanish America, and live in perfect freedom. Their motions are neither constrained nor measured. Proud of their independence, they fly from the presence of man, and disdain all his care. They search for, and procure the food which is most salutary and agreeable. They wander and frisk about in immense meadows, and collect the fresh productions of a perpetual spring. Without any fixed habitation, or other shelter than a serene sky, they breathe a purer air than in those

musty vaults in which we confine them, when subjected to our dominion. Hence wild horses are stronger, lighter, and more nervous than most of those which are in a domestic state. The former possess force and dignity, which are the gifts of Nature; the latter have only address and gracefulness, which are all that art can bestow.

These wild horses are by no means ferocious in their temper; they are only wild and fiery. Though of strength superior to most animals, they never make an attack. But, when assaulted, they either disdain the enemy, bounce out of his way, or strike him dead with their heels. They associate in troops for no other motive than the pleasure of being together; for they have no fear; but acquire a mutual attachment to each other. As grass and vegetables constitute their food, of which they have enough to satisfy their appetite, and as they are not carnivorous, they neither make war with other animals nor among themselves. They dispute not about their common nourishment, and never have occasion to snatch prey from each other, the general source of quarrels and combats among the rapacious tribes. Hence they live in perpetual peace; because their appetites are simple and moderate, and they have no objects to excite envy.

All these features are apparent in young horses bred together in troops. Their manners are gentle, and their tempers social; their force and ardour are generally rendered conspicuous by marks of emulation. They anxiously press to be foremost in the course, to brave danger in traversing a river, or in leaping a ditch or precipice; and it has been remarked, that those which are most adventurous and expert in these natural exercises, are the most generous, mild, and tractable, when reduced to a domestic state.

These facts prove horses to be naturally of gentle dispositions, and much disposed to associate with man. They never forsake the abodes of men, to regain their liberty in the forests. They discover, on the contrary, great anxiety to return to the stable, where they find only coarse food, which is always the same, and often measured to them more by the rules of economy, than by the strength of their appetite. But the sweets of habit supply all they have lost by slavery. After being oppressed with fatigue, the place of repose is full of delight. They smell it at a distance, can distinguish it in the midst of great cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. They form a second nature out of those habits to which they have been forced to submit; for horses, after being abandoned in the forests, have been known to neigh continually in order to be heard, to run to the voice of man, and even to grow meagre, and die in a short time, though surrounded with a profusion of nourishment.

Thus, it is obvious, the manners of a horse originate entirely from his education, which is accomplished by a care and industry bestowed by man upon no other animal; but he is amply rewarded by the perpetual services of this noble and laborious creature.

BUFFON.

VERSES

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

BISHOP BERKELEY, b 1684, d. 1753.

BEAUTY.

[THOMAS LODGE, one of the most graceful and correct of the minor poets and imaginative writers of the Elizabethan period, appeared as an author in 1580. He then published a "*Defence of Stage Plays in Three Divisions.*" After leaving college he is supposed to have been on the stage. But he afterwards joined in the expeditions of Captains Clark and Cavendish, and wrote his "*Rosalynde*" to beguile the time during his voyage to the Canaries. He next appears as a law-student. In his

"*Glaucus and Scilla*" (1589), "*Catharos Diogenes*" (1591), and "*A Fig for Momus*" (1595), he styles himself of Lincoln's Inn, Gent. His next work, "*A Margarite of America*" (1596), was written, he says, "in those straits christened by Magellan, in which place to the southward, many wondrous isles, many strange fishes, *many monstrous Patagons*, withdrew my senses." From the law, Lodge turned to physic. He studied medicine, Wood says, at Avignon, and he practiced in London, being much patronized by Roman Catholic families, till his death by the plague in 1625.]

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines:

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh;
Within which bounds she balm incloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances, every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night,
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting;
Whist, Wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE.

THE NEW YEAR.

[THE name of CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687) calls up a number of agreeable associations. It is best known from its piscatory and affectionate union with that of good old Izaak Walton; but Cotton was a cheerful, witty, accomplished man, and only wanted wealth and prudence to have made him one of the leading characters of his day. His father, Sir George Cotton, died in 1658, leaving the poet an estate at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, near the river Dove, so celebrated in the annals of trout-fishing. The property was much encumbered, and the poet soon added to its burdens. As a means of pecuniary relief, as well as recreation, Cotton translated several works from the French and Italian, including Montaigne's Essays. In his fortieth year, he obtained a captain's commission in the army; and afterwards made a fortunate second marriage with the Countess-dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of £1500 a year. It does not appear, however, that Cotton ever got out of his difficulties. The lady's fortune was secured from his mismanagement, and the poet died insolvent. His happy, careless disposition seems to have enabled him to study, angle, and delight his friends, amidst all his embarrassments. He published several burlesques and travesties, some of them grossly indelicate; but he wrote also some copies of verses full of genuine poetry. One of his humorous pieces, "*A Journey to Ireland*,"

seems to have anticipated, as Campbell remarks, the manner of Anstey in the "*New Bath Guide*." As a poet, Cotton may be ranked with Andrew Marvell.

Hark! the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us the day himself's not far;
And see! where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look, as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better informed by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seemed but now.
His reversed face may shew distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year.
He looks, too, from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye:
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good as soon as born?
Plague on 't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brushed through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be super-excellently good:
For the worst ills, we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also brings us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should good-fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet;
And though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about.

CHARLES COTTON.

EXTRACT FROM WYCHERLEY'S 'PLAIN DEALER.'

MANLY AND LORD PLAUSIBLE.

Manly. Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorums, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

Plausible. Nay, i' faith, i' faith, you are too passionate; and I must beg your pardon and leave to tell you they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no leading-strings; I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another may do the like to me.

Plaus. What, will you be singular then? like nobody? follow, love, and esteem nobody?

Man. Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody; court and kiss everybody? though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

Plaus. Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend ——

Man. With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred on my scorn, call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common women and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

Plaus. Such as I! Heavens defend me! upon my honour——

Man. Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

Plaus. Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid?

Plaus. No, but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing; I speak well of all mankind.

Man. I thought so: but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

Plaus. Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve; I ne'er mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own. I

will not disparage any man to disparage myself: for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a person of honour, and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person; but if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man. Very well, but I that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people—which is very seldom indeed—it should be sure to be behind their backs; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, overlooking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an over-grown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turned; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me; cowards, whilst they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

[*Manly thrusts out Lord Plausible.*

Freeman. You use a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

Man. A lord! what, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! But counterfeit honour will not be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it.*

WYCHERLEY, 1640–1715.

SONG.

In Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge.*

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he shewed.

From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurled:
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity:
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
While thine the victor is, and free.

APHRA BEHN, 1640–1689.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

[OMAR KHAYYAM, the astronomer-poet of Persia, was born about A.D. 1100, and was a native of Khorassan. He became early addicted to science, especially to astronomy, in which he attained very high preëminence, becoming one of the eight learned men appointed by the Sultan to reform the calendar. He also wrote an algebra in Arabic. His fine sayings gave him the title of the King of the Wise. Omar's Epicurean audacity of thought and speech made him unpopular with the Súfis, and his poems were almost suppressed, yet their many beauties of expression and their elevation and independence of thought found many imitators among the Persian poets, including Háfiz. Omar Khayyam had one parting wish at leaving the world—"Let my tomb be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it."]

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring,
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon;
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhasrú?
Let Zál and Rustum thunder as they will,
Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,

* Burns has versified part of this sentiment:

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for 'a that.

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your reward is neither Here nor There."

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I could not see:
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

ROYAL AMUSEMENTS AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE BALLET OF THE SEASONS.

[Alexandre Davy Dumas, the most prolific and one of the most popular of French novelists, was born in 1803, and died in 1870. Dumas, though a thorough Frenchman, had African blood in his veins, which may have given a tinge of wild humor to some of his compositions. His father, who was a general in the Napoleonic wars, died when Alexandre was a child. At twenty he came to Paris, and began to write stories and dramas, meeting great success and admiration. He was made librarian to the Duc d'Orléans, travelled in Spain and Africa, and adopted a luxurious and costly style of living which his taste for pleasure made him continue through life, keeping him continually in want of money notwithstanding the vast sums he received for his writings. Dumas wrote with extraordinary facility and rapidity, and the fertility of his brain was such that he carried several plots in his mind at once, and employed several scribes or literary hacks to work up the outlines he dictated simultaneously. The prodigious number of volumes he produced could not possibly have emanated from a single pen. The best known of his fictions are "*Le Comte de Monte Cristo*" (1841–45), "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*," "*Joseph Balsamo*," "*La Comtesse de Charny*." His novels were eagerly devoured on account of the sustained interest, liveliness of style and dramatic skill exhibited in them. The Memoirs of Dumas present a curious picture of his literary life. He was much addicted to gastronomy, and his posthumous work, the *Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine*, appeared in 1873.

The historical romance of "*Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*," from which our selection is taken, depicts the life of the French court during the youth of Louis XIV, *le grand monarque*. *Raoul de Bragelonne* is the hero, but is frequently lost in the crowd of more important actors. Louise de la Vallière, the mistress of the king, plays a great part in the story, and of its many episodes, the graphic description of the king's fête, "the Ballet of the Seasons," is one of the best. Colbert, the renowned finance minister, is introduced, and a love-passage between the noble young Count de Guiche, who had been banished from the Court, and Madame, the sister-in-law of the king, and more than suspected of being in love with de Guiche, is given. The lively, animated and dramatic power of the novelist are displayed throughout the work, which ranks with the "Twenty Years After" and "The Three Guardsmen," to which it is a sequel.]

At the conclusion of the banquet, which had been served at five o'clock, the king [Louis XIV] entered his cabinet, where his tailors were awaiting him, for the purpose of trying on the celebrated costume representing Spring, which was the result of so much imagination, and had cost so many

efforts of thought to the designers and ornament-workers of the court. As for the ballet itself, every person knew the part he had to take in it, and how to perform that part. The king had resolved to make it a matter of surprise. Hardly, therefore, had he finished his conference, and entered his own apartment, than he desired his two masters of the ceremonies, Villeroy and Saint-Aignan, to be sent for. Both replied that they only awaited his orders, and that everything was ready to begin, but that it was necessary to ensure fine weather and a favourable night before those orders could be carried out. The king opened his window; the golden lines of evening could be seen in the horizon through the vistas of the wood, and the moon, white as snow, was already visible in the heavens. Not a ripple could be noticed on the surface of the green waters; the swans themselves even, reposing with folded wings like ships at anchor, seemed penetrated by the warmth of the air, the freshness of the water, and the silence of the beautiful evening. The king, having observed all these things, and contemplated the magnificent picture before him, gave the order which de Villeroy and de Saint-Aignan awaited: but, with the view of ensuring the execution of this order in a royal manner, one last question was necessary, and Louis XIV put it to the two gentlemen, in the following manner:— "Have you any money"?

"Sire," replied Saint-Aignan, "we have arranged everything with M. Colbert."

"Ah! very well!"

"Yes, sire, and M. Colbert said he would wait upon your majesty, as soon as your majesty should manifest an intention of carrying out the *fêtes*, of which he has furnished the programme."

"Let him come in, then," said the king; and as if Colbert had been listening at the door for the purpose of keeping himself *au courant* of the conversation, he entered as soon as the king had pronounced his name before the two courtiers.

"Ah! M. Colbert," said the king. "Gentlemen, to your posts;" whereupon Saint-Aignan and Villeroy took their leave. The king seated himself in an easy chair near the window, saying: "The ballet will take place this evening, M. Colbert."

"In that case, sire, I will settle the accounts to-morrow."

"Why so?"

"I promised the tradespeople to pay their bills the following day to that on which the ballet should take place."

"Very well, M. Colbert, pay them, since you have promised to do so."

"Certainly, sire; but I must have money to do that."

"What! have not the four millions, which M. Fouquet promised, been sent? I had forgotten to ask you about it."

"Sire, they were sent at the hour promised."

"Well?"

"Well, sire, the coloured fireworks, the musicians, and the cooks, have swallowed up four millions in eight days."

"Entirely?"

"To the last penny. Every time your majesty directed the banks of the grand canal to be illuminated, as much oil was consumed as there was water in the basins."

"Well, well, M. Colbert; the fact is, then, you have no more money?"

"I have no more, sire, but M. Fouquet has," Colbert replied, his face darkening with a sinister expression of pleasure.

"What do you mean?" inquired Louis.

"We have already made M. Fouquet advance six millions. He has given them with too much grace, not to have others still to give, if they are required, which is the case at the present moment. It is necessary, therefore, that he should comply."

The king frowned. "M. Colbert," said he, accentuating the financier's name, "that is not the way I understood the matter; I do not wish to make use against any of my servants, of a means of pressure which may oppress him and fetter his services. In eight days, M. Fouquet has furnished six millions, that is a good sum."

Colbert turned pale. "And yet," he said, "your majesty did not use this language some time ago, when the news about Belle-Isle arrived, for instance."

"You are right, M. Colbert."

"Nothing, however, has changed since then; on the contrary, indeed."

"In my thoughts, monseiur, everything is changed."

"Does your majesty, then, no longer believe the attempts?"

"My own affairs concern me alone, monsieur; and I have already told you I transact them myself."

"Then, I perceive," said Colbert, trembling from anger and from fear, "that I have had the misfortune to fall into disgrace with your majesty."

"Not at all; you are, on the contrary, most agreeable to me."

"Yet, sire," said the minister, with a certain affected bluntness, so successful when it was a question of flattering Louis' self-esteem, "what use is there in being agreeable to your majesty, if one can no longer be of any service to you?"

"I reserve your services for a better occasion; and, believe me, they will only be the better appreciated."

"Your majesty's plan, then, in this affair, is——"

"You want money, M. Colbert?"

"Seven hundred thousand francs, sire."

"You will take them from my private treasure." Colbert bowed. "And," added Louis, "as it seems a difficult matter for you, notwithstanding your economy, to defray, with so limited a sum, the expenses which I intend to incur, I will at once sign an order for three millions."

The king took a pen and signed an order immediately, then handed it to Colbert. "Be satisfied, M. Colbert, the plan I have adopted is one worthy of a king," said Louis XIV., who pronounced these words with all the majesty he knew how to assume in such circumstances; and he dismissed Colbert for the purpose of giving an audience to his tailors.

The order issued by the king was known in the whole of Fontainebleau; it was already known, too, that the king was trying on his costume, and that the ballet would be danced in the evening. The news circulated with the rapidity of lightning; during its progress it kindled every variety of coquetry, desire, and wild ambition. At the same moment, and as if by enchantment, every one who knew how to hold a needle, every one who could distinguish a coat from a pair of trousers, was summoned to the assistance of those who had received invitations. The king had completed his toilet at nine o'clock; he appeared in an open carriage decorated with branches of trees and flowers. The queens had taken their seats upon a magnificent dais or platform, erected upon the borders of the lake, in a theatre of wonderful elegance of construction. In the space of five hours the carpenters had put together all the different parts connected with the theatre; the upholsterers had laid down the carpets, erected the seats; and, as if at the signal of an enchanter's wand, a thousand arms, aiding, instead of interfering with each other, had constructed the building on this spot amidst the sound of music; whilst, at the same time, other workmen illuminated the theatre and the shores of the lake with an incalculable number of lamps. As the heavens, set with stars, were perfectly unclouded, as not even a breath of air could be heard in the woods, and as if Nature herself had yielded complacently to the king's fancies, the back of the theatre had been left open; so that, behind the foreground of the scenes, could be seen as a back-ground the beautiful sky, glittering with stars; the sheet of water, illumined by the lights which were reflected in it; and the bluish outline of the grand masses of woods, with their rounded tops. When the king made his appearance, the whole theatre was full, and presented to the view one vast group, dazzling with gold and precious stones; in which, however, at the first glance, no one single face could be distinguished. By degrees, as the sight became accustomed to so much brilliancy, the rarest beauties appeared to the view, as in the evening sky the stars appear one by one to him who closes his eyes and then opens them again.

The theatre represented a grove of trees; a few fauns lifting up their cloven feet were jumping about; a dryad made her appearance on the scene and was immediately pursued by them; others gathered around her for her defence, and they quarrelled as they danced. Suddenly, for the purpose of restoring peace and order, Spring, accompanied by his whole court, made his appearance. The Elements, the subaltern powers of mythology, together with their attributes, precipitated themselves upon the trace of their gracious sovereigns. The Seasons, the allies of Spring, followed him closely, to form a quadrille, which after many words of more or less flattering import, was the commencement of the dance. The music, hautboys, flutes and viols, were descriptive of the usual delights. The king had already made his appearance, amid thunders of applause. He was dressed in a tunic of flowers which set off his easy and well-formed figure to advantage. His legs, the best-shaped at the court, were also displayed to great advantage in flesh-coloured silken hose; of silk of so fine and transparent a texture that it seemed almost like flesh itself. The most beautiful pale lilac satin shoes, with bows of flowers and leaves, imprisoned his small feet. The bust of the figure was in harmonious keeping

with the base; the waving hair was floating on his shoulders, the freshness of his complexion was enhanced by the brilliancy of his beautiful blue eyes, which softly kindled all hearts; a mouth with tempting lips which deigned to open in smiles. Such was the prince of the period, who had that evening been justly named "The King of all the Loves." There was something in his carriage which resembled the buoyant movements of an immortal, and he did not dance so much as seem to soar along. His entrance had produced, therefore, the most brilliant effect. Suddenly the Count de Saint Aignan was observed, endeavouring to approach either the king or Madame.

The princess—who was clothed in a long dress, diaphanous and light as the finest tissue from the hands of the skillful Mechlin workers, her knee occasionally revealed beneath the folds of the tunic, and her little feet encased in silken shoes—advanced, radiant with beauty, accompanied by her cortege of Bacchantes, and had already reached the spot which had been assigned to her in the dance. The applause continued so long that the count had ample leisure to join the king.

"What is the matter, Saint Aignan?" said Spring.

"Nothing whatever," replied the courier, as pale as death; "but your majesty has not thought of the Fruits."

"Yes; it is suppressed."

"Far from it, sire; your majesty having given no directions about it, the musicians have retained it."

"How excessively annoying," said the king. "This figure cannot be performed, since M. de Guiche is absent. It must be suppressed."

"Oh, sire, a quarter of an hour's music, without any dancing will produce an effect so chilling as to ruin the success of the ballet."

"But, count, sire ——"

"Oh, sire, that is not the greatest misfortune; for, after all, the orchestra could still just as well cut it out, if it were necessary; but——"

"But what?"

"Why, M. de Guiche is here."

"Here?" replied the king, frowning, "here? Are you sure?"

"Yes, sire; and ready-dressed for the ballet."

The king felt himself colour deeply, and said, "You are probably mistaken."

"So little is that the case, sire, that if your majesty will look to the right, you will see that the count is waiting."

Louis turned hastily towards the side, and in fact, on his right, brilliant in the character of Autumn, de Guiche waited until the king should look at him, in order that he might address him. To describe the stupefaction of the king, that of Monsieur, who was moving about restlessly in his box,—to describe also the agitated movements of heads in the theatre, and the strange emotion of Madame, at the sight of her partner,—is a task we must leave to more able hands. The king stood almost gaping with astonishment, as he looked at the count, who, bowing lowly, approached his majesty with the profoundest respect.

"Sire," he said, "Your majesty's most devoted servant approaches to perform a service on this occasion with similar zeal to that he has already shown on the field of battle. Your majesty, in omitting the dance of the Fruits, would be losing the most beautiful scene in the ballet. I did not wish to be the cause of so great a prejudice to your majesty's elegance, skill, and graceful address; and I have left my tenants in order to place my services at your majesty's commands."

Every word fell distinctly, in perfect harmony and eloquence upon Louis XIV's ears. Their flattery pleased, as much as de Guiche's courage had astonished him, and he simply replied, "I did not tell you to return, count."

"Certainly not, sire, but your majesty did not tell me to remain."

The king perceived that time was passing away, that if the scene were prolonged, it might complicate everything, and that a single cloud upon the picture would effectually spoil the whole. Besides, the king's heart was filled with two or three new ideas: he had just derived fresh inspiration from the eloquent glance of Madame. Her look had said to him, "Since they are jealous of you, divide their suspicions, for the man who distrusts two rivals does not distrust either in particular." So that Madame, by this clever diversion, decided him. The king smiled upon de Guiche, who did not comprehend a word of Madame's dumb language, but only remarked that she pretended not to look at him; and he attributed the pardon which had been conferred upon him to the princess's kindness of heart. The king seemed pleased with every

one present. Monsieur was the only one who did not understand anything about the matter. The ballet began; the effect was more than beautiful. When the music, by its bursts of melody carried away these illustrious dancers, when the simple untutored pantomime of that period, far more so on account of the very indifferent acting of the august actors, had reached its culminating point of triumph, the theatre almost shook with the tumultuous applause.

De Guiche shone like a sun, but like a courtly sun, which is resigned to fill a subordinate part. Disdainful of a success of which Madame showed no acknowledgment, he thought of nothing but of boldly regaining the marked preference of the princess. She, however, did not bestow a single glance upon him. By degrees all his happiness, all his brilliancy, subsided into regret and uneasiness; so that his limbs lost their power, his arms hung heavily by his side, and his head seemed stupified. The king, who had from this moment become in reality the principal dancer in the quadrille, cast a look upon his vanquished rival.

De Guiche soon ceased to sustain even the character of the courtier; without applause, he danced indifferently, and very soon could not dance at all, by which means the triumph of the king and of Madame was assured.

The king remained for a moment to enjoy a triumph which was as complete as it could possibly be. He then turned towards Madame, for the purpose of admiring her also, a little, in turn. Young persons love with more vivacity, perhaps with greater ardour and deeper passion, than others more advanced in years; but all the other feelings are at the same time developed in proportion to their youth and vigour; so that vanity being with them almost always the equivalent of love, the latter feeling, according to the laws of equipoise never attains that degree of perfection which it acquires in men and women from thirty to five-and-thirty years of age. Louis thought of Madame, but only after he had carefully thought of himself; and Madame carefully of herself, without bestowing a single thought upon the king. The victim, however, of all these royal affections and vanities, was poor de Guiche. Every one could observe his agitation and prostration—a prostration which was indeed the more remarkable since people were not accustomed to see him with his arms hanging listlessly by his side, his head bewildered, and his eyes with their bright intelligence gone. It rarely happened that any uneasiness was excited on his account, whenever a question of elegance or taste was under discussion, and de Guiche's defeat was accordingly attributed by the greater number present to his courtier-like tact and ability. But there were others—keen-sighted observers are always to be met with at court—who remarked his paleness and his altered looks which he could neither feign nor conceal, and their conclusion was, that de Guiche was not acting the part of a flatterer. All these sufferings, successes, and remarks, were blended, confounded, and lost in the uproar of applause. When, however, the queens had expressed their satisfaction and the spectators their enthusiasm, when the king had retired to his dressing-room to change his costume, and whilst Monsieur, dressed as a woman, as he delighted to be, was, in his turn, dancing about; de Guiche, who had now recovered himself, approached Madame, who, seated at the back of the theatre was waiting for the second part, and had quittod the others for the purpose of creating a sort of solitude for herself in the midst of the crowd, to meditate, as it were, beforehand, upon chorographic effects; and it will be perfectly understood that, absorbed in deep meditation, she did not see, or rather she pretended not to see, anything that was passing around her. De Guiche, observing that she was alone, near a thicket constructed of painted cloth, approached her. Two of her maids of honour, dressed as hamadryads, seeing de Guiche advance, drew back out of respect, whereupon de Guiche proceeded towards the middle of the circle and saluted her royal highness; but, whether she did or did not observe his salutation, the princess did not even turn her head. A cold shiver passed through poor de Guiche; he was unprepared for so utter an indifference, for he had neither seen nor been told of anything that had taken place, and consequently could guess nothing. Remarking, therefore, that his obeisance obtained him no acknowledgment, he advanced one step further, and in a voice, which he tried, though uselessly, to render calm, said, "I have the honour to present my most humble respects to your royal highness."

Upon this Madame deigned to turn her eyes languishingly towards the count, ob-

serving: "Oh! M. de Guiche, is that you; good day!"

The count's patience almost forsook him, as he continued,—"Your royal highness danced just now most charmingly."

"Do you think so?" she replied with indifference.

"Yes; the character which your royal highness assumed is in perfect harmony with your own."

Madame again turned round, and, looking de Guiche full in the face with a bright and steady gaze, said,—"Why so?"

"Oh! there can be no doubt of it."

"Explain yourself!"

"You represented a divinity, beautiful, disdainful, and inconstant."

"You mean Pomona, count?"

"I allude to the goddess you represent."

Madame remained silent for a moment, with her lips compressed, and then observed,—"But, count, you, too, are an excellent dancer."

"Nay, madame, I am only one of those who are never noticed, or who are soon forgotten if they ever happen to be noticed."

With this remark, accompanied by one of those deep sighs which affect the remotest fibres of one's being, his heart burning with sorrow and throbbing fast, his head on fire, and his gaze wandering, he bowed breathlessly, and withdrew behind the thicket.

The only reply Madame condescended to make was by slightly raising her shoulders, and, as her ladies of honour had discreetly retired while the conversation lasted, she recalled them by a look. The ladies were Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente and Mademoiselle de Montalais.

"Did you hear what the Count de Guiche said?" the princess inquired.

"No."

"It is really very singular," she continued in a compassionate tone; "how exile has affected poor M. de Guiche's wit." And then, in a louder voice, fearful lest her unhappy victim might lose a syllable, she said,—"In the first place he danced badly, and then afterwards his remarks were very silly."

She then rose, humming the air to which she was presently going to dance. De Guiche had overheard everything. The arrow had pierced his heart and wounded him mortally. Then, at the risk of interrupting the progress of the *fête* by his annoyance, he fled from the scene, tearing his beautiful costume of Autumn in pieces, and scattering, as he went along, the branches of vines, mulberry and almond trees, with all the other artificial attributes of his divinity. A quarter of an hour afterwards he had returned to the theatre, but it will be readily believed that it was only a powerful effort of reason over his great excitement that had enabled him to return: or perhaps, for the heart is so constituted, he found it impossible even to remain much longer separated from the presence of one who had broken that heart. Madame was finishing her figure. She saw, but did not look at, de Guiche, who, irritated and furious, turned his back upon her as she passed him, escorted by her nymphs, and followed by a hundred flatterers. During this time, at the other end of the theatre, near the lake, a young woman was seated, with her eyes fixed upon one of the windows of the theatre, from which were issuing streams of light, the window in question being that of the royal box. As de Guiche quitted the theatre for the purpose of getting the fresh air he so much needed, he passed close to this figure and saluted her. When she perceived the young man, she rose, like a woman surprised in the midst of ideas she was desirous of concealing from herself. De Guiche stopped as he recognized her, and said hurriedly—"Good evening, Mademoiselle de la Vallière; I am indeed fortunate in meeting you."

"I also, M. de Guiche, am glad of this accidental meeting," said the young girl, as she was about to withdraw.

"Pray do not leave me," said de Guiche, stretching out his hand towards her, "for you would be contradicting the kind words you have just pronounced. Remain, I implore you; the evening is most lovely. You wish to escape from the tumult, and prefer your own society. Well, I can understand it; all women who are possessed of any feeling do, and you will never find them dull or lonely when removed from the giddy vortex of these exciting amusements. Oh! Heavens!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"What is the matter, monsieur le comte?" inquired La Vallière, with some anxiety. "You seem agitated."

"I! oh, no!"

"Will you allow me, M. de Guiche, to return you the thanks I had proposed to offer you on the very first opportunity. It is to your recommendation I am aware, that I owe my admission among the number of Madame's maids of honour."

"Indeed! Oh! I remember now, and I congratulate myself. Do you love any one?"

"I!" exclaimed La Vallière.

"Forgive me, I hardly know what I am saying; a thousand times forgive me; Madame was right, quite right, this brutal exile has completely turned my brain."

"And yet it seemed to me that the king received you with kindness."

"Do you think so? Received me with kindness perhaps—so—yes ——"

"There cannot be a doubt he received you kindly, for, in fact, you have returned without his permission."

"Quite true, and I believe you are right. But have you not seen M. de Bragelonne here?"

La Vallière started at the name. "Why do you ask?" she inquired.

"Have I offended you again?" said de Guiche. "In that case I am indeed unhappy, and greatly to be pitied."

"Yes, very unhappy, and very much to be pitied, Monsieur de Guiche, for you seem to be suffering terribly."

"Oh! mademoiselle, why have I not a devoted sister, or a true friend, such as yourself?"

"You have friends, Monsieur de Guiche, and the Vicomte de Bragelonne of whom you spoke just now, is, I believe, one of them."

"Yes, yes, you are right, he is one of my best friends. Farewell, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, farewell." And he fled, like one possessed, along the banks of the lake. His dark shadow glided, lengthening, as it disappeared among the illumined yews, and glittering undulations of the water. La Vallière looked after him, saying,—"Yes, yes; he, too, is suffering, and I begin to understand why."

She had hardly finished when her companions, Mademoiselle de Montalais and Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente, ran forward. They were released from their attendance, and had changed their costumes of nymphs; delighted with the beautiful night, and the success of the evening, they returned to look after their companion.

"What, already here!" they said to her. "We thought we should be the first at the rendezvous."

"I have been here this quarter of an hour," replied La Vallière.

"Did not the dancing amuse you?"——

"No."

"But surely the whole spectacle?"

"No more than the dancing. As far as a spectacle is concerned, I much prefer that which these dark woods present, in whose depths can be seen, now in one direction, and again in another, a light passing by, as though it were an eye, bright red in colour, sometimes open, at others closed."

"La Vallière is quite a poet," said Tonnay-Charente.

"In other words," said Montalais, "she is insupportable. Whenever there is a question of laughing a little, or of amusing ourselves with anything, La Vallière begins to cry; whenever we girls have reason to cry, because, perhaps, we have mislaid our dresses, or because our vanity has been wounded, or our costume fails to produce any effect, La Vallière laughs."

"As far as I am concerned, that is not my character," said Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente. "I am a woman, there are few like me; whoever loves me, flatters me; whoever flatters me, pleases me; and whoever pleases me——"

"Well!" said Montalais, "you do not finish."

"It is too difficult," replied Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente, laughing loudly. "Do you, who are so clever, finish for me."

"And you, Louise?" said Montalais, "does any one please you?"

"That is a matter which concerns no one but myself," replied the young girl, rising from the mossy bank on which she had been reclining during the whole time the ballet had lasted. "Now, mesdemoiselles, we have agreed to amuse ourselves to-night without any one to overlook us, and without any escort. We are three in number, we like one another, and the night is lovely; look yonder, do you not see the moon slowly rising, silvering the topmost branches of the chestnuts and the oaks. Oh! beautiful walk! dear liberty! the beautiful soft turf of the woods, the happiness which your friendship confers upon me! let us walk arm-in-arm towards those large trees. Out yonder all are at this moment seated at table and fully occupied, or preparing to adorn themselves for a set and formal promenade; horses are being saddled, or harnessed to the carriages—the queen's mules or Madame's four white ponies. As for ourselves we shall soon reach some retired spot where no eye can see us and no step follow ours. Do you not remember, Montalais, the woods of Chaverney and of Chambord, the num-

berless poplars of Blois, where we exchanged some of our mutual hopes?"

"And many confidences, also?"——

"Yes."

"Well," said Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente, "I also think a good deal; but I take care——"

"To say nothing," said Montalais, "so that what Mademoiselle Tonnay-Charente thinks, Athenaïs is the only one who knows it."

"Hush!" said Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente, "I hear steps approaching from this side."

"Quick, quick, then, among the high reed-grass," said Montalais; "stoop, Athenaïs, you are so tall."

Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente stooped as she was told, and, almost at the same moment, they saw two gentlemen approaching, their heads bent down, walking arm-in-arm, on the fine gravel walk running parallel with the bank. The young girls had, indeed, made themselves small, for nothing was to be seen of them.

"It is Monsieur de Guiche," whispered Montalais in Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente's ear.

"It is Monsieur de Bragelonne," whispered the latter to La Vallière.

The two young men approached still closer, conversing in animated voices. "She was here just now," said the count. "If I had only seen her, I should have declared it to be a vision, but I spoke to her."

"You are positive, then?"

"Yes; but perhaps I frightened her."

"In what way?"

"Oh! I was still half mad, at what you know, so that she could hardly have understood what I was saying, and must have become alarmed."

"Oh!" said Bragelonne, "do not make yourself uneasy: she is all kindness, and will excuse you; she is clear-sighted, and will understand."

"Yes, but if she should have understood, and understood too well, she may talk."

"You do not know, Louise, count," said Raoul. "Louise possesses every virtue, and has not a single fault." And the two young men passed on, and as they proceeded, their voices were soon lost in the distance.

"How is it, La Vallière," said Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente, "that the Vicomte de Bragelonne spoke of you as Louise?"

"We were brought up together," replied Louise, blushing; "M. de Bragelonne has honoured me by asking my hand in marriage, but——"

"Well?"

"It seems the king will not consent to the marriage."

"Eh! Why the king? and what has the king to do with it?" exclaimed Aure, sharply. "Good gracious! has the king the right to interfere in matters of that kind? Politics are politics, as M. de Mazarin used to say; but love is love. If, therefore, you love M. de Bragelonne, marry him, I give my consent."

Athenaïs began to laugh.

"Oh! I speak seriously," replied Montalais, "and my opinion in this case is quite as good as the king's, I suppose; is it not, Louise?"

"Come," said La Vallière, "those gentlemen have passed; let us take advantage of our being alone to cross the open ground, and so take refuge in the woods."

"So much the better," said Athenaïs, "because I see the torches setting out from the *château* and the theatre, which seems as if they were preceding some persons of distinction."

"Let us run, then," said all three. And, gracefully lifting up the long skirts of their silk dresses, they lightly ran across the open space between the lake and the thickest covert of the park. Montalais agile as a deer, Athenaïs eager as a young wolf, bounded through the dry grass, and now and then, some bold Acteon might, by the aid of the faint light, have perceived their straight and well-formed limbs somewhat displayed beneath the heavy folds of their satin petticoats. La Vallière, more refined and less bashful, allowed her dress to flow around her; retarded also by the lameness of her foot, it was not long before she called out to her companions to halt, and, left behind, she obliged them both to wait for her. At this moment, a man, concealed in a dry ditch full of young willow saplings, scrambled quickly up its shelving side, and ran off in the direction of the *château*. The three young girls, on their side, reached the outskirts of the park, every path of which they well knew. The ditches were bordered by high hedges full of flowers, which on that side protected the foot-passengers from being intruded upon by the horses and carriages. In fact, the sound of Madame's and of the queen's carriages could be heard in

the distance upon the hard, dry ground of the roads, followed by the mounted cavaliers. Distant music was heard in response, and when the soft notes died away, the nightingale, with his song full of pride, poured forth his melodious chants, and his most complicated, learned and sweetest compositions, to those who he perceived had met beneath the thick covert of the woods. Near the songster, in the dark background of the large trees, could be seen the glistening eyes of an owl, attracted by the harmony. In this way the *fête* for the whole court was a *fête* also for the mysterious inhabitants of the forest; for certainly the deer from the brake, the pheasant on the branch, the fox in its hole, were all listening. One could realize the life led by this nocturnal and invisible population from the restless movements which suddenly took place among the leaves. Our sylvan nymphs uttered a slight cry, but, reassured immediately afterwards, they laughed, and resumed their walk. In this manner they reached the royal oak, the venerable relic of an oak which in its earlier days had listened to the sighs of Henry the Second for the beautiful Diana of Poictiers, and later still to those of Henry the Fourth for the lovely Gabrielle d'Estrées. Beneath this oak the gardeners had piled up the moss and turf in such a manner that never had a seat more luxuriously reposed the wearied limbs of any monarch. The trunk of the tree, somewhat rough to recline against, was sufficiently large to accommodate the three young girls, whose voices were lost among the branches, which stretched downwards towards the trunk.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

THE POEM OF THE CID.

[GEORGE TICKNOR, an American scholar and historical writer, born at Boston in 1791, died there in 1871. He received a fine classical education, graduated at Dartmouth in 1807, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1813, but being possessed of ample fortune, chose to devote himself to literature. Going to Europe in 1815, he spent four years at the capitals of France, Spain, Italy and England, becoming well acquainted with leading men of letters in each. In 1817 Ticknor was appointed professor of modern languages at Harvard University, resigning in 1835 to devote himself to his great projected work, "*The History of Spanish Literature.*" He went again to Europe, devoting three years to the collection of materials, and pursuing his favorite theme with assiduous labor. The book appeared in New York and London, 1849, in three vols., 8vo., and has passed through four American editions, and has been translated into French, German and Spanish. This carefully executed history has become accepted as standard authority upon the rich poetical and prose literature of Spain. The minor writings of Ticknor include lives of Lafayette, Webster, and Everett, and an elaborate life of Wm. H. Prescott, the historian. His fine Spanish collection was given by Ticknor to the Boston Public Library. "*The Life, Letters and Journals of George Ticknor,*" appeared at Boston in 1876 in 2 vols.]

The oldest documents known to exist with ascertained dates in the Spanish language come from the reign of Alfonso VII. The first of them is a charter of Oviedo, in 1145, and the other is the confirmation of a charter of Avilés, in 1155;—neighboring cities in Asturias, and therefore in that part of Spain where we should naturally look for the first intimations of a new dialect. They are important, not only because they exhibit the new dialect just emerging from the corrupted Latin, little or not at all affected by the Arabic infused into it in the southern provinces, but because they are believed to be among the oldest documents ever written in Spanish, since there is no good reason to suppose that language to have existed in a written form even half a century earlier.

How far we can go back towards the first appearance of poetry in the Spanish, or as it was oftener called, Castilian dialect, is not so precisely ascertained. But we know that we can trace Castilian verse to a period surprisingly near the date of the documents of Oviedo and of Avilés. It is, too, a remarkable circumstance, that we can thus trace it by works both long and interesting; for, though ballads, and the other forms of popular poetry, by which we mark indistinctly the beginning of almost every other literature, are abundant in the Spanish, we are not obliged to resort to them, at the outset of our inquiries, since other obvious and decisive monuments present themselves at once.

The first of these monuments in age, and the first in importance, is the poem commonly called, with primitive simplicity and directness, "The Poem of the Cid." It consists of above three thousand lines, and can hardly have been composed later than the year 1200. Its subject, as its name implies, is taken from among the adventures of the Cid, the great popular hero of the chivalrous age of Spain; and the whole tone of its

manners and feelings is in sympathy with the contest between the Moors and Christians, in which the Cid bore so great a part, and which was still going on with undiminished violence at the period when the poem was written. It has, therefore, a national bearing and a national character throughout.

The Cid himself, who is to be found constantly commemorated in Spanish poetry, was born in Burgos about the year 1046, and died in 1099 at Valencia, which he had rescued from the Moors. His original name was Ruy Diaz, or Rodrigo Diaz; and he was by birth one of the considerable barons of his country. The title of *Cid*, by which he is almost always known, is often said to have come to him from the remarkable circumstance that five Moorish kings or chiefs acknowledged him in one battle as their *Seid*, or their lord and conqueror; and the title of *Campeador*, or Champion, by which he is hardly less known, though it is commonly assumed to have been given to him as a leader of the armies of Sancho the Second, has long since been used almost exclusively as a mere popular expression of the admiration of his countrymen for his exploits against the Moors. At any rate, from a very early period he has been called *El Cid Campeador*, or the Lord Champion. And in many respects he well deserved the honorable title; for he passed almost the whole of his life in the field against the oppressors of his country, suffering so far as we know, scarcely a single defeat from the common enemy, though, on more than one occasion, he was exiled and sacrificed by the Christian princes to whose interests he had attached himself, and, on more than one occasion, was in alliance with the Mohammedan powers, in order, according to a system then received among the Christian princes of Spain, and thought justifiable, to avenge the wrongs that had been inflicted on him by his own countrymen.

But, whatever may have been the real adventures of his life, over which the peculiar darkness of the period when they were achieved has cast a deep shadow, he comes to us in modern times as the great defender of his nation against its Moorish invaders, and seems to have so filled the imagination and satisfied the affections of his countrymen, that centuries after his death, and even down to our own days, poetry and tradition have delighted to attach to his name a long series of fabulous achievements, which connect him with the mythological fictions of the Middle Ages, and remind us almost as often of Amadis and Arthur as they do of the sober heroes of genuine history.

The Poem of the Cid partakes of both these characters. It has sometimes been regarded as wholly, or almost wholly, historical. But there is too free and romantic a spirit in it for history. It contains, indeed, few of the bolder fictions found in the subsequent chronicles and in the popular ballads. Still, it is essentially a poem, and in the spirited scenes at the siege of Alcocer and at the Cortes, as well as in those relating to the Counts of Carrion, it is plain that the author felt his license as a poet. In fact, the very marriage of the daughters of the Cid, has been shown to be all but impossible; and thus any real historical foundation seems to be taken away from the chief event which the poem records. This, however, does not at all touch the proper value of the work, which is simple, heroic, and national. Unfortunately, the only ancient manuscript of it known to exist is imperfect, and nowhere informs us who was its author. But what has been lost is not much. It is only a few leaves in the beginning, one leaf in the middle, and some scattered lines in other parts. The conclusion is perfect. Of course, there can be no doubt about the subject or purpose of the whole. It is the development of the character and glory of the Cid, as shown in his achievements in the kingdoms of Saragossa and Valencia; in his triumph over his unworthy sons-in-law, the Counts of Carrion, and their disgrace before the king and Cortes; and finally, in the second marriage of his two daughters with the Infantes of Navarre and Aragon; the whole ending with a slight allusion to the hero's death, and a notice of the date of the manuscript.

But the story of the poem constitutes the least of its claims to our notice. In truth, we do not read it at all for its mere facts, which are often detailed with the minuteness and formality of a monkish chronicle; but for its living pictures of the age it represents, and for the vivacity with which it brings up manners and interests so remote from our own experience, that, where they are attempted in formal history, they come to us as cold as the fables of mythology. We read it because it is a contemporary and spirited exhibition of the chivalrous times of Spain, given occasionally with an Homeric simplicity altogether admirable. For the story it tells is not only that of the most ro-

mantic achievements, attributed to the most romantic hero of Spanish tradition, but it is mingled continually with domestic and personal details, that bring the character of the Cid and his age near to our own sympathies and interests. The very language in which it is told, is the language he himself spoke, still only half developed; disencumbering itself with difficulty from the characteristics of the Latin; its new construction by no means established; imperfect in its forms, and ill furnished with the connecting particles in which so much of the power and grace of all languages resides; but still breathing the bold, sincere, and original spirit of its times, and showing plainly that it is struggling with success for a place among the other wild elements of the national genius.

And, finally, the metre and the rhyme into which the whole poem is cast are rude and unsettled: the verse claiming to be of fourteen syllables, divided by an abrupt cæsural pause after the eighth, yet often running out to sixteen or twenty; and sometimes falling back to twelve; but always bearing the impress of a free and fearless spirit, which harmonizes alike with the poet's language, subject, and age, and so gives the story a stir and interest, which though we are separated from it by so many centuries, bring some of its scenes before us like those of a drama.

The first pages of the manuscript being lost, what remains to us begins abruptly, at the moment when the Cid, just exiled by his ungrateful king, looks back upon the towers of his castle at Bivar, as he leaves them. "Thus heavily weeping," the poem goes on, "he turned his head and stood looking at them. He saw his doors open, and his household chests unfastened, the hooks empty and without pelisses and without cloaks, and the mews without falcons and without hawks. My Cid sighed, for he had grievous sorrow; but my Cid spake well and calmly: 'I thank thee, Lord and Father, who art in heaven, that it is my evil enemies who have done this thing unto me.'"

He goes, where all desperate men then went, to the frontiers of the Christian war; and, after establishing his wife and children in a religious house, plunges with three hundred faithful followers into the infidel territories, determined, according to the practice of his time, to win land and fortune from the common enemy, and providing for himself meanwhile, according to another practice of his time, by plundering the Jews as if he were a mere Robin Hood. Among his earliest conquests is Alcocer; but the Moors collect in force, and besiege him in their turn, so that he can save himself only by a bold rally, in which he overthrows their whole array. The rescue of his standard, endangered in the onslaught by the rashness of Bermuez, who bore it, is described in the very spirit of knighthood.

Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in their rest, levelled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests, waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down, towards the saddle bow;
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
"I am Ruy Diaz, the champion of Bivar;
Strike amongst them Gentlemen, for sweet Mercy's sake!"
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they brake,
Three hundred bannered knights, it was a gallant show.
Three hundred Moors they killed, a man with every blow;
When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain;
You might see them raise their lances and level them again.
There you might see the breast plates how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie shattered on the plain,
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.

The poem afterwards relates the Cid's contest with the Count of Barcelona; the taking of Valencia; the reconcilement of the Cid to the king, who had treated him so ill; and the marriage of the Cid's two daughters, at the king's request to the two Counts of Carrion, who were among the first nobles of the kingdom. At this point, however, there is a somewhat formal division of the poem, and the remainder is devoted to what is its principal subject, the dissolution of this marriage in consequence of the baseness and brutality of the Counts; the Cid's public triumph over them; their no less public disgrace; and the announcement of the second marriage of the Cid's daughters with the Infantes of Navarre and Aragon, which, of course, raised the Cid himself to the highest pitch of his honors, by connecting him with the royal houses of Spain. With this, therefore, the poem virtually ends.

The most spirited part of it consists of the scenes at the Cortes summoned, on demand of the Cid, in consequence of the misconduct of the Counts of Carrion. In

one of them, three followers of the Cid challenge three followers of the Counts, and the challenge of Munio Gustioz to Assur Gonzalez is thus characteristically given:

Assur Gonzalez was entering at the door,
With his ermine mantle trailing along the floor;
With his sauntering pace and his hardy look,
Of manners or of courtesy little heed he took;
He was flushed and hot with breakfast and with drink.
"What ho! my masters, your spirits seem to sink!
Have we no news stirring from the Cid, Ruy Diaz of Bivar?
Has he been to Riodivirua, to besiege the windmills there?
Does he tax the millers for their toll? or is that practice past?
Will he make a match for his daughters, another like the last?"

Munio Gustioz rose and made reply:—

'Traitor, wilt thou never cease to slander and to lie?
You breakfast before mass, you drink before you pray;
There is no honor in your heart, no truth in what you say;
You cheat your comrade and your lord, you flatter to betray;
Your hatred I despise, your friendship I defy!
False to all mankind and most to God on high,
I shall force you to confess that what I say is true."

Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt these two.

The opening of the lists for the six combatants, in the presence of the king, is another passage of much spirit and effect.

The heralds and the king are foremost in the place.
They clear away the people from the middle space;
They measure out the lists, the barriers they fix,
They point them out in order and explain to all the six:
"If you are forced beyond the line where they are fixed and traced,
You shall be held as conquered and beaten and disgraced."
Six lances' length on either side an open space is laid,
They share the field between them, the sunshine and the shade.
Their office is performed, and from the middle space
The heralds are withdrawn and leave them face to face.
Here stood the warriors of the Cid, that noble champion;
Opposite, on the other side, the lords of Carrion.
Earnestly their minds are fixed each upon his foe.
Face to face they take their place, anon the trumpets blow;
They stir their horses with the spur, they lay their lances low,
They bend their shields before their breasts, their face to the saddle-bow,
Earnestly their minds are fixed each upon his foe.
The heavens are overcast above, the earth trembles below;
The people stand in silence, gazing on the show.

These are among the most characteristic passages in the poem. But it is throughout striking and original. It is, too, no less national, Christian, and loyal. It breathes everywhere the true Castilian spirit, such as the old chronicles represent it amidst the achievements and disasters of the Moorish wars; and has very few traces of an Arabic influence in its language, and none at all in its imagery or fancies. The whole of it, therefore, deserves to be read, and to be read in the original; for it is there only that we can obtain the fresh impressions it is fitted to give us of the rude but heroic period it represents: of the simplicity of the governments, and the loyalty and true-heartedness of the people; of the wide force of a primitive religious enthusiasm; of the picturesque state of manners and daily life in an age of trouble and confusion; and of the bold outlines of the national genius, which are often struck out where we should least think to find them. It is indeed a work which, as we read it, stirs us with the spirit of the times which it describes; and as we lay it down and recollect the intellectual condition of Europe when it was written, and for a long period before, it seems certain that, during the thousand years which elapsed from the time of the decay of Greek and Roman culture, down to the appearance of the "Divina Commedia," no poetry was produced so original in its tone, or so full of natural feeling, graphic power, and energy.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

TOWN AND THE COUNTRY.

[CAPTAIN MORRIS, a well known town wit. He was a Welshman by birth. Born 1739; died 1832.]

In London I never know what to be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that;
I am wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord help us! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the spirits, though nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, or goose on a green.

The town, if it rain, why it bars not our hope,
The eye has its range, and the fancy its scope;
Still the same, though it pour all night and all day,
It spoils not our prospects, it stops not our way.

In the country, how blest, when it rains in the fields,
To feast on the transports which shuttlecock yields!
Or go crawling from window to window to see
A hog on a dunghill, or a crow on a tree!

In London, how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;
Our morning's a round of good humour, delight,
And we rattle in comfort and pleasure at night.

In the country, how charming your visits to make,
Through ten miles of mud, for formality's sake;
With a coachman quite drunk, and the moon in a fog,
And no thoughts of your head but a ditch or a bog.

In London, if folks ill together are put,
A beau may be dropp'd, or a quiz may be cut;
We change without end, and if happy or ill,
Our wants are at hand, and our wishes at will.

In the country you're nail'd like a pale in your park,
To some stick of a neighbour, as old as the ark;
And if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,
You meet death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

'Tis true, if in fishing you take much delight,
In a boat you may shiver from morning till night;
But though bless'd with the patience which Job had of old,
The devil a thing can you catch but a cold!

Then how often you're screw'd to your chairs fist to fist,
All stupidly yawning o'er sixpenny whist;
And although you may lose, 'tis no less true than strange,
You have nothing to pay! the good folks have no change.

I've oft heard that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet;
I know not of that, for, alas! I'm a swain
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter in trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves, if they please;
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,
And for groves, oh! a sweet grove of chimneys for me.

Then in town let me live, and in town let me die,
For I own I can't relish the country, not I.
If I must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS,
Poet Laureat of "The Beef Steak Club."

SELECTIONS FROM SANSKRIT POETRY.

[THE literature of ancient India is exceedingly rich in poetry. The last few years have developed an increasing, and in some quarters enthusiastic study of Sanskrit literature, and many rival translations of its finer productions have appeared. One of the great Indian epics of a moral and religious cast is the "*Mahabharata*," a poem of 100,000 double verses, written between 250 and 400 B. C. Its best known episode is the "*Bhagavad-Gita*." Another famous Hindu epic is the "*Ramayana*," celebrating the exploits of Râma, an Indian prince, represented as an incarnation of Vishnu, or the Supreme. In this poem the Brahman asceticism and moral maxims are leading features. The narratives of these two poems are continued in the "*Puranas*."

Older than any of these are the Hymns of the Veda, embracing the Rig-Veda, the Atharva-Veda, etc. These are by various authors, and are full of philosophical speculations, practical rules of worship and the pantheism of the Brahman religion. Passages of great poetic beauty are here found mingled with trifling, extravagant, and superstitious notions. We cull from Muir's Metrical Translations from leading Sanskrit writers, some of these poetic gems, most notable for elevation of thought or poetic expression.

CONSEQUENCE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE SELF-EXISTENT SOUL.

ATHARVAVEDA X.

The happy man who once has learned to know
The self-existent Soul, from passion pure,
Serene, undying, ever young, secure
From all the change that other natures show,
Whose full perfection no defect abates,
Whom pure essential good for ever sates,—
That man alone, no longer dreading death,
With tranquil joy resigns his vital breath.

The empty beds of rivers fill again,
Trees, leafless now, renew their vernal bloom;
Returning moons their lustrous phase resume;
But man a second youth expects in vain.

Again the moon returns, again the night;
Again the sun, the moon, ascends the sky:
Our lives still waste away as seasons fly,
But who his final welfare keeps in sight?

Is not those men's delusion strange,
Who, while they see that every day
So many sweeps from earth away,
Can long themselves t' elude all change?

That man is blind whose inner eye
Can nought beyond this world descry;
And deaf the man on folly bent,
On whom advice is vainly spent.
The dumb are those who never seek
To others gracious words to speak.

That man with Brahma union wins,—
The highest good by sages sought,—
Who ne'er in deed, or word, or thought,
'Gainst any living creature sins.

Of all the objects men can know,
The highest is the Soul, too high
For common mortals to descry,
Whose eyes are dazed by outward show.

Some men have never learnt this lore,
And some whom sages seek to teach,
Possess no faculty to reach
This sacred doctrine's inner core.

O skilled and wonderful, my son,
Is he the Soul who gains and knows!
This subtle science only those
Can teach who think the Soul as one.

BRAHMANA III.

Derived from no anterior source
The Soul, unborn, exempt from all
The accidents that life befall.
Holds on its everlasting course.

The smiter thinks that he can slay;
The smitten fears that he is slain:
The thoughts of both alike are vain,
The Soul survives the murderous fray.

Steel cannot cut, nor cleave, nor tear,
Nor fire consume, nor water wet,
Nor winds o'er dry it up, nor yet
Aught else its deathless essence wear.

A man casts from him on the shelf
His garments old, and never takes;
So bodies worn the Soul forsakes,
And new assumes, unchanged itself.

The man who learns the Soul to be
Minute, yet infinitely vast,
He, by his Maker's grace, at last
Its majesty attains to see.

It travels far and wide, at rest;
Moves everywhere, although asleep.
Say, who but I the secret deep
Of this mysterious God has guessed?

By reasoning, thought, or many books,
This hidden Soul is sought in vain.
That man alone the Soul may gain,
On whom the Soul with favor looks.

Elected thus, the sage believes
His oneness with the One Supreme;
Awakes for ever from the dream
Which uninstructed men deceives;

And now from imperfection purged,
And freed from circling life and death,
He calmly yields his vital breath,
And in the Sovereign Soul is merged.

MAHABHARATA, I.

Our love these sweetly-speaking women gain;
When men are all alone, companions bright,
In duty, wise to judge and guide aright,
Kind tender mothers in distress and pain.

The wife is half the man, his priceless friend;
Of pleasure, virtue, wealth, his constant source,
A help and stay along his earthly course;
Through life unchanging yea, beyond its end.

Men, seeking knowledge, long must strive,
And over many volumes pore:
But favored women all their lore,
Unsought, from nature's grace derive.

USHAS, THE INDIAN AURORA.

Rigveda 1.

Hail Ushas, daughter of the sky,
Who, borne upon thy shining car
By ruddy steeds from realms afar,
And ever lightening, drawest nigh:—

Thou sweetly smilest, goddess fair,
Disclosing all thy youthful grace,
Thy bosom bright, thy radiant face,
The lustre of thy golden hair:—

(So shines a fond and winning bride,
Who robes her form in brilliant guise,
And to her lord's admiring eyes
Displays her charms with conscious pride:

Or virgin by her mother decked,
Who glorying in her beauty, shows
In every glance, her power she knows
All eyes to fix, all hearts subject;—

Or actress, who, by skill in song
And dance, and graceful gestures light,
And many-colored vesture bright,
Enchants the eager gazing throng:—

Or maid, who wont her limbs to lave
In some cool stream among the woods,
In deep surrounding solitudes,
Emerges fairer from the wave):—

But closely by the amorous sun
Pursued, and vanquished in the race,
Thou soon art locked in his embrace,
And with him blendest into one.

Fair Ushas, though through years untold
Thou hast lived on, yet thou art born
Anew on each succeeding morn,
And so thou art both young and old.

As in thy fated ceaseless course
Thou risest on us day by day,
Thou wearest all our lives away
With silent, ever-wasting force.

Their round our generations run:
The old depart, and in their place
Springs ever up a younger race,
Whilst thou, immortal, lookest on.

All those who watched for thee of old
Are gone, and now 'tis we who gaze
On thy approach; in future days
Shall other men thy beams behold.

But 'tis not thoughts so grave and sad
Alone that thou dost with thee bring,
A shadow o'er our hearts to fling;—
Thy beams returning make us glad.

Thy sister, sad and sombre Night,
With stars that in the blue expanse
Like sleepless eyes mysterious glance,
At thy approach is quenched in light;—

And earthly forms, till now concealed
Behind her veil of dusky hue,
Once more come sharply out to view,
By thine illuming glow revealed.

Thou art the life of all that lives,
The breath of all that breathes; the sight
Of thee makes every countenance bright,
New strength to every spirit gives.

When thou dost pierce the murky gloom,
Birds flutter forth from every brake,
All sleepers as from death awake,
And men their myriad tasks resume.

PICTURE OF GLENBURNIE AND SCOTTISH RURAL LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

[Elizabeth Hamilton was born at Belfast, Ireland, in 1758; died at Edinburgh, 1816. She wrote "*Letters of a Hindoo Rajah*" (1790). "*The Modern Philosopher*" (1800). "*Letters on Education*" (1801). "*Agrippina*" (1803), and her best work, "*The Cottages of Glenburnie*" (1810).

It is in reality a tale of cottage-life. The scene is laid in a poor scattered Scottish hamlet, and the heroine is a retired English governess, middle aged and lame, with £30 a year! This person, Mrs. Mason, after being long in a noble family, is reduced from a state of ease and luxury to one of comparative indigence; and having learned that her cousin, her only surviving relative, was married to one of the small farmers in Glenburnie, she agreed to fix her residence in her house as a lodger. On her way, she called at Gowan brae, the house of the factor or land-steward on the estate, to whom she had previously been known; and we have a graphic account of the family of this gentleman, one of whose daughters figures conspicuously in the after-part of the tale. Mr. Stewart, the factor, his youngest daughter, and boys, accompany Mrs. Mason to Glenburnie.]

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other, that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs. Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and to delight them. But Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it. "How little trouble would it cost," said he, "to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have

his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself."

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr. Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself.

At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming: "Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I 'll gar ye! I 'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now. Come awa! That 's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now!"

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

"You have met with a sad accident," said Mr. Stewart; "how did all this happen?" "You may see how it happened plain enough," returned the boy; "the brig brak, and the cart coupet." "And did you and the horse coup likewise?" said Mr. Stewart. "O ay, we a' coupet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back." "And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?" "Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we 're takin' in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we 're aye ahint the lave."

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace. "Why, farmer," said Mr. Stewart, "you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think," (pointing to where it had given way); "if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and showed you how easily it might be repaired."

"It is a' true," said the farmer, moving his bonnet; "but I thought it would do weel enough. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen."

"But you must now mend it for your own sake," said Mr. Stewart, "even though a' the folk in the glen should be the better for it."

"Ay, sir," said one of the men, "that 's spoken like yoursel'! Would everybody follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood."

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

BEDE'S DESCRIPTION OF BRITAIN.

[BEDE or Beda, commonly called the Venerable Bede, born about 673, in the county of Durham, died 735. He has been called the father of English history, and was unquestionably the most learned Englishman of his age. A priest and a bishop, Bede was a voluminous writer on theological subjects. His great work, from which we extract, is the "*Ecclesiastical History of England*," and is marked by patient care in compiling information, although marred by credulity and superstition, which may be said to have belonged to the age he lived in.]

Britain, an island in the ocean, formerly called Albion, is situated between the north and west, facing, though at a considerable distance, the coasts of Germany, France, and Spain, which form the greatest part of Europe. It extends 800 miles in length towards the north, and is 200 miles in breadth, except where several promontories extend

further in breadth, by which its compass is made to be 3675 miles. To the south, as you pass along the nearest shore of the Belgic Gaul, the first place in Britain which opens to the eye, is the city of Rutubi Portus, by the English corrupted into Reptacestir. The distance from hence across the sea to Gessoriacum, the nearest shore of the Marini, is fifty miles, or as some writers say, 450 furlongs. On the back of the island, where it opens upon the boundless ocean, it has the islands called Orcades. Britain excels for grain and trees, and is well adapted for feeding cattle and beasts of burden. It also produces vines in some places, and has plenty of land and water-fowls of several sorts; it is remarkable also for rivers abounding in fish, and plentiful springs. It has the greatest plenty of salmon and eels; seals are also frequently taken, and dolphins, as also whales; besides many sorts of shell-fish, such as muscles, in which are often found excellent pearls of all colours, red, purple, violet, and green, but mostly white. There is also a great abundance of cockles, of which the scarlet dye is made; a most beautiful colour, which never fades with the heat of the sun, or the washing of the rain; but the older it is, the more beautiful it becomes. It has both salt and hot springs, and from them flow rivers which furnish hot baths, proper for all ages and sexes, and arranged accordingly. For water, as St. Basil says, receives the heating quality when it runs along certain metals, and becomes not only hot but scalding. Britain has also many veins of metal, as copper, iron, lead, and silver; it has much and excellent jet, which is black and sparkling, glittering at the fire, and when heated, drives away serpents; being warmed with rubbing, it holds fast whatever is applied to it, like amber. The island was formerly embellished with twenty-eight noble cities, besides innumerable castles, which were all strongly secured with walls, towers, gates, and locks. And, from its lying almost under the North Pole, the nights are light in summer, so at midnight the beholders are often in doubt whether the evening twilight still continues, or that the morning is coming on; for the sun, in the night, returns under the earth, through the northern regions at no great distance from them. For this reason the days are of a great length in summer, as, on the contrary, the nights are in winter, for the sun then withdraws into the southern parts, so that the nights are eighteen hours long. Thus the nights are extraordinarily short in summer, and the days in winter, that is, of only six equinoctial hours. Whereas in Armenia, Macedonia, Italy, and other countries of the same latitude, the longest day or night extends but to fifteen hours, and the shortest to nine.

This island at present, following the number of the books in which the Divine law was written, contains five nations, the English, Britons, Scots, Picts and Latins, each in its own peculiar dialect cultivating the sublime study of Divine truth. The Latin tongue is, by the study of the Scriptures, become common to all the rest. At first this island had no other inhabitants but the Britons, from whom it derived its name, and who coming over into Britain, as is reported, from Armorica, possessed themselves of the southern parts thereof. When they, beginning at the south, had made themselves masters of the greatest part of the island, it happened, that the nation of the Picts from Scythia, as is reported, putting to sea in a few long ships, were driven by the winds beyond the shores of Britain and arrived on the northern coasts of Ireland, where, finding the nation of the Scots, they begged to be allowed to settle among them, but could not succeed in obtaining their request. Ireland is the greater island next to Britain, and lies to the west of it; but as it is shorter than Britain to the north, so, on the other hand, it runs out far beyond it to the south, opposite to the northern parts of Spain, though a spacious sea lies between them. The Picts, as has been said, arriving in this island by sea, desired to have a place granted them in which they might settle. The Scots answered that the island could not contain them both; but "We can give you good advice," said they, "what to do; we know there is another island, not far from ours, to the eastward, which we often see at a distance when the days are clear. If you will go thither, you will obtain settlement; or, if they should oppose you, you shall have our assistance." The Picts, accordingly, sailing over into Britain, began to inhabit the northern parts thereof, for the Britons were possessed of the southern. Now the Picts had no wives, and asked them of the Scots; who would not consent to grant them under any other terms, than that when any difficulty should arise, they should choose a king from the female royal race rather than from the male: which cus-

tom as is well known, is observed among the Picts to this day. In process of time, Britain, besides the Britons and the Picts, received a third nation, the Scots, who, migrating from Ireland under their leader, Renda, either by fair means, or by force of arms, secured to themselves some settlements among the Picts which they still possess. From the name of their commander, they are to this day called Dalrendians; for, in their language, Dal signifies a part.

Ireland, in breadth, and for wholesomeness and serenity of climate, far surpasses Britain; for the snow scarcely ever lies there above three days: no man makes hay in the summer for winter's provision, or builds stables for his beasts of burden. No reptiles are found there, and no snakes can live there; for though often carried thither out of Britain, as soon as the ship comes near the shore, and the scent of the air reaches them, they die. On the contrary, almost all things in the island are good against poison. In short, we have known that when some persons have been bitten by serpents, the scrapings of leaves of books that were brought out of Ireland, being put into water, and given them to drink, have immediately expelled the spreading poison, and assuaged the swelling. The island abounds in milk and honey, nor is there any want of vines, fish, or fowl; and it is remarkable for deer and goats. It is properly the country of the Scots, who, migrating from thence, as has been said, added a third nation in Britain to the Britons and the Picts. There is a very large gulf of the sea, which formerly divided the nation of the Picts from the Britons; which gulf runs from the west very far into the land, where, to this day, stands the strong city of the Britons, called Aleluith. The Scots, arriving on the north side of this bay, settled themselves there.

PRIEST EGBERT.

At that time the venerable servant of Christ, and priest, Egbert, whom I cannot name but with the greatest respect, and who, as was said before, lived a stranger in Ireland to obtain hereafter a residence in heaven, proposed to himself to do good to many, by taking upon him the apostolical work, and preaching the word of God to some of those nations that had not yet heard it; many of which nations he knew there were in Germany, from whom the Angles, or Saxons, who now inhabit Britain, are known to have derived their origin; for which reason they are still corruptly called Garmans by the neighbouring nations of the Britons. Such are the Frisons, the Rugins, the Danes, the Huns, the Ancient Saxons, and the Boructuars (or Bructers.) There are also in the same parts many other nations still following pagan rites, to whom the aforesaid soldier of Christ designed to repair, sailing round Britain, and to try whether he could deliver any of them from Satan, and bring them over to Christ; or if this could not be done, to go to Rome, to see and adore the hallowed thresholds of the holy apostles and martyrs of Christ.

However, Wictbert, one of his companions, being famous for his contempt of the world and for his knowledge, for he had lived many years a stranger in Ireland, living an eremitical life in great purity, went abroad, and arriving in Frisland, preached the word of salvation for the space of two years successively to that nation and to its king, Rathbed; but reaped no fruit of all his great labour among his barbarous auditors. Returning then to the beloved place of his peregrination, he gave himself up to our Lord in his wonted repose, and since he could not be profitable to strangers by teaching them the faith, he took care to be the more useful to his own people by the example of his virtue.

VENERABLE BEDE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PYRAMIDS.

[ONE of the most original and interesting of modern travellers was the REV. DR. EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE (1769-1822), a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and the first Professor of Mineralogy in that university. In 1799 Dr Clarke set off with Mr. Malthus and some other college friends on a journey among the northern nations. He travelled for three years and a half, visiting the south of Russia, part of Asia, Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine. The first volume of his Travels appeared in 1810, and included Russia, Tartary, and Turkey. The second, which became more popular, was issued in 1812, and included Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; and three other volumes appeared at intervals before 1819. The sixth volume was published after his death, part being contributed by Mr. Walpole, author of "*Travels in the Levant.*" Dr Clarke received from his publishers the large sum of £7000 for his collection of Travels. Their success was immediate and extensive. As an honest and accomplished writer, careful in his facts, clear and pol-

ished in his style, and comprehensive in his knowledge and observation, Dr Clarke has not been excelled by any general European traveller.]

We were roused as soon as the sun dawned by Antony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the Pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin; and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appear as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the Pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation —ideas of duration almost endless, of power inconceivable, of majesty supreme, of solitude most awful, of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.

Upon the 23d of August 1802 we set out for the Pyramids, the inundation enabling us to approach within less than a mile of the larger pyramid in our djerm [or boat]. Messrs. Hammer and Hamilton accompanied us. We arrived at Djiza at daybreak, and called upon some English officers, who wished to join our party upon this occasion. From Djiza our approach to the Pyramids was through a swampy country, by means of a narrow canal, which, however, was deep enough; and we arrived without any obstacle at nine o'clock at the bottom of a sandy slope leading up to the principal pyramid. Some Bedouin Arabs, who had assembled to receive us upon our landing, were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to show the way to the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travellers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast-high, and the breadth of each step is equal to its height, consequently the footing is secure; and although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required, and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption: but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope, &c.; these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting

of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid. Travellers of all ages and of various nations have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and presently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

Upon this area, which looks like a point when seen from Cairo or from the Nile, it is extraordinary that none of those numerous hermits fixed their abode who retired to the tops of columns and to almost inaccessible solitudes upon the pinnacles of the highest rocks. It offers a much more convenient and secure retreat than was selected by an ascetic who pitched his residence upon the architrave of a temple in the vicinity of Athens. The heat, according to Fahrenheit's thermometer at the time of our coming, did not exceed 84 degrees; and the same temperature continued during the time we remained, a strong wind blowing from the north-west. The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectations; nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appears at this season of the year, exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region towards Cairo and the Delta resembles a sea covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees were seen standing in the water, the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them an appearance of growing in the flood. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but a watery surface thus diversified by plantations and by villages. To the south we saw the Pyramids of Saccára; and upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind nearer to the Nile. An appearance of ruins might indeed be traced the whole way from the Pyramids of Djiza to those of Saccára, as if they had once been connected, so as to constitute one vast cemetery. Beyond the Pyramids of Saccára we could perceive the distant mountains of the Said; and upon an eminence near the Libyan side of the Nile, appeared a monastery of considerable size. Towards the west and south-west, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand.

Upon the south-east side is the gigantic statue of the Sphinx, the most colossal piece of sculpture which remains of all the works executed by the ancients. The French have uncovered all the pedestal of this statue, and all the cumbent or leonine parts of the figure; these were before entirely concealed by sand. Instead, however, of answering the expectations raised concerning the work upon which it was supposed to rest, the pedestal proves to be a wretched substructure of brick-work and small pieces of stone put together, like the most insignificant piece of modern masonry, and wholly out of character both with respect to the prodigious labour bestowed upon the statue itself, and the gigantic appearance of the surrounding objects. Beyond the Sphinx we distinctly discerned, amidst the sandy waste, the remains and vestiges of a magnificent building, perhaps the Serapeum.

Immediately beneath our view, upon the eastern and western side, we saw so many tombs that we were unable to count them, some being half-buried in the sand, others rising considerably above it. All these are of an oblong form, with sides sloping like the roofs of European houses. A plan of their situation and appearance is given in Pocock's *Travels*. The second pyramid, standing to the south-west, has the remains of a covering near its vertex, as of a plaiting of stone which had once invested all its four sides. Some persons, deceived by the external hue of this covering, have believed it to be made of marble; but its white appearance is owing to a partial decomposition affecting the surface only. Not a single fragment of marble can be found anywhere near this pyramid. It is surrounded by a paved court, having walls on the outside, and places as for doors or portals in the walls; also an advanced work or portico. A third pyramid, of much smaller dimensions than the second, appears beyond the Sphinx to the south-west; and there are three others, one of which is nearly buried in the sand, between the large pyramid and this statue to the south-east.

THE RUINS AT THEBES.

[JOHN BAPTIST BELZONI was a native of Padua, in Italy, who went to England in 1803. He was a man of immense stature and muscular strength, capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. From 1815 to 1819 he was engaged in exploring the antiquities of Egypt. Works on this subject had previously appeared—The "*Egyptiaca*" of Hamilton, (1809); Mr. Legh's "*Narrative of a Journey in Egypt*," (1816); Captain Light's "*Travels*," (1818); and "*Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey*," &c., by Mr. R. Walpole, 1817. Mr. Legh's account of the antiquities of Nubia—the region situated on the upper part of the Nile—had attracted much attention. While the temples of Egypt are edifices raised above ground, those of Nubia are excavated rocks, and some almost of mountain magnitude have been hewn into temples and chiseled into sculpture. Mr. Legh was the first adventurer in this career. Belzoni acted as assistant to Mr. Salt, the British consul at Egypt, in exploring the Egyptian Pyramids and ancient tombs. Some of these remains of art were eminently rich and splendid, and one which he discovered near Thebes containing a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, minutely sculptured with hundreds of figures, he brought with him to Britain, and it is now in the British Museum. In 1820 he published "*A Narrative of Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, &c. in Egypt and Nubia*," which shows how much may be done by the labour and unremitting exertions of one individual. Belzoni's success in Egypt, his great bodily strength, and his adventurous spirit, inspired him with the hope of achieving discoveries in Africa. He sailed to the coast of Guinea, with the intention of travelling to Timbuktu, but died at Benin of an attack of dysentery on the 3d of December, 1823, aged sixty-five. We subjoin a few passages from Belzoni's Narrative:]

On the 22d, we saw for the first time the ruins of great Thebes, and landed at Luxor. Here I beg the reader to observe, that but very imperfect ideas can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes, even from the accounts of the most skilful and accurate travellers. It is absolutely impossible to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller at once one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with the two obelisks, and colossal statues in the front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments, and the sanctuary it contains; the beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns, described by Mr. Hamilton—cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all that he has seen before. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the towering remains that project a great height above the wood of palm-trees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphinxes, portals and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournou, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c., are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.

OPENING A TOMB AT THEBES.

On the 16th of October 1817, I set a number of fellahs, or labouring Arabs, to work, and caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill, and under the bed of a torrent, which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the spot in which they were digging. No one could imagine that the ancient Egyptians could make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water; but I had strong reasons to suppose that there was a tomb in the place, from indications I had previously observed in my search of other sepulchres. The Arabs, who were accustomed to dig, were all of opinion that nothing was to be found there; but I persisted in carrying on the work; and on the evening of the following day we perceived the part of the rock that had been hewn and cut away. On the 18th, early in the morning, the task was resumed; and

about noon, the workmen reached the opening, which was eighteen feet below the surface of the ground. When there was room enough for me to creep through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor, I perceived immediately, by the painting on the roof, and by the hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, that I had at length reached the entrance of a large and magnificent tomb. I hastily passed along this corridor, and came to a staircase 23 feet long, at the foot of which I entered another gallery 37 feet 3 inches long, where my progress was suddenly arrested by a large pit 30 feet deep and 14 feet by 12 feet 3 inches wide. On the other side, and in front of me, I observed a small aperture 2 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches high, and at the bottom of the pit a quantity of rubbish. A rope fastened to a piece of wood, that was laid across the passage against the projections which formed a kind of doorway, appeared to have been used formerly for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another which reached the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. The wood, and the rope fastened to it, crumbled to dust on being touched. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend by means of a rope into the aperture. It was not till the following day that we contrived to make a bridge of two beams, and crossed the pit, when we discovered the little aperture to be an opening forced through a wall, that had entirely closed what we afterwards found to be the entrance into magnificent halls and corridors beyond. The ancient Egyptians had closely shut it up, plastered the wall over, and painted it like the rest of the sides of the pit, so that, but for the aperture, it would have been impossible to suppose that there was any further proceeding. Any one would have concluded that the tomb ended with the pit. Besides, the pit served the purpose of receiving the rain-water which might occasionally fall in the mountain, and thus kept out the damp from the inner part of the tomb. We passed through the small aperture, and then made the full discovery of the whole sepulchre.

An inspection of the model will exhibit the numerous galleries and halls through which we wandered; and the vivid colours and extraordinary figures on the walls and ceilings, which everywhere met our view, will convey an idea of the astonishment we must have felt at every step. In one apartment we found the carcass of a bull embalmed; and also scattered in various places wooden figures of mummies covered with asphaltum, to preserve them. In some of the rooms were lying about statues of fine earth, baked, coloured blue, and strongly varnished; in another part were four wooden figures standing erect, four feet high, with a circular hollow inside, as if intended to contain a roll of papyrus. The sarcophagus, of oriental alabaster, was found in the centre of the hall, to which I gave the name of the saloon, without a cover, which had been removed and broken; and the body that had once occupied this superb coffin had been carried away. We were not, therefore, the first who had profanely entered this mysterious mansion of the dead, though there is no doubt it had remained undisturbed since the time of the invasion of the Persians.

DISCOVERY OF HER SON BY LADY RANDOLPH.

[John Home or Hume, born at Ancrum, Roxboroughshire, Scotland, in 1722, studied theology at the University of Edinburgh, fought on the Hanoverian side in the rebellion of 1745; was appointed pastor at Athelstaneford in 1746.

In 1756 his tragedy of "*Douglas*" was produced at Edinburgh with great success, but the circumstance that it was written by a clergyman produced such a scandal that Hume resigned from the Church in 1754. George III. gave him a pension and a sinecure office, and he continued to write tragedies, "*Alonzo*," "*Alfred*," &c.; he died in 1808 at Edinburgh.

Chambers says of Hume's "*Douglas*,"—The most natural and affecting of all the tragic productions of the Eighteenth Century was the "*Douglas*" of Home, founded on the old ballad "*Gil Morrice*," which Percy has preserved in his "*Reliques*." "*Douglas*" was rejected by Garrick, and was first performed in Edinburgh in 1756. Next year Lord Bute procured its representation at Covent Garden, where it drew tears and applause as copiously as in Edinburgh. The plot of this drama is pathetic and interesting. The dialogue is sometimes flat and prosaic, but other parts are written with the liquid softness and moral beauty of Heywood or Dekker. Thus, on the wars of England and Scotland, we have these fine lines:

> Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
> The battle is their pastime. They go forth
> Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
> When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
> The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.

Maternal affection is well depicted under novel and striking circumstances—the accidental discovery of a lost child—"My beautiful! my brave!"—and Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," considered that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas are described, had no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient drama. Douglas himself, the young hero, "enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life, and every other advantage, when glory lay in the balance," is beautifully drawn, and formed the school-boy model of most of the Scottish youth "sixty years since." As a specimen of the style and diction of Home, we subjoin part of the discovery scene. Lord Randolph is attacked by four men, and rescued by young Douglas. An old man is found in the woods, and is taken up as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being also in his possession.]

PRISONER—LADY RANDOLPH—ANNA, her maid.

Lady Randolph. Account for these; thine own they cannot be:
For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*

Prisoner. Alas! I am sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R. O Anna, hear!—Once more I charge thee speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine—
Four helpless infants and their weeping mother—
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's side
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost;
But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady R. Was he alive?

Pris. He was.

Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?

Pris. I was not so inhuman.

Lady R. Didst thou not?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them;
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives!

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R. O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?

Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R. Where is he now?

Pris. Alas! I know not where.

Lady R. O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.

Anna. Permit me, ever honoured! keen impatience,
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.—
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travelled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,

For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?

Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.

Lady R. 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.

Anna. Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's heart
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna; Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!

Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.

Pris. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath saved my master's house.

Lady R. Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye; such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May Heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean;
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shall live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

JOHN HOME

THE BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.

[CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, a Roman general, afterwards emperor, born B. C. 102, died by assassination 44 B. C. The extraordinary talents of Cæsar were evinced at a very early age, both in military and in civil life; joined to a great ambition for power, he had a great appetite for pleasure, spending so lavishly that his debts alone amounted to five million dollars. After being pontifex maximus and prætor, he was chosen consul, at the age of forty-two, and administered that office with the greatest vigor and success. He limited the powers of the Senate and became a great favorite with the common people. Afterwards, as governor of Gaul, (now France) he subjugated the German and Belgic tribes, invaded Britain, and brought vast territories under the dominion of Rome. Returning to the city, his rival, Pompey, led a strong party against him, and the generals joined battle at Pharsalia, where Cæsar proved victorious. After repeated victories in Africa and elsewhere, Cæsar gained supreme power in Rome, becoming dictator and emperor, and the object of adulation. A conspiracy was formed by about sixty lovers of liberty, (or, as some think, patricians jealous of their own power in the state,) headed by Cassius and Brutus, and Cæsar was stabbed in the Senate house, falling pierced with twenty-three wounds.

As a general and statesman, Cæsar ranks among the very highest; as an orator and writer, he achieved no mean fame. His "*Commentaries On The Gallic War*," and on the Civil War, are written in simple and natural style; he speaks of himself always in the third person.]

Pompey, because he was encamped on a hill, drew up his army at the very foot of it, ever in expectation, as may be conjectured, that Cæsar would expose himself to this disadvantageous situation. Cæsar, seeing no likelihood of being able to bring Pompey to an action, judged it the most expedient method of conducting the war, to decamp from that post, and be always in motion: with this hope, that by shifting his camp and removing from place to place, he might be more conveniently supplied with corn, and also, that by being in motion he might get some opportunity of forcing them to battle, and might by constant marches harass Pompey's army, which was not accustomed to fatigue. These matters being

settled, when the signal for marching was given, and the tents struck, it was observed that shortly before, contrary to his daily practice, Pompey's army had advanced farther than usual from his entrenchments, so that it appeared possible to come to an action on equal ground. Then Cæsar addressed himself to his soldiers, when they were at the gates of the camp, ready to march out. "We must defer," says he, "our march at present, and set our thoughts on battle, which has been our constant wish; let us then meet the foe with resolute souls. We shall not hereafter easily find such an opportunity." He immediately marched out at the head of his troops.

Pompey also, as was afterwards known, at the unanimous solicitation of his friends, had determined to try the fate of a battle. For he had even declared in council a few days before, that, before the battalions came to battle, Cæsar's army would be put to the rout. When most people expressed their surprise at it, "I know," says he, "that I promise a thing almost incredible; but hear the plan on which I proceed, that you may march to battle with more confidence and resolution. I have persuaded our cavalry, and they have engaged to execute it, as soon as the two armies have met, to attack Cæsar's right wing on the flank, and enclosing their army on the rear, throw them into disorder, and put them to the rout, before we shall throw a weapon against the enemy. By this means we shall put an end to the war, without endangering the legions, and almost without a blow. Nor is this a difficult matter, as we far outnumber them in cavalry." At the same time he gave them notice to be ready for battle on the day following, and since the opportunity which they had so often wished for was now arrived, not to disappoint the opinion generally entertained of their experience and valor.

After him Labienus spoke, as well to express his contempt of Cæsar's forces, as to extol Pompey's scheme with the highest encomiums. "Think not, Pompey," says he, "that this is the army which conquered Gaul and Germany; I was present at all those battles, and do not speak at random on a subject to which I am a stranger: a very small part of that army now remains, great numbers lost their lives, as must necessarily happen in so many battles; many fell victims to the autumnal pestilence in Italy, many returned home, and many were left behind on the continent. Have you not heard that the cohorts at Brundisium are composed of invalids? The forces which you now behold, have been recruited by levies lately made in Hither Spain, and the greater part from the colonies beyond the Po; moreover the flower of the forces perished in the two engagements at Dyrrachium." Having so said, he took an oath, never to return to his camp unless victorious; and he encouraged the rest to do the like. Pompey applauded his proposal, and took the same oath; nor did any person present hesitate to take it. After this had passed in the council they broke up full of hopes and joy, and in imagination anticipated victory; because they thought that in a matter of such importance, no groundless assertion could be made by a general of such experience.

When Cæsar had approached near Pompey's camp, he observed that his army was drawn up in the following manner:—On the left wing were the two legions, delivered over by Cæsar at the beginning of the disputes in compliance with the senate's decree, one of which was called the first, the other the third. Here Pompey commanded in person. Scipio, with the Syrian legions, commanded the centre. The Cilician legions, in conjunction with the Spanish cohorts, which we said were brought over by Afranius, were disposed on the right wing. These Pompey considered his steadiest troops. The rest he had interspersed between the centre and the wing, and he had a hundred and ten complete cohorts; these amounted to forty-five thousand men. He had besides two cohorts of volunteers, who having received favors from him in former wars, flocked to his standard: these were dispersed through his whole army. The seven remaining cohorts he had disposed to protect his camp, and the neighboring forts. His right wing was secured by a river with steep banks; for which reason he placed all his cavalry, archers, and slingers, on his left wing.

Cæsar, observing his former custom, had placed the tenth legion on the right, the ninth on the left, although it was very much weakened by the battles at Dyrrachium. He placed the eighth legion so close to the ninth, as to almost make one of the two, and ordered them to support one another. He drew up on the field eighty cohorts, making a total of twenty-two thousand men. He left two cohorts to guard the camp. He

gave the command of the left wing to Antonius, of the right to P. Sulla, and of the centre to Cn. Domitius: he himself took his post opposite Pompey. At the same time, fearing, from the disposition of the enemy which we have previously mentioned, lest his right wing might be surrounded by their numerous cavalry, he rapidly drafted a single cohort from each of the legions composing the third line, formed of them a fourth line, and opposed them to Pompey's cavalry, and acquainting them with his wishes, admonished them that the success of that day depended on their courage. At the same time he ordered the third line, and the entire army not to charge without his command: that he would give them the signal whenever he wished them to do so.

When he was exhorting his army to battle, according to the military custom, and spoke to them of the favors they had constantly received from him, he took especial care to remind them "that he could call his soldiers to witness the earnestness with which he had sought peace, the efforts that he had made by Vatinius to gain a conference, [with Labienus] and likewise by Claudius to treat with Scipio, in what manner he had exerted himself at Oricum, to gain permission from Libo to send ambassadors; that he had been always reluctant to shed the blood of his soldiers, and did not wish to deprive the republic of one or other of her armies." After delivering this speech, he gave by a trumpet the signal to his soldiers, who were eagerly demanding it, and were very impatient for the onset.

There was in Cæsar's army, a volunteer of the name of Crastinus, who the year before had been first centurion of the tenth legion, a man of pre-eminent bravery. He, when the signal was given, says, "Follow me, my old comrades, and display such exertions in behalf of your general as you have determined to do: this is our last battle, and when it shall be won, he will recover his dignity, and we our liberty." At the same time he looked back to Cæsar, and said, "General, I will act in such a manner to-day, that you will feel grateful to me living or dead." After uttering these words he charged first on the right wing, and about one hundred and twenty chosen volunteers of the same century followed.

There was so much space left between the two lines, as sufficed for the onset of the hostile armies: but Pompey had ordered his soldiers to await Cæsar's attack, and not to advance from their position, or suffer their line to be put into disorder. And he is said to have done this by the advice of Caius Triarius, that the impetuosity of the charge of Cæsar's soldiers might be checked, and their line broken, and that Pompey's troops remaining in their ranks, might attack them while in disorder; and he thought the javelins would fall with less force if the soldiers were kept in their ground, than if they met them in their course; at the same time he trusted that Cæsar's soldiers, after running over double the usual ground, would become weary and exhausted by the fatigue. But to me Pompey seems to have acted without sufficient reason: for there is a certain impetuosity of spirit and an alacrity implanted by nature in the hearts of all men, which is inflamed by a desire to meet the foe. This a general should endeavor not to repress, but to increase; nor was it a vain institution of our ancestors, that the trumpets should sound on all sides, and a general shout be raised; by which they imagined that the enemy were struck with terror, and their own army inspired with courage.

But our men, when the signal was given, rushed forward with their javelins ready to be launched, but perceiving that Pompey's men did not run to meet their charge, having acquired experience by custom, and being practised in former battles, they of their own accord repressed their speed, and halted almost midway, that they might not come up with the enemy when their strength was exhausted, and after a short respite they again renewed their course, and threw their javelins, and instantly drew their swords, as Cæsar had ordered them. Nor did Pompey's men fail in this crisis, for they received our javelins, stood our charge, and maintained their ranks: and having launched their javelins, had recourse to their swords. At the same time Pompey's horse, according to their orders, rushed out at once from his left wing, and his whole host of archers poured after them. Our calvary did not withstand their charge: but gave ground a little, upon which Pompey's horse pressed them more vigorously, and began to file off in troops, and flank our army. When Cæsar perceived this, he gave the signal to his fourth line, which he had formed of the six cohorts. They instantly rushed forward and charged Pompey's horse with such fury, that not a man of them stood; but all wheeling about, not only quitted their post, but galloped forward to seek a refuge in the

highest mountains. By their retreat the archers and slingers, being left destitute and defenceless, were all cut to pieces. The cohorts, pursuing their success, wheeled about upon Pompey's left wing, whilst his infantry still continued to make battle, and attacked them in the rear.

At the same time Cæsar ordered his third line to advance, which till then had not been engaged, but had kept their post. Thus, new and fresh troops having come to the assistance of the fatigued, and others having made an attack on their rear, Pompey's men were not able to maintain their ground, but all fled, nor was Cæsar deceived in his opinion, that the victory, as he had declared in his speech to his soldiers, must have its beginning from those six cohorts, which he had placed as a fourth line to oppose the horse. For by them the cavalry were routed; by them the archers and slingers were cut to pieces; by them the left wing of Pompey's army was surrounded, and obliged to be the first to flee. But when Pompey saw his cavalry routed, and that part of his army on which he reposed his greatest hopes, thrown into confusion, despairing of the rest, he quitted the field, and retreated straightway on horseback to his camp, and calling to the centurions, whom he had placed to guard the prætorian gate, with a loud voice, that the soldiers might hear: "Secure the camp," says he, "defend it with diligence, if any danger should threaten it; I will visit the other gates, and encourage the guards of the camp." Having thus said, he retired into his tent in utter despair, yet anxiously awaiting the issue.

Cæsar having forced the Pompeians to flee into their entrenchment, and thinking that he ought not to allow them any respite to recover from their fright, exhorted his soldiers to take advantage of fortune's kindness, and to attack the camp. Though they were fatigued by the intense heat, for the battle had continued until mid-day, yet, being prepared to undergo any labor, they cheerfully obeyed his command. The camp was bravely defended by the cohorts which had been left to guard it, but with much more spirit by the Thracians and foreign auxiliaries. For the soldiers who had fled for refuge to it from the field of battle, affrighted and exhausted by fatigue, having thrown away their arms and military standards, had their thoughts more engaged on their further escape than on the defence of the camp. Nor could the troops who were posted on the battlements long withstand the immense number of our darts, but fainting under their wounds, quitted the place, and under the conduct of their centurions and tribunes, fled without stopping to the high mountains which joined the camp.

In Pompey's camp you might see arbors in which tables were laid, a large quantity of plate set out, the floors of the tents covered with fresh sod, the tents of Lucius Lentulus and others shaded with ivy, and many other things which were proofs of excessive luxury, and a confidence of victory, so that it might readily be inferred, that they had no apprehensions of the issue of the day, as they indulged themselves in unnecessary pleasures, and yet upbraided with luxury Cæsar's army, distressed and suffering troops, who had always been in want of common necessaries. Pompey, as soon as our men had forced the trenches, mounting his horse, and stripping off his general's habit, went hastily out the back gate of the camp, and galloped with all speed to Larissa. Nor did he stop there, but with the same despatch, collecting a few of his flying troops, and halting neither day nor night, he arrived at the sea-side, attended by only thirty horse, and went on board a victualling barque, often complaining, as we have been told, that he had been so deceived in his expectation, that he was almost persuaded that he had been betrayed by those from whom he had expected victory, as they began the flight.

Cæsar, having possessed himself of Pompey's camp, urged his soldiers not to be too intent on plunder, and lose the opportunity of completing their conquest. Having obtained their consent, he began to draw lines round the mountain. The Pompeians distrusting the position, as there was no water on the mountain, abandoned it, and all began to retreat toward Larissa; which Cæsar perceiving divided his troops, and ordering part of his legions to remain in Pompey's camp, sent back a part to his own camp, and taking four legions with him, went by a shorter road to intercept the enemy: and having marched six miles, drew up his army. But the Pompeians observing this, took post on a mountain whose foot was washed by a river. Cæsar having encouraged his troops, though they were greatly exhausted by incessant labor the whole day, and night was now approaching, by throwing up works cut off the communi-

cation between the river and the mountain, that the enemy might not get water in the night. As soon as the work was finished, they sent ambassadors to treat about a capitulation. A few senators who had espoused that party, made their escape by night.

At break of day Cæsar ordered all those who had taken part on the mountain, to come down from the higher grounds into the plain, and pile their arms. When they did this without refusal, and with outstretched arms, prostrating themselves on the ground, with tears, implored his mercy: he comforted them and bade them rise, and having spoken a few words of his own clemency to alleviate their fears, he pardoned them all, and gave orders to his soldiers, that no injury should be done to them, and nothing taken from them. Having used this diligence he ordered the legions in his camp to come and meet him, and those which were with him to take their turn of rest, and go back to the camp: and the same day went to Larissa.

In that battle, no more than two hundred privates were missing, but Cæsar lost about thirty centurions, valiant officers. Crastinus, also, of whom mention was made before, fighting most courageously, lost his life by the wound of a sword in his mouth; nor was that false which he declared when marching to battle: for Cæsar entertained the highest opinion of his behaviour in that battle; and thought him highly deserving of his approbation. Of Pompey's army there fell about fifteen thousand; but upwards of twenty-four thousand were made prisoners: for even the cohorts which were stationed in the forts, surrendered to Sylla. Several others took shelter in the neighboring states. One hundred and eighty stands of colors, and nine eagles, were brought to Cæsar.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE BROWN JUG.

[FRANCIS FAWKES (1721–1777) translated Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and other classic poets, and wrote some pleasing original verses. He was a clergyman, and died vicar of Hayes, in Kent. Fawkes enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Wotton; but, however classic in his tastes and studies, he seems to have relished a cup of English ale. The following song is still, and will always be, a favorite:]

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale—
In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale—
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship and mirth, and mild ale,
So here 's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

Johnson acknowledged that 'Frank Fawkes had done the Odes of Anacreon very finely.'

FRANCIS FAWKES.

SONG—MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

[JOHN CUNNINGHAM (1729–1773), the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin, was an actor, and performed several years in Digges's company, Edinburgh. In his latter years he sunk into careless, dissipated habits, and resided in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the house of a 'generous printer,' whose hospitality for some time supported the poet. Cunningham's pieces are full of pastoral simplicity and lyrical melody. He aimed at nothing high, and seldom failed.]

The silver moon's enamoured beam
  Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
  And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep—
  'Tis where you 've seldom been—
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
  With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
  In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
  And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
  The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
  As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
  We 'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
  And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
  He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
  'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we 'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry:
"'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

PETER THE HERMIT AND THE CRUSADES.

[Joseph François Michaud, a French journalist and historical writer, 1767-1839, was an ardent royalist politician, and banished during the French Revolution for his opinions. The great encyclopædia of biography known as the "*Biographie Universelle*," was published by Michaud and his two brothers, who employed a multitude of writers on the work. Michaud was elected to the French Academy in 1812, and in 1811-22 appeared his most important work, "*Histoire des Croisades*," which went through numerous editions, and has been translated into various languages.]

The glory of delivering Jerusalem belonged to a simple pilgrim, possessed of no other power than the influence of his character and his genius. Some assign an obscure origin to Peter the Hermit, others say he was descended from a noble family of Picardy; but all agree that he had an ignoble and vulgar exterior. Born with a restless, active spirit, he sought, in all conditions of life, for an object which he could meet with in none. The study of letters, bearing arms, celibacy, marriage, the ecclesiastical state, offered nothing to him that could fill his heart or satisfy his ardent mind. Disgusted with the world and mankind, he retired amongst the most austere cenobites. Fasting, prayer, meditation, the silence of solitude, exalted his imagination. In his visions he kept up an habitual commerce with heaven, and believed himself the instrument of its designs, and the depository of its will. He possessed the fervour of an apostle, with the courage of a martyr. His zeal gave way to no obstacle, and all that he desired seemed easy of attainment. When he spoke, the passions with which he was agitated animated his gestures and his words, and communicated themselves to his auditors. Such was the extraordinary man who gave the signal to the Crusaders, and who, without fortune and without name, by the ascendency of his tears and prayers alone, succeeded in moving the West to precipitate itself in a mass upon Asia.

The fame of the pilgrimages to the East drew Peter from his retreat, and he followed into Palestine the crowd of Christians who went to visit the holy places. The sight of Jerusalem excited him much more than any of the other pilgrims, for it created in his ardent mind a thousand conflicting sentiments. In the city, which exhibited everywhere marks of the mercy and the anger of God, all objects inflamed his piety, irritated his devotion and his zeal, and filled him by turns with respect, terror, and indignation. After having followed his brethren to Calvary and the tomb of Christ, he repaired to the patriarch of Jerusalem. The white hairs of Simeon, his venerable figure, and, above all, the persecution which he had undergone, bespoke the full confidence of Peter, and they wept together over the ills of the Christians. The hermit, his heart torn, his face bathed in tears, asked if there was no termination to be looked for, no remedy to be devised, for so many calamities? "Oh, most faithful of Christians!" replied the patriarch, "is it not plain that our iniquities have shut us out from all access to the mercy of the Lord? All Asia is in the power of the Mussulmans, all the East is sunk into a state of slavery; no power on earth can assist us." At these words Peter interrupted Simeon and pointed out to him the hope that the warriors of the West might one day be the liberators of Jerusalem. "Yes, without doubt," replied the patriarch, "when the measure of our afflictions shall be full, when God will be moved by our miseries, he will soften the hearts of the princes of the West, and will send them to the succour of the holy city." At these words Peter and Simeon felt their hearts expand with hope, and embraced each other, shedding tears of joy. The patriarch resolved to implore, by his letters, the help of the pope and the princes of Europe, and the hermit swore to be the interpreter of the Christians of the East, and to rouse the West to take arms for their deliverance.

After this interview, the enthusiasm of Peter knew no bounds; he was persuaded that Heaven itself called upon him to avenge its cause. One day, whilst prostrated before the holy sepulchre, he believed that he heard the voice of Christ, which said to him,—"Peter, arise! hasten to proclaim the tribulations of my people; it is time that my servants should receive help, and that the

holy places should be delivered." Full of the spirit of these words, which sounded unceasingly in his ears, and charged with letters from the patriarch, he quitted Palestine, crossed the seas, landed on the coast of Italy, and hastened to cast himself at the feet of the pope. The chair of St. Peter was then occupied by Urban II., who had been the disciple and confidant of both Gregory and Victor. Urban embraced with ardour a project which had been entertained by his predecessors ; he received Peter as a prophet, applauded his design, and bade him go forth and announce the approaching deliverance of Jerusalem.

Peter the Hermit traversed Italy, crossed the Alps, visited all parts of France, and the greatest portion of Europe, inflaming all hearts with the same zeal that consumed his own. He travelled mounted on a mule, with a crucifix in his hand, his feet bare, his head uncovered, his body girded with a thick cord, covered with a long frock, and a hermit's hood of the coarsest stuff. The singularity of his appearance was a spectacle for the people, whilst the austerity of his manners, his charity, and the moral doctrines that he preached, caused him to be revered as a saint wherever he came.

He went from city to city, from province to province, working upon the courage of some, and the piety of others ; sometimes haranguing from the pulpits of the churches, sometimes preaching in the high roads or public places. His eloquence was animated and impressive, and filled with those vehement apostrophes which produce such effects upon an uncultivated multitude. He described the profanation of the holy places, and the blood of the Christians shed in torrents in the streets of Jerusalem. He invoked, by turns, Heaven, the saints, the angels, to bear witness to the truth of what he told them. He apostrophized Mount Sion, the rock of Calvary, and the Mount of Olives, which he made to resound with sobs and groans. When he had exhausted speech in painting the miseries of the faithful, he showed the spectators the crucifix which he carried with him ; sometimes striking his breast and wounding his flesh, sometimes shedding torrents of tears.

The people followed the steps of Peter in crowds. The preacher of the holy war was received everywhere as a messenger from God. They who could touch his vestments esteemed themselves happy, and a portion of hair pulled from the mule he rode was preserved as a holy relic. At the sound of his voice, differences in families were reconciled, the poor were comforted, the debauched blushed at their errors ; nothing was talked of but the virtues of the eloquent cenobite ; his austerities and his miracles were described, and his discourses were repeated to those who had not heard him, and been edified by his presence.

He often met, in his journeys, with Christians from the East, who had been banished from their country, and wandered over Europe, subsisting on charity. Peter the Hermit presented them to the people, as living evidences of the barbarity of the infidels ; and pointing to the rags with which they were clothed, he burst into torrents of invectives against their oppressors and persecutors. At the sight of these miserable wretches, the faithful felt, by turns, the most lively emotions of pity, and the fury of vengeance ; all deploring in their hearts the miseries and the disgrace of Jerusalem. The people raised their voices towards heaven, to entreat God to deign to cast a look of pity upon his beloved city ; some offering their riches, others their prayers, but all promising to lay down their lives for the deliverance of the holy places.

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The council held its tenth sitting in the great square or place of Clermont, which was soon filled by an immense crowd. Followed by his cardinals, the pope ascended a species of throne which had been prepared for him ; at his side was Peter the Hermit, clad in that whimsical and uncouth garb which had everywhere drawn upon him the attention and the respect of the multitude. The apostle of the holy war spoke first of the outrages committed against the religion of Christ ; he reverted to the profanations and sacrileges of which he had been a witness ; he pictured the torments and persecutions which a people, enemies to God and man, had caused those to suffer who had been led by religion to visit the holy places. He had seen, he said, Christians loaded with irons, dragged into slavery, or harnessed to the yoke, like the vilest animals ; he had seen the oppressors of Jerusalem sell to the children of Christ permission to salute the temple of their God, tear from them even the bread of their misery, and torment their poverty itself to obtain their tribute ; he had seen the ministers of God dragged from their sanctuaries, beaten with rods, and condemned to an ignominious death. Whilst

describing the misfortunes and degradations of the Christians, the countenance of Peter was cast down, and exhibited feelings of consternation and horror; his voice was choked with sobs; his lively emotion penetrated every heart.

Urban, who spoke after Peter, represented, as he had done, the holy places as profaned by the domination of the infidels. That land, consecrated by the presence of the Saviour, that mountain whereon He expiated our sins by His sufferings,—that tomb in which He deigned to be enclosed as a victim to death, had all become the heritage of the impious. The altars of false prophets were raised within those walls which had contained the august assembly of the apostles. God had no longer a sanctuary in His own city; the East, the cradle of the Christian religion, now witnessed nothing but sacrilegious pomps; impiety had spread its darkness over all the richest countries of Asia. Antioch, Ephesus, Nicea, had become Mussulman cities; the Turks had carried their ravages and their odious dominion even to the Straits of the Hellespont, to the very gates of Constantinople, and from thence they threatened the West.

The sovereign pontiff addressed himself to all the nations that were represented at the council, and particularly to the French, who formed the majority:—"Nation beloved by God," said he, "it is in your courage that the Christian church has placed its hope;—it is because I am well acquainted with your piety and your bravery that I have crossed the Alps, and am come to preach the word of God in these countries. You have not forgotten that the land you inhabit has been invaded by the Saracens, and that but for the exploits of Charles Martel and Charlemagne, France would have received the laws of Mahomet. Recall without ceasing, to your minds the danger and glory of your fathers; led by heroes whose names should never die, they delivered your country, they saved the West from shameful slavery. More noble triumphs await you, under the guidance of the God of armies; you will deliver Europe and Asia; you will save the city of Jesus Christ,—that Jerusalem which was chosen by the Lord, and from whence the law is come to us."

As Urban proceeded, the sentiments by which he was animated penetrated to the very souls of his auditors. When he spoke of the captivity and the misfortunes of Jerusalem, the whole assembly was dissolved in tears; when he described the tyranny and perfidy of the infidels, the warriors who listened to him clutched their swords, and swore in their hearts to avenge the cause of the Christians. Urban redoubled their enthusiasm by announcing that God had chosen them to accomplish his designs, and exhorted them to turn those arms against the Mussulmans which they now bore in conflict against their brothers. They were not now called upon to revenge the injuries of men, but injuries offered to divinity; it was now not the conquest of a town or a castle that was offered to them as the reward of their valour, but the riches of Asia, the possession of a land in which, according to the promises of the Scriptures, flowed streams of milk and honey.

The pontiff sought to awaken in their minds, by turns, ambition, the love of glory, religious enthusiasm, and pity for their Christian brethren. "There scarcely exists," said he, "a Christian family into which the Mussulmans have not brought mourning and despair. How many Christians every year leave the West, to find in Asia nothing but slavery or death! Bishops have been delivered over to the executioner; the virgins of the Lord have been outraged; holy places have been despoiled of their ornaments; the offerings of piety have become the booty of the enemies of God; the children of the faithful have forgotten in bondage the faith of their fathers, and bear upon their bodies the impression of their opprobrium. Witnesses of so many calamities, the Christians of Jerusalem would long since have left the holy city, if they had not imposed upon themselves the obligation of succouring and consoling pilgrims, if they had not feared to leave without priests, without altars, without worshippers, a land where still smokes the blood of Jesus Christ."

At these words the auditors of Urban displayed an enthusiasm that human eloquence had never before inspired. The assembly arose in one mass as one man, and answered him with a unanimous cry,—"*It is the will of God! It is the will of God!*" "Yes, without doubt, it is the will of God," continued the eloquent Urban; "you to-day see the accomplishment of the word of our Saviour, who promised to be in the midst of the faithful, when assembled in His name; it is He who has dictated to you the words that I have heard. Let them be your war-cry, and let them announce everywhere the presence of the God of

armies." On finishing these words, the pontiff exhibited to the assembled Christians, the sign of their redemption. "It is Christ Himself," said he to them, "who issues from His tomb and presents to you His cross: it will be the sign raised among the nations, which is to gather together again the dispersed children of Israel. Wear it upon your shoulders and upon your breasts; let it shine upon your arms and upon your standards; it will be to you the surety of victory or the palm of martyrdom; it will unceasingly remind you that Christ died for you, and that it is your duty to die for Him."

When Urban had ceased to speak, loud acclamations burst from the multitude. Pity, indignation, despair, at the same time agitated the tumultuous assembly of the faithful: some shed tears over Jerusalem and the fate of the Christians; others swore to exterminate the race of the Mussulmans; but, all at once, at a signal from the sovereign pontiff, the most profound silence prevailed. Cardinal Gregory, who afterwards occupied the chair of St. Peter, under the name of Innocent II., pronounced, in a loud voice, a form of general confession, the assembly all fell upon their knees, beat their breasts, and received absolution for their sins.

Adhémar de Monteil, bishop of Puy, demanded to be first allowed to enter into the *way of God*, and took the cross from the hand of the pope; several other bishops following his example. Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, excused himself by his ambassadors for not being able to be present at the council of Clermont; he had already, he said, fought against the Saracens in Spain, and he promised to go and fight against them in Asia, followed by the bravest and most faithful of his warriors. The barons and knights who had heard the exhortations of Urban, all took a solemn oath to revenge the cause of Jesus Christ; they forgot their private quarrels, and even they who were at actual war had no longer any enemies than the Mussulmans. All the faithful promised to respect the decrees of the council, and decorated their garments with a red cross. From that time all who engaged to combat the infidels were termed "*Bearers of the Cross*," and the holy war took the name of *Crusade*. The faithful solicited Urban to place himself at their head; but the pontiff, who had not yet triumphed over the anti-pope Guibert, who was dealing out at the same time his anathemas against the king of France and the emperor of Germany, could not quit Europe without compromising the power and the policy of the Holy See. He refused to be chief of the Crusade, and named the bishop of Puy apostolic legate with the army of the Christians.

He promised to all who assumed the cross the entire remission of their sins. Their persons, their families, their property, were all placed under the protection of the Church, and of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. The council declared that every violence exercised upon the soldiers of Christ should be punished by anathema, and recommended its decrees in favour of the bearers of the cross to the watchful care of all bishops and priests. It regulated the discipline and the departure of those who had enrolled themselves in the holy ranks, and for fear reflection might deter any from leaving their homes, it threatened with excommunication all those who did not fulfil their vows.

Fame soon spread everywhere the war that had just been declared against the infidels. When the bishops returned to their dioceses, they still continued to bestow their blessings upon the crosses of the crowds of Christians that required to be led to the conquest of the Holy Land. Urban went through several provinces of France, to finish the work he had so happily begun. In the cities of Rouen, Tours and Nimes he held councils, in which he deplored the fate of the Christians of the East: everywhere the people and the great, the nobles and the clergy, obeyed the pressing exhortations of the pontiff, and promised to take arms against the Mussulmans.

It might be said that the French had no longer any country than the Holy Land, and that to it they were bound to sacrifice their all, their property, and their lives. This enthusiasm which had no bounds, was not long in extending itself to the other Christian nations; the flame which consumed France was communicated to England, still disturbed by the recent conquest of the Normans; to Germany, troubled by the anathemas of Gregory and Urban; to Italy, agitated by its factions; to Spain even, although it had to combat the Saracens on its own territory. Such was the ascendancy of the religion outraged by the infidels, such was the influence of the example given by the French, that all Christian nations seemed to forget at once, the

objects of their ambition or their fears, and furnished for the crusade, soldiers that they absolutely required to defend themselves. The entire West resounded with these words: "*He who will not take up his cross and come with me, is not worthy of me.*"

The clergy themselves set the example. Many of the bishops who bore the titles of counts and barons, and were accustomed to make war in defence of their bishoprics, thought it their duty to arm for the cause of Jesus Christ. The priests, to give greater weight to their exhortations, themselves assumed the cross; a great number of pastors resolved to follow their flocks to Jerusalem; not a few of them, as we shall see hereafter, having in their minds the rich bishoprics of Asia, and allowing themselves to be led by the hope of some day occupying the most celebrated sees of the Eastern church.

In the midst of the anarchy and troubles which had desolated Europe since the reign of Charlemagne, there had arisen an association of noble knights, who wandered over the world in search of adventures; and who had taken an oath to protect innocence, to fight against infidels, and, by a singular contrast, called themselves *The Champions of God and of Beauty.* The religion which had consecrated their institution and blessed their sword, called them to its defence, and the order of chivalry, which owes a great part of its splendour and progress to the holy wars, saw its warriors hasten to range themselves under the banners of the cross.

Ambition was, perhaps, not foreign to the devotion for the cause of Christ. If religion promised its rewards to those who were going to fight for it, fortune promised them, likewise, riches and the thrones of the earth. All who returned from the East, spoke with enthusiasm of the wonders they had seen, and of the rich provinces they had traversed. It was known that two or three hundred Norman pilgrims had conquered Apulia and Sicily from the Saracens. The lands occupied by the infidels appeared to be heritages promised to knights whose whole wealth consisted in their birth, their valour, and their sword.

We should nevertheless deceive ourselves if we did not believe that religion was the principle which acted most powerfully upon the greater number of the Crusaders. In ordinary times men follow their natural inclinations, and only obey the voice of their own interests; but in the times of the Crusades, religious fever was a blind passion, which spoke louder than all others. Religion permitted not any other glory, any other felicity to be seen by its ardent defenders, but those which she presented to their heated imagination. Love of country, family ties, the most tender affections of the heart, were all sacrificed to the ideas and the opinions which then possessed the whole of Europe. Moderation was cowardice, indifference treason, opposition a sacrilegious interference. The power of the laws was reckoned as nothing amongst men who believed they were fighting in the cause of God. Subjects scarcely acknowledged the authority of princes and lords in anything which concerned the holy war; the master and the slave had no other title than that of Christian, no other duty to perform than that of defending his religion, sword in hand.

Europe appeared to be a land of exile, which every one was eager to quit. Artisans, traders, labourers, abandoned the occupations by which they subsisted; barons and lords even renounced the domains of their fathers. The lands, the cities, the castles for which they had but of late been at war, all at once lost their value in the eyes of their possessors, and were given up, for small sums, to those whom the grace of God had not touched, and who were not called to the happiness of visiting the holy places and conquering the East.

They who had taken the cross encouraged each other, and addressed letters and sent ambassadors to hasten their departure. The benedictions of the heavens appeared to be promised to those who should be first ready to march to Jerusalem. Men even, who at the first had found fault with the delirium of the crusades, accused themselves of indifference for the cause of religion, and showed no less fervour than those who had given the example. All were eager to sell their possessions, but could find no purchasers. The Crusaders despised everything they could not carry with them; the productions of the earth were sold at a low price, which all at once brought back abundance even in the midst of scarcity.

As soon as the spring appeared, nothing could restrain the impatience of the Crusaders, and they set forward on their march to the place at which they were to assemble. The greater number went on foot; some horsemen appeared amongst the multitude;

a great many travelled in cars; they were clothed in a variety of manners, and armed in the same way, with lances, swords, javelins, iron clubs, &c., &c. The crowd of Crusaders presented a whimsical and confused mixture of all ranks and all conditions; women appeared in arms in the midst of warriors. Old age was to be seen with infancy, opulence next to misery; the helmet was confounded with the frock, the mitre with the sword. Around cities, around fortresses, in the plains, upon the mountains, were raised tents and pavilions; everywhere was displayed a preparation for war and festivity. Here was heard the sound of arms or the braying of trumpets, whilst at a short distance the air was filled with psalms and spiritual songs. From the Tiber to the ocean, and from the Rhine to the other side of the Pyrenees, nothing was to be seen but troops of men marked with the cross, who swore to exterminate the Saracens, and were chanting their songs of conquest beforehand. On all parts resounded the war-cry of the Crusaders—"*It is the will of God! It is the will of God!*"

Fathers themselves conducted their children, and made them swear to conquer or die for Jesus Christ. Warriors tore themselves from the arms of their wives and from their families, promising to return victorious. Women, or old men, whose weakness was left without support, accompanied their sons or their husbands to the nearest city, and there, not being able to separate themselves from the objects of their affections, determined to follow them to Jerusalem. They who remained in Europe envied the fate of the Crusaders, and could not restrain their tears; they who went to seek death in Asia were full of hope and joy. Families, whole villages set out for Palestine, and drew into their ranks all they met with on their passage. They marched on without forethought, and would not believe that He who nourishes the sparrow would leave pilgrims clothed with the holy cross to perish with want. Their ignorance added to their illusion, and lent an air of enchantment to everything they saw; they believed at every moment they were approaching the end of their pilgrimage. The children of the villagers, when they saw a city or a castle, asked *if that was Jerusalem?* Many of the great lords, who had passed their lives in their rustic donjons, knew very little more on this head than their vassals; they took with them their hunting and fishing appointments, and marched with their falcons on their wrists, preceded by their hounds. They expected to reach Jerusalem, enjoying themselves on the road, and to exhibit to Asia the rude luxury of their castles.

In the midst of the general delirium, no sage caused the voice of reason to be heard; nobody was then astonished at that which now creates so much surprise. These scenes so strange, in which every one was an actor, could only be a spectacle for posterity.

JOSEPH F. MICHAUD.

CHATEAU BONCOURT.

[LUDOLF ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO, a German poet and traveller, 1781–1838; was of French extraction, but devoted himself early to German literature. His story of "*Peter Schlemihl*," the man who lost his shadow, has been widely read, having been translated into most languages. Chamisso wrote some of the first ballads which have adorned German literature.]

A dream wafts me back to childhood,
And I shake my hoary head.
How ye crowd on my soul, ye visions
I thought were forever fled.

There glistens o'er dusky foliage
A lordly pile elate;
I know those towers and turrets,
The bridges, the massive gate.

Welcoming, kindly faces
The armorial lions show;
I greet each old acquaintance,
As in through the arch I go.

There lies the Sphinx at the fountain;
There darkly the fig-tree gleams;
'T was yonder, behind those windows,
I was rapt in my earliest dreams.

I enter the chapel, and look for
My ancestor's hallowed grave;
'T is here, and on yonder pillar
Is hanging his antique glaive.

I try to decipher the legend,
But a mist is upon my eyes,
Though the light from the painted window
Full on the marble lies.

Home of my fathers, how plainly
Thou standest before me now!
Yet thou from the earth art vanished
And over thee goes the plough.

Fruitful, dear earth, be thou ever;
My fondest blessings on thee!
And a double blessing go with him
That ploughs thee, whoe'er he be.

For me, to my destiny yielding,
I will go with my harp in my hand,
And wander the wide world over,
Singing from land to land.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUC DE SULLY.

[Sully, Maximilien De Bethune, Baron of Rosny, Duke of, born at Rosny, department of Seine-et-Oise, Dec. 13, 1560, of a Protestant family; was from his eleventh year educated with Henry of Navarre; accompanied him through his shifting fortunes, at the court and in the camp, and became his minister of finance and chief adviser in all public and private affairs when he ascended the throne under the name of Henry IV. He was an excellent financier. Although he diminished the taxes, he had always money ready for public undertakings, and amassed a reserve of 40,000,000 livres. His economical views were narrow—he considered agriculture as the only productive source of the wealth of a nation—but they suited the actual state of the country. He also distinguished himself as an engineer—in war by reducing fortresses held to be impregnable, and in peace by constructing roads, canals, harbors, etc. After the assassination of Henry IV., he resigned his office and retired into private life. Died Dec. 22, 1641. Of his Memoirs, 2 vols. were published by himself in 1634, and two more in 1662 by Jean le Laboureur; translated into English by Mrs. Lennox (1834).]

As for what relates to me personally: at the time of which I have been speaking, I entered into my eleventh year, being born the 13th of December, 1560. Although I was but the second of four sons, yet the imperfections of my eldest brother made my father look upon me as the future head of his family; all the indications of a strong and vigorous constitution recommending me still more to his favour. My parents bred me in the opinions and doctrine of the reformed religion, and I have continued constant in the profession of it; neither threats, promises, vicissitude of fortune, nor the change even of the king, my protector, joined to his most tender solicitations, have ever been able to make me renounce it.

Henry king of Navarre, who will have the principal share in these Memoirs, was seven years older than me, and when the peace of 1570 was concluded, entered into his eighteenth year. A noble and insinuating countenance, free, easy, and lively manners, with an uncommon dexterity in performing all the exercises suitable to his age, drew the esteem and admiration of all who knew him. He began early to discover those great talents for war, which have so highly distinguished him among other princes. Vigorous and indefatigable by the education of his infancy, he breathed nothing but labour, and seemed to wait with impatience for occasions of acquiring glory. The crown of France not being yet the object of his aspiring wishes, he indulged himself in forming schemes for the recovering that of Navarre, which Spain had unjustly usurped from his family; and this he thought he might be enabled to perform, by maintaining a secret intelligence with the Moors in Spain. The enmity he bore to this power was open and declared; it was born with him and he never condescended to conceal it. He felt his courage inflamed at the relation of the battle of Lepanto, which was fought at that time; and a like opportunity of distinguishing himself against the infidels became one of his most ardent wishes. The vast and flattering expectations which the astrologers agreed in making him conceive, were almost always present to his mind. He saw the foundation of them in that affection which Charles IX. early entertained for him, and which considerably increased a short time before his death: but animated as he was with these happy presages, he laboured to second them only in secret, and never disclosed his thoughts to any person but a small number of his most intimate confidants. * * * *

I set out for Calais in the beginning of June, where I was to embark, having with me a retinue of upwards of two hundred gentlemen, or who called themselves such, of whom a considerable number were really of the first distinction. Just before my departure, old Servin came and presented his son to me, and begged I would use my endeavours to make him a man of some worth and honesty; but he confessed it was what he dared not hope, not through want of any understanding or capacity in the young man, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice. The old man was in the right: for what he told me having excited my curiosity to gain a thorough knowledge of young Servin, I found him to be at once both a wonder and a monster; for I can give no other idea of that assemblage of the

most excellent and most pernicious qualities.

Let the reader represent to himself a man of genius so lively, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him acquainted with almost everything that could be known; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of whatever he attempted; and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned; he possessed all parts of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing; even in theology he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant for and against the reformed religion indifferently; he not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call learned, but also all the different jargons or modern dialects; he accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all or any of those countries; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully; he was, moreover, the best comedian and greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared; he had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses; he played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly; he likewise could say mass; for he was of a disposition to do, as well as to know, all things: his body was perfectly well suited to his mind, he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exercises; he could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired: there are no games of recreation that he did not know; and he was skilled in almost all mechanic arts. But now for the reverse of the medal: here it appeared that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard and glutton; a sharper in play, immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemer, an atheist: in a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honour, religion, and society; the truth of which he himself evinced with his latest breath, for he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with a glass in his hand, cursing and denying God!

I must not omit giving some account of the attempts that were made this year in France, to establish the stuff manufactures, and especially those of silk. Henry, who embraced with eagerness everything, which, in his opinion, could contribute to the glory and utility of the kingdom, suffered himself to be persuaded by les Bourgs and les Cumans, that it was a very easy matter not only to supply silks for our home consumption, which used to be brought from foreign countries and distant regions, but also to carry on a considerable trade in this manufacture with foreigners. For this purpose, all that was necessary, said they, was to give encouragement to silk weavers to come amongst us, to increase the breed of silkworms, plant mulberry trees, and erect large buildings fit for this sort of manufactures. I exclaimed loudly against this scheme, which I never approved: but the king was so prejudiced in favour of it, that all my remonstrances were ineffectual.

I remember that one day, when his majesty did me the honour to visit me at the Arsenal, to confer with me upon the necessary methods for establishing these manufactures, which could not be done without a great expense, we had a pretty warm debate upon it: "I know not," said he to me, finding I received all the proposals he made me on this subject, with that reserve and coldness which I always assumed when I was not in his opinion, "I know not what whim this is, that you have taken in your head, to oppose a scheme so well calculated to enrich and embellish the kingdom, to root out idleness from among the people, and which I should find so much satisfaction in completing." I replied, that this last reason had so much weight with me, that if I could see the least probability of succeeding in the schemes for a silk manufacture, I should content myself with representing to his majesty that he would purchase this satisfaction at rather too high a price, and destroy by it that which he proposed to himself in the execution of those great designs, which, by his command, I had mentioned to the king of England; but that I entreated him not to be offended with me, if I presumed to tell him, that I could not, as he did, see either glory or utility resulting from this establishment. I then asked him if he would permit me to give him my reasons for thinking so differently from him. "I give you leave," said he, "but upon condition that you afterwards hear mine, which, I am persuaded, will be more convincing than

yours." I then made the following observations to his majesty:

It is through a wise dispensation of Providence, which designs that all the nations of the earth, or of one continent, should be obliged by their common necessities to have an intercourse with each other, that this country was fitted to produce one thing, and that another, exclusively of all the rest: France has the good fortune to be so favourably distinguished in this distribution of benefits, that no country probably in the world, except Egypt, so universally abounds with whatever supplies the necessities, or contributes to the conveniencies of life; her corn, grain, and pulse, her wine, ciders, flax, hemp, salt, wood, oil, dyeing drugs, that immense quantity of cattle, great and small, which usually serve her inhabitants for food, putting her in a condition not only to have nothing to envy in her neighbours on the score of any of these commodities, but even to dispute with them those which make up all the trade they carry on: Spain, Italy, and Sicily are of this number.

It is true, her climate denies her silk; the spring begins too late, and an excessive moisture almost always prevails; and this inconvenience, which is absolutely irremediable, affects not only the silk-worms, which, on this account, are hatched with great difficulty, but likewise the mulberry-trees that these insects feed upon, for which a mild and temperate air is necessary in the season wherein they put forth their leaves. The difficulty of multiplying them in a country where none ever grew, cannot but be very great: it will be five years at least before there can be any certainty of their coming to perfection, during which we risk the loss of time, and labour, and the produce of the ground they are planted in. But are these difficulties which ought to dissuade us from engaging in an enterprise, the success of which they do not render doubtful but impossible, a real loss to us? That is the question.

A country life affords so many various labours and employments, that in France none need be idle but those who resolve against all work; therefore it is necessary to begin, by curing people of this lazy disposition, which, if real, is the only thing worthy of attention. But how is this done by offering them the culture of silk for an employment? First, they leave one profession, which brings them in a certain and sufficient income, for another, where their gains are casual and doubtful. It would not indeed be very difficult to make them prefer this to the former, because it is but too natural to quit a hard and laborious kind of life, such as agriculture is, considered in its full extent, for one that, like working upon silk, does not fatigue the body by any violent motion. But even this is another argument to prove the dangerous consequences of suffering the country people to be thus employed: it has been a common observation, at all times, and in all places, that the best soldiers are found amongst the families of robust, laborious, and nervous peasantry: if, instead of these, we enlist men who are brought up to no other labour than what a child, if taught it, has strength to perform, we shall be soon convinced they are no longer fit for the military art, which requires, as I have often heard his majesty himself observe, a strong constitution, confirmed by laborious exercises, that tend to maintain in its full vigour the whole strength and energy of the body. And this military art, the situation of France, and the nature of her politics, make it absolutely necessary to hinder from degenerating or being depressed.

At the same time that we enervate the country people, who in every respect are the true supporters of the state, among those of the city we introduce luxury, with all her train of mischiefs, effeminacy, sloth, voluptuousness, and that domestic extravagance, which it is not to be feared that people who have but little, and know how to be satisfied with that little, will ever plunge into. In France we have already too many of these useless citizens, who, under habits glittering with gold and embroidery, conceal the manners of weak women.

The objection that immense sums of money are carried out of France into foreign countries for the support of this luxury, proves the truth of what I have just observed, and destroys the inference they pretend to draw from it: would they reason justly upon the inconveniency that arises from this commerce, and this importation of vain and unnecessary merchandises, they would be convinced that the best thing that could be done, would be to suppress the use of them entirely, and absolutely prohibit their being brought into France; at the same time to fix, by good and severe regulations, the richness of clothes and furniture, and to put everything of this kind upon the same footing as they were in the reigns

of Louis XI., Charles VIII. and Louis XII. That necessity which obliges us to dress in one sort of stuffs rather than another, is the mere vice of fancy; and the price that is set upon them an evil we fall into with full conviction. Were we to consider, though but with the slightest attention, the source of what is called *the fashion*, we should find to our shame and confusion. that a small number of persons, and those the most despicable of a great city, which contains all classes indifferently within her walls, for whom, if we were acquainted with them, we should feel that contempt we have for men without morals, or that compassion we have for fools, that these very men dispose nevertheless of our purses, and keep us enslaved to their caprices.

But silk clothes are not the only things which require reformation by the royal power; there is as much to be done with respect to diamonds, jewels, statues, and pictures, if it be considered as a grievance that foreigners take away our gold and silver: we must likewise take into consideration equipages, plate, furniture, and everything in which these metals are made use of. If we reflect upon the amazing extravagance that prevails in France, the sums squandered foolishly in gardens, buildings, costly works, entertainments, liquors and what not; if we think on the exorbitant price paid for offices, of marriages set up to auction, what is there that does not need reformation? We cannot charge to foreign manufactures the tenth part of the money that is thrown away in France without the least necessity. The care which the law and the finances would require, would engage us in an endless digression: these two bodies, of which the one ought to be the guardians of good order, and the other of economy, seem only to have been brought into the world to destroy both the one and the other. These are the only people who know what it is to be rich; and how they come by this wealth may be seen by the manner in which they spend it: the old chancellors, first presidents, counsellors of state, and the other heads of the courts and the revenues, if they were to come into the world again, would not know how to find those who now fill their places, and resemble them in nothing but their title.

I said everything I could think of on this subject that carried with it any force, to bring the king over to my opinion; but I could not prevail. "Your arguments are very strong," said he to me, "and I would rather choose to fight the king of Spain in three pitched battles, than engage all these people of the law, the offices, and the city, especially their wives and daughters, whom you have brought upon my back, with all your whimsical regulations." "Then it is your pleasure, Sire," replied I, "that I should speak to you no more upon this subject; however, time and experience will convince you, that France is not fitted for these gew-gaws." I was obliged to content myself with endeavouring to prevail upon the king to alter his intention of taking the Tournelles and the whole of that inclosure, for the new buildings he projected for his silk manufactories. I represented to him that it would one day destroy what it would cost him so much to build, and brought to his remembrance that once, when he was laying with me the foundations of a design, far more noble and just, the Tournelles had been destined for another building of a very different kind. "We'll talk of that when it happens," replied Henry, and this was all I could get from him.

DUC DE SULLY.

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

After such time as Xerxes had transported his army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace—leaving the description of his passage alongst that coast, and how the river of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the lake near to Pissyrus by his cattle, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece—I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows he received. As first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground, lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a wall with gates, which was then for the most part ruined. At this entrance, Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with 300 Lacedæmonians, assisted with 1000 Tegeatæ and Mantineans, and 1000 Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of 3100 in the whole; besides 1000 Phocians, 400 Thebans, 700 Thespians, and all the forces —such as they were—of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against that huge army of the Persians. The valour of the Greeks appeared

so excellent in this defence, that, in the first day's fight, Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his throne, fearing the destruction of his army by one handful of those men, whom, not long before, he had utterly despised: and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a runagate Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the straits. But when the most valiant of the Persian army had almost inclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, king of the Lacedæmonians, with his 300, and 700 Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage not only resist that world of men which charged them on all sides, but, issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes having lost in this last fight, together with 20,000 other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneces, the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as would hide the sun, he answered thus; 'It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade.'

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,
From "*The History of the World.*"

THE AGE OF FAITH IN THE EAST.

[JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, an American scientific and historical writer, was born in England May 5, 1811. Coming to America in 1833, he took the degree of M. D. at the University of Pennsylvania in 1836, when he became professor of chemistry in Hampden-Sidney College, Va. Three or four years later he removed to New York, being appointed professor of chemistry and physiology in the University of the City of New York, of which he afterward became president. Dr. Draper has written copiously for scientific journals and literary reviews, and has been a laborious investigator and discoverer in chemistry, and the allied sciences. His most elaborate works are "*Human Physiology*" (1856,) "*History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*" (1862,) "*Thoughts of the Future Civil Policy of America*" (1865,) and "*History of the American Civil War*" (3 vols., 1867–70.) Some of these have been translated into European languages, and Dr. Draper's writings take high rank for their breadth of view, assemblage of facts, clear reasoning, and vigorous style. He died in 1882.]

Four years after the death of Justinian, A. D. 569, was born at Mecca, in Arabia, the man who, of all men, has exercised the greatest influence upon the human race—Mohammed, by Europeans surnamed "the Impostor." He raised his own nation from Fetichism, the adoration of a meteoric stone, and from the basest idol-worship; he preached a monotheism which quickly scattered to the winds the empty disputes of the Aryans and Catholics, and irrevocably wrenched from Christianity more than half, and that by far the best half of her possessions, since it included the Holy Land, the birthplace of our faith, and Africa, which had imparted to it the Latin form. That continent, and a very large part of Asia, after the lapse of more than a thousand years, still remain permanently attached to the Arabian doctrine. With the utmost difficulty, and as if by miracle, Europe itself escaped.

Mohammed possessed that combination of qualities which more than once has decided the fate of empires. A preaching soldier, he was eloquent in the pulpit, valiant in the field. His theology was simple: "There is but one God." The effeminate Syrian, lost in Monothelite and Monophysite mysteries; the Athanasian and Aryan, destined to disappear before his breath, might readily anticipate what he meant. Asserting that everlasting truth, he did not engage in vain metaphysics, but applied himself to improving the social condition of his people by regulations respecting personal cleanliness, sobriety, fasting, and prayer. Above all other works he esteemed almsgiving and charity. With a liberality to which the world had of late become a stranger, he admitted the salvation of men of any form of faith, provided they were virtuous. To the declaration that there is but one God, he added, "and Mohammed is his Prophet." Whoever desires to know whether the event of things answered to the boldness of such an announcement, will do

well to examine a map of the world in our own times. He will find the marks of something more than an imposture. To be the religious head of many empires, to guide the daily life of one-third of the human race, may perhaps justify the title of a messenger of God.

Like many of the Christian monks, Mohammed retired to the solitude of the desert, and, devoting himself to meditation, fasting, and prayer, became the victim of cerebral disorder. He was visited by supernatural appearances, mysterious voices accosting him as the Prophet of God: even the stones and trees joined in the whispering. He himself suspected the true nature of his malady, and to his wife Chadizah he expressed a dread that he was becoming insane. It is related that as they sat alone, a shadow entered the room. "Dost thou see aught?" said Chadizah, who, after the manner of Arabian matrons, wore her veil. "I do," said the prophet. Whereupon she uncovered her face and said, "Dost thou see it now?" "I do not." "Glad tidings to thee, O Mohammed!" exclaimed Chadizah; "it is an angel, for he has respected my unveiled face; an evil spirit would not." As his disease advanced, these spectral illusions became more frequent; from one of them he received the divine commission. "I" said his wife, "will be thy first believer;" and they knelt down in prayer together. Since that day nine thousand millions of human beings have acknowledged him to be a prophet of God. * * * *

The Arabs furnished a striking illustration of the successive phases of national life. They first come before us as fetich worshippers, having their age of credulity, their object of superstition being the black stone in the temple at Mecca. They pass through an age of inquiry, rendering possible the advent of Mohammed. Then follows their age of faith, the blind fanaticism of which quickly led them to overspread all adjoining countries; and at last comes their period of maturity, their age of reason. The striking feature of their movement is the quickness with which they passed through these successive phases, and the intensity of their national life. * * * *

An impartial reader of the Koran may doubtless be surprised that so feeble a production should serve its purpose so well. But the theory of religion is one thing, the practice another. The Koran abounds in excellent moral suggestions and precepts; its composition is so fragmentary that we cannot turn to a single page without finding maxims of which all men must approve. This fragmentary construction yields texts, and mottoes, and rules complete in themselves, suitable for common men in any of the incidents of life. There is a perpetual insisting upon the necessity of prayer, an inculcation of mercy, almsgiving, justice, fasting, pilgrimage, and other good works; institutions respecting conduct, both social and domestic, debts, witnesses, marriage, children, wine, and the like; above all, a constant stimulation to do battle with the infidel and blasphemer. For life as it passes in Asia, there is hardly a condition in which passages from the Koran cannot be recalled suitable for instruction, admonition, consolation, encouragement. To the Asiatic and to the African, such devotional fragments are of far more use than any sustained theological doctrine. The mental constitution of Mohammed did not enable him to handle important philosophical questions with the well-balanced ability of the great Greek and Indian writers, but he has never been surpassed in adaptation to the spiritual wants of humble life, making even his fearful fatalism administer thereto. A pitiless destiny is awaiting us; yet the prophet is uncertain what it may be. "Unto every nation a fixed time is decreed. Death will overtake us even in lofty towers, but God only knoweth the place in which a man shall die." After many an admonition of the resurrection and the judgment-day, many a promise of Paradise, and threat of hell, he plaintively confesses, "I do not know what will be done with you or me hereafter." * * *

Thus settled on the north of Africa the lurid phantom of the Arabian crescent, one horn reaching to the Bosphorus and one pointing beyond the Pyrenees. For a while it seemed that the portentous meteor would increase to the full, and that all Europe would be enveloped. Christianity had lost for ever the most interesting countries over which her influence had once spread, Africa, Egypt, Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, Spain. She was destined, in the end, to lose in the same manner the metropolis of the East. In exchange for these ancient and illustrious regions, she fell back on Gaul, Germany, Britain, Scandinavia. In those savage countries, what were there to be offered as substitutes for the great capi-

tals, illustrious in the ecclesiastical history, for ever illustrious in the records of the human race—Carthage, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Antioch, Constantinople? It was an evil exchange. The labors, intellectual and physical, of which those cities had once been the scene; the preaching, and penances, and prayers so lavishly expended in them, had not produced the anticipated, the asserted result. In theology and morality the people had pursued a descending course. Patriotism was extinct. They surrendered the state to preserve their sect; their treason was rewarded by subjugation.

From these melancholy events we may learn that the principles on which the moral world is governed are analogous to those which obtain in the physical. It is not by incessant divine interpositions, which produce breaches in the continuity of historic action; it is not by miracles and prodigies that the course of events is determined; but affairs follow each other in the relation of cause and effect. The maximum development of early Christianity coincided with the boundaries of the Roman empire; the ecclesiastical condition depended on the political, and, indeed, was its direct consequence and issue. The loss of Africa and Asia was, in like manner, connected with the Arabian movement, though it would have been easy to prevent that catastrophe, and to preserve those continents to the faith by the smallest of those innumerable miracles of which Church history is full, and which were often performed on unimportant and obscure occasions. But not even one such miracle was vouchsafed, though an angel might have worthily descended. I know no event in the history of our race on which a thoughtful man may more profitably meditate than on this loss of Africa and Asia. It may remove from his mind many erroneous ideas, and lead him to take a more elevated, a more philosophical, and, therefore, more correct view of the course of earthly affairs.

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.

THOUGHTS FROM THE CHERUBIC PILGRIM.

[ANGELUS SILESIUS, whose real name was Johann Scheffler, a Mystic poet of Germany, 1624-1677, was a physician and a Catholic priest, who wrote many spiritual eclogues, full of deep, wise and holy thoughts expressed with rare conciseness of diction.]

THE TABERNACLE.

The soul wherein God dwells—what church can holier be?—
Becomes a walking tent of heavenly majesty.

HOW FAR FROM HERE TO HEAVEN?

How far from here to Heaven? Not very far, my friend,
A single hearty step will all thy journey end.

CHRIST MUST BE BORN IN THEE.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.

HEAVEN WITHIN THEE.

Hold there! where runnest thou? Know Heaven is in thee.
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere, His face thoul't never see.

THE SWIFTEST.

Love is the swiftest thing; it of itself can fly
Up to the highest Heaven, in the twinkling of an eye.

THE ROSE.

The beauteous rose which here thine outward eye doth see,
Hath blossomed thus in God, from all Eternity.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

I don't believe in Death. If hour by hour I die,
'T is hour by hour to gain a better life thereby.

QUIET LOVE IS STRONGEST LOVE.

Love is like wine. When young, 't will boil and overflow;
The older it will grow, the milder will it grow.

THE BEST PREACHERS.

What is a sinless state? No priest can ever teach thee
What, eloquently dumb, the pious flowers will preach thee.

GOD ALONE IS GREAT.

Nothing is great but God; even Heaven's boundless hall
Is for a God-full soul much, O how much! too small.

IT IS HERE!

Why travel over seas to find what is so near?
Love is the only good; love and be blessed here.

THE DROPS IN THE SEA.

Drops mingling with the sea will all become the Sea:
So souls when blent with God themselves will God then be.

ATHENS.

[Barthold Georg Niebuhr, a distinguished German historian (1776-1831.) In early life he resided in Denmark and in England, after which he was appointed historiographer to the king of Prussia, delivering at Berlin in 1810 a brilliant course of lectures on Roman history. His great work, "*Römische Geschichte*," (1811-32) is marked by immense learning and acumen. Niebuhr's historical method amounted to a complete reconstruction of the history of Rome, discarding the myths by a severe critical analysis, and then building up what he called the true history, from independent research. Many of his hypotheses (as of the origin of the Roman legends) have been discarded or modified by scholars and the legends re-adapted; but his work remains a monument of learning, and of penetrating research, without parallel up to the time in which he wrote.]

The circumference of Athens was much changed in the course of time. According to the traditions, it was at first small like all the towns in Attica, when the lower hills all around were thinly peopled. The arx of Athens, we are told by Thucydides, was called the *πόλις*, though more probably *ἄστυ*;[1] for everywhere *πόλις* and *ἀστυ* seem to stand in the same relation to each other as *civitas* stands to *urbs* or *oppidum*. As *civitas*, in good Latinity, is never used of the buildings, so *πόλις* in Greece, even at an early time signified the body of citizens, and *ἄστυ* the place they inhabited. In the most ancient time the *ἄκραι* alone were fortified in all parts of Greece, the places below them were inhabited *κωμηδόν*; such was the case in the Pelasgian times at Athens, and also at Sparta. When the town was surrounded with walls cannot be ascertained, but it was probably as early as the time of the Pisistratidae; that *κύκλος*, however, must have been feeble and unimportant, for if the town had been strong, we cannot conceive why the citizens, on the approach of the Persians, abandoned it without any thought of being able to defend it. After the evacuation of Attica, Themistocles restored the walls, and gave them a much greater circumference. This is, properly speaking, not mentioned anywhere expressly by the ancients[2], but has long ago been assumed by the moderns from the context of the narrative and from the circumstances of the case, and that too with full justice: matters happened in a similar way at Cologne, Nürnberg, Frankfort and Florence. In building walls the ancients sometimes followed the lines of the suburbs, which were surrounded by palisades; but sometimes the circumference was made larger than was really needed, and such may have been the case at Athens. But what was the circumference of Athens? The walls of Themistocles cannot be traced with the same accuracy as the agger of Serv. Tullius at Rome. In the time of Pausanias they were still standing; they had been built by Themistocles in a very hurried manner, but still of such strength that their complete disappearance is a mystery. I have no doubt that the foundations might be discovered if it were possible to make excavations. All we know about the subject is the statement of Thucydides, that the city was forty-three stadia in circumference, exclusive of the empty space between the two long walls. This empty space is estimated in different ways, but there can be no doubt that it occupied only a few stadia, for there was no necessity for keeping those walls far asunder. Fauvel, who resided several years in Athens, declares that he cannot make out that the circumference of Athens was so large, and therefore assumes the passage of Thucydides to be corrupt. But his supposition cannot be admitted, for Dionysius of Halicarnassus states that the Rome of Serv. Tullius was about equal to the ancient *ἄστυ*: now the circumference of the agger of Serv. Tullius, with a small exception, is perfectly ascertained, and extends about five English miles, which perfectly agrees with the statement of Thucydides. But the topography of Athens is everywhere full of perplexities.[1]

Piraeeus was a second city. Its site is certain, but the detail of its topography cannot be determined. I do, indeed, believe that a person living on the spot with the privilege of making excavations, might discover some things, but never as much as at Rome, where we have the numerous documents, and where so many remains still exist. From the drawings of Piraeeus, which I have seen, the statements of the ancients cannot be explained; the line of coast has become very much altered, the harbour is

[1] The statement of Thucydides is confirmed by the document of the official treaty about the fifty years' peace of Nicias in Thucyd. v. 18: *στήλας δὲ στῆσαι—ἐν Ἀθήναις ἐν πόλει*.—Ed.

[2] Niebuhr here overlooks Thucyd. i.93: *μείζων γὰρ ὁ περιβολος πανταχῆ ἐξήχθη τῆς πόλεως*.—Ed.

[1] The reader must bear in mind, that all Niebuhr says about the topography of Athens was said before any of the numerous recent investigations of this subject had been commenced.—Ed.

filled with sand, and one or two of the ports seem to have completely disappeared; the ancient bays are at present marshes and morasses, which have no connection with the sea, and the outline of the coast is evidently changed. Piraeus had separate fortifications, and was connected with the city by the μακρὰ σκέλη, which were constructed, not by Themistocles, but by Pericles. These fortifications are drawn in Barthélémy's *Voyages du Jeune Anacharsis*, by Barbié du Bocage, with apparent accuracy, but they must be used with caution, and not as exact topographical drawings: they are not intended to give accurate and definite local views, but only to furnish the readers with a picture which is not essentially wrong, and which they may retain in their minds to form a living conception of ancient history. But the picture is not free from faults; one of them, e. g., is that Phalerus is drawn within the walls, which is not supported by a single ancient testimony; Phalerus was on the side of one of the walls, which was hence called the Phalerean.

Many circumstances have conspired to render the topography of Athens difficult. In the first place, we have no description of the city like that furnished by the Regionarii in regard to Rome; in the second place, the historians mention, indeed, particular buildings at Athens, but without stating their relative position to one another; the buildings, with few exceptions, were situated on a plain surface, the several eminences in the ἄστυ having for the most part no buildings. Hence the descriptions cannot be as exact as at Rome, where the hills afforded an easy means of stating the site of buildings and the direction of streets. The many buildings, moreover, some of which existed even in the middle ages, and most of which can even now be recognised in their ruins, are a great assistance in determining the topography of Rome; the study of these combined with that of the ancient topographical documents enables us to ascertain a great many points, and thus to trace the history of the city with great accuracy. If a person makes himself acquainted with modern Rome, tracing it back to its origin, and if, in addition to this, he endeavours to understand the ritual and the roads taken by certain processions, along which the ancient buildings are mentioned, he has already gained a considerable step in advance. The Itineraries of the seventh century are likewise a source of information on topography. In this way a person first comes to the Rome of the middle ages, and thence to ancient Rome. But the city of Athens has completely disappeared; some isolated ancient buildings do indeed exist, to which certain names are given, which are in some cases correct, but in others doubtful. From the middle ages, too, scarcely anything but walls remain; Athens was several times destroyed and completely deserted; even the churches were demolished, and where anything of them remains, it does not lead us back to ancient buildings. Pausanias, who is our only authority, is an extremely confused writer, and the most different hypotheses may be based upon his statements. He proceeds from Piraeus to the Ceramicus, thence to the Agora, and further on to the Acropolis; but what road he took it is impossible to make out. The accounts of the moderns of the sites of the ancient buildings are likewise extremely contradictory, and can scarcely be otherwise, considering their short stay on the spot. Stuart was there longest, but his whole object was to make architectural drawings. Fauvel's and Stuart's statements, for example, respecting the Areopagus, are in direct contradiction with each other. As matters now stand, a person may find his way on the Acropolis, and perhaps also determine the hill of the Museum; but otherwise nothing can be identified, neither the Areopagus nor the Pnyx. The city of Hadrian can be recognised by its gate. That emperor was a strange, wrong-headed man: though a Spaniard by birth, he was enamoured with everything Greek, but his whole tendency was not ancient Greek; he was in fact a Greek sophist of his own age: he dressed himself in the Greek fashion, and allowed his beard to grow in the Greek fashion, although the Romans had adopted the custom of shaving themselves even before the time of Hannibal. He was ambitious to shine among the Greeks as a Greek, and built several gigantic temples, as for example, the Olympieum, of which many ruins still exist. In like manner, he built an entirely new city by the side of ancient Athens, although the space occupied by the latter was no doubt deserted. The gate of this new city with two inscriptions still exists: ΑΙΔ ΕΙΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΙ ΘΗΣΕΩΣ, Η ΠΡΙΝ ΠΟΛΙΣ, and ΑΙΔ ΕΙΣ ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΟΥΧΙ ΘΗΣΕΩΣ ΠΟΛΙΣ. All the other points in our plans, for example the site of the Ceramicus in that of Barbié du Bocage and others, are

mere attempts to give something tangible. The Acropolis was the ornament of Athens; it was situated on a steep rock, though scarcely 200 feet high, and surrounded with walls, that on one side being called the Κιμώνειον τεῖχος; and that on the other, the Πελασγικον τεῖχος. Why Cimon should have made additional fortifications to the Acropolis, especially in the days of the democracy, is to me a mystery; and I am almost inclined to suspect that the accounts about it must be explained in a different manner, and that some earlier Cimon is meant. Pericles constructed a flight of steps leading up the Acropolis under a portico, and at the entrance he built the Propylaea, of which now scarcely the site is discernible. The present fortifications of the Acropolis with double walls, were made in the middle ages, at the time of the French dukes and of the Catalani in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and in their construction many of the ancient remains were destroyed. The Propylaea were the triumph of Greek architecture. The chief buildings on the Acropolis were three temples, two of Athena, which must accordingly not be confounded with each other, namely, the Parthenon, and the temple of Athena Polias, in which was preserved the ancient image which had fallen from heaven (ξόανον, εἴδωλον), and thirdly, the temple of Erechtheus, which during the last unfortunate siege has been entirely destroyed; the same was probably the fate of the Parthenon also.[1] All these temples were erected in the age of Pericles, and were built in the Doric style, while the Propylaea were Ionic. The Acropolis also contained the treasury of the republic: it was the Capitol of Athens, and fully as strong as that of Rome.

A place, concerning the site of which there can be no doubt, is the theatre, which can still be distinctly seen: it leans against the Acropolis, the rock itself forming its back wall. This is the sacred spot, where Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes produced their works; there the Athenian people crowned its great men for their merit; and there a golden wreath was given to Demosthenes for his faithful advice.

The site of the Agora, on the other hand, cannot be determined within a hundred paces; and I do not know in what direction to place it. In it was the *Bouleuterion* of the Council of the Five Hundred, the *Prytaneion* or Tholos, and the altars, which more than anything else show that the Athenians were animated by a different spirit from that of the other Greeks. I allude to the Βωμὸς Ἐλέους and the Βωμὸς Αἰδοῦς, that is, the altar of Mercy and of Modesty. These altars are characteristic, and shew the amiable nature of the Athenians: that people did not conceive mercy and modesty as demon-like ghosts, nor did they view them abstractedly like the Romans; they declared by those altars, that they had established mercy and the dread of everything that is vulgar, as rules to guide their own conduct. And it was not in vain that they had raised mercy to the rank of a divinity: he who found mercy nowhere, experienced it at Athens during the period of her power. With all their faults, and notwithstanding many acts that make our hearts bleed, the Athenians were the most amiable among the Greeks; and we cannot help asking: was there ever a powerful republic, completely left to itself, which restrained itself so much by its aversion against what is bad? They also had an altar of Report and Impulse (ὁρμή) to preserve their good report, and to prevent their being carried away by impulse.

The Pnyx was the hill where the popular assemblies were held, but it cannot possibly have contained the whole body of the people.

The hill of the Museum was regarded as the strongest point of the city next to the Acropolis, and after the Lamiar war it was occupied by a Macedonian garrison, though previously it had not been a place of any importance. The account of the deliverance of Athens by Olympiodorus, shows that the Museum was not a real fort, but only an inaccessible post capable of containing a considerable body of troops. What was the real nature of the place, and what made it so strong, are questions to which no definite answers can be given.

The new town was the strange scheme of Hadrian, who planned buildings the splendour of which was to eclipse that of the ancient ones; but the Olympieum was not completed.[1] Soon after Hadrian, Herodes Atticus, whose life has been written by Philostratus, constructed at Athens a whole stadium of

[1] "The temple of Theseus was destroyed as early as 1687; the Turks had a powder magazine there, and the Venetians were barbarous enough to bombard it; one front of it is left standing."

[1] Dion Cassius, lxix. 16, however, says ἐξεποίησε.—Ed.

Pentelic marble; his wealth is said to have been immense and almost fabulous, and his grandfather is reported to have found a treasure of Athena. Although the Pentelic marble was obtained in the vicinity of Athens, yet such a building erected by a private person was an amazing undertaking. The buildings of Hadrian and this stadium are still discernible in their ruins.

In the vicinity of Athens there were three gymnasia, the Academy, a park with trees and buildings in which gymnastic exercises were carried on; the Lyceum and the Cynosarges served similar purposes, but their sites cannot be determined.

Previous to the time of Themistocles, Piraeeus was a scarcely inhabited coast district; its natural advantages were neglected, because this port was farther off than that of Phalerus, the latter being two or three miles nearer the city; the few galleys which Athens possessed, and most of which had no decks, were in Phalerus. Themistocles, with the keen eye of a great man, selected Piraeeus as the site of a new town, and his intention was to induce the Athenians to abandon their city altogether and to settle in Piraeeus, which he intended to surround with walls of immense height and to fortify in such a manner as to render it impregnable by the arts of war as they were at the time. The wall, which was actually built, had only half the height to which he intended to raise it, and yet, until the time of Sulla, it defied every attack upon it. The thought of abandoning the place in which the citizens had lived honourably for centuries, was too painful to their feelings to be carried into effect. After the battle on the Hellespont, in the Peloponnesian war, such fortifications of Piraeeus could, after all, not have saved Athens, though at other times they would have been of great advantage, and might, perhaps, have exercised an influence upon the course of the Peloponnesian war. The second great plan, the building of the *μακρὰ σκέλη*, partly supplied this advantage, which they might have enjoyed at less expense.

The circumference of Piraeeus was nearly seven English miles: its nature and topography are the great problem for archaeologists. We can indeed conceive that, as we read in the ancients, it had three large harbours, but two of them are now choked up. Such deposits of sand are frequent in those parts of the coasts of the Mediterranean, where the current is not very strong.

The most difficult, nay, almost impossible, problem, is that of determining the site of *Munychia*. It is described as a peninsula almost surrounded by the sea, near Piraeeus, and as connected with the main land only by a narrow isthmus; it is further said to have been a very strong post; but as yet we have no correct drawing of it, and no description or statement leads us to the discovery of the site of Munychia; though we might fancy that such an eminence could not be mistaken. Strabo describes the place in the above manner, and beyond that we know nothing of it. If a person, intimately acquainted with the ancients, were to examine the localities, he might perhaps make some discoveries. Piraeeus was built along the shore, and surrounded on the landside by the great wall of Themistocles; but whether Munychia was situated within that wall, or was built against it like a citadel, no one can say: our topographers always regard it as a part of Piraeeus, but there can be no doubt, that the historians always distinguish the two places.

Piraeeus was a considerable town attracting all the wealth and commerce of Athens; it was a new place, having arisen after the Persian war; it had previously been a mere village, a *δημος*. This new town was constructed according to a regular plan, while Athens, with the exception of its public places, was an ugly city, with narrow, crooked, and angular streets; the private dwellings were insignificant, almost like our peasant houses, with walls of clay, or wickerwork covered with clay; the house of Pulytion alone, which appeared like a palace, formed an exception.[1] Hence the Greek term for a thief, *τοιχώρυχος*, signifies one that breaks through a wall. Hence also we find no such ruins at Athens as at Rome, where the houses were built of bricks and puzzolano, at Syracuse, or any other Greek town. Piraeeus was planned by the Milesian architect Hippodamus in the time of Pericles, and it is possible that it may have had far more beautiful houses than Athens; the foundation of that town forms an era in the building of cities, which henceforth were always laid out according to definite plans. In Italy the streets of all towns were, from the earliest times, built according to certain schemes; Rome alone formed an exception in consequence of the haste with which it was restored after the Gallic conflagration.

[1] Aeschin. Socr. *Eryx.* c. 7 and 24.—Ed.

The arsenal (νεωσοικοι) was a curious edifice: each galley had its separate place, in which everything necessary for its outfit was kept in readiness. In modern times, the arsenal of Venice was similarly constructed, probably on the model of that of Constantinople. Piraeeus had two ἀγοραί, a theatre, and everything that was required of an independent town. It was the residence of merchants, mostly metoeci, and of the lower classes of the free citizens who gained their living by all kinds of trades connected with maritime affairs. The nobles who, without privileges, yet exercised a sort of power, and the ancient families, preserving their character, lived in the city, and not in the country. Hence the decided political colour of the city; οἱ ἐν ἀστει signifying the oligarchical faction, whose rallying point at the time of the Thirty Tyrants was in the city, while the democrats lived in the country and in the port town.

Piraeeus was connected with the city by the μακρὰ σκέλη, which must not be regarded by any means as a work of Themistocles, for they were built during the administration of Cimon and Pericles; of the fortifications of Piraeeus, too, only the smallest part was executed by Themistocles. One of these walls was forty and the other thirty-five stadia in length, but neither was as high as those of Piraeeus; the space between them cannot be regarded as a suburb, nor did it form a road, but consisted rather of open fields protected by the walls, so that in times of war as well as in those of most profound peace, Athens could receive all its supplies from the sea; but it was necessary in time of war to guard the walls. The space on both sides was principally occupied as burying grounds. After the Peloponnesian war, the Athenians were compelled to demolish on each side a portion of the wall of from ten to twelve stadia; but the Lacedaemonians were still more bent upon pulling down the walls of Piraeeus; it is true that not the whole of these latter were demolished, but still so large a portion of them, that on the return of Thrasybulus and his comrades from Phyle, Piraeeus appears as an open place. Athens itself retained its walls. The works which were executed by Conon, after the battle of Cnidus, with Persian money, contributed among other things, to restore the fortifications of Piraeeus: he succeeded in accomplishing this with the treasures of the Persian king, and with the supply of workmen and money furnished by the maritime Greeks, such as the Corinthians and Boeotians, the same who, ten years before, had madly demanded the destruction of Athens. It is uncertain, however, whether the walls of Piraeeus restored by Conon were as enormous as those of Themistocles described by Thucydides. The rebuilding of the long walls occupied a longer time, for Athens did not possess the means of completing them speedily; in the time of king Philip, however, they were evidently restored. During the regency of Antipater, a Macedonian garrison was quartered in Piraeeus and Munychia, and if I am not mistaken, in the Museum also, just as under Demetrius Poliorcetes. At a time which it is impossible to determine, the long walls were again destroyed, and were not restored before the war of Antigonus Gonatas (Olymp. 127)[1], so that they must have been destroyed either by Antigonus himself[2], or even by Demetrius Poliorcetes, when he entered the city a second time and placed a garrison in the Museum. For the fact that at that time there was no communication between Piraeeus and the city, is clear from the circumstance, that during the siege of Antigonus, when famine was raging most fearfully, it was not he that commanded the sea, but the fleet of Alexandria. This fleet, however, did not venture to land, so that no provisions could be conveyed into the city, and the Macedonians must have been encamped between Athens and Piraeeus, though the latter place was not in their hands. In the last war against Philip III., Olymp. 145 (U. C. 551), the long walls, according to Livy, lay in ruins. So also during the unfortunate siege of Athens by Sulla, U. C. 666; he besieged the κύκλος of the city, and Piraeeus: the city was in the hands of the tyrant Aristion, Piraeeus in those of the troops of Mithridates, and Sulla was encamped between the two. It was a time of the most fearful misery, and those in Piraeeus scarcely ever succeeded in introducing provisions into the city, whence it is clear, that the walls could not then have been restored, which, considering the decay and wretchedness of the city, was in fact impossible. The numerous drachmae and tetradrachmae, consisting of copper with a thin coat of silver, belong to this period of

[1] "This war is a memorable occurrence on account of the misfortunes of men who had deserved a better fate." (See *Kleine Schrift.* vol.i. p. 451, foll.

[2] Comp. *Kleine Schrift.* l. c., p. 458, note 10.—Ed.

decay; they are ancient, and of a peculiar coinage; the Athenians probably employed copper for the same reason for which paper has been used in modern times. Charles XII. of Sweden, too, once ordered copper coins to be issued. This is a proof of the great decay of Athens; even Xenophon says, that the city was full of unoccupied building grounds: it was not worth while to rebuild the houses; they were abandoned and allowed to crumble to pieces; the places were left as waste-land, and grass grew upon them. The state of the city resembled that of many towns in the East, as for example, Ispahan. Its whole outline, however, still remained the same during the siege of Sulla, and the splendid buildings were still uninjured, while the people lived in the greatest misery, and were very much reduced in numbers. The vessels dedicated in the temples, though they were still exhibited as the ancient originals, were probably counterfeited, the real gold and silver having been exchanged for other metals, just as the French at Loretto took away the precious stones, and filled their places with glass. We still possess the inventories of the precious treasures, which the Athenian curators handed over to their successors in office, and which belong to the Macedonian period; but during the subsequent times, there certainly was no longer any trace of them. As Aristion refused to surrender, Sulla took the city by storm and raged like Mummius against Corinth and the unhappy Achaeans: the Romans murdered every one that came in their way; a great number who had taken refuge in the Ceramicus, had their lives spared, but every tenth man among them was put to death. On that occasion a part of the city was consumed by fire.

But Piraeeus suffered still more severely; it was destroyed by Sulla quite intentionally, for he set fire to the arsenal (ὁπλοθήκη) and the νεώσοικοι, in which there were spaces for 400 galleys. Athens was in a state of the deepest distress: the survivors received, what the Romans in their official language called freedom, that is, they were allowed to choose their own magistrates, and had jurisdiction in criminal cases But the city was like a wilderness, though it always retained the remembrance of earlier times. The people did not indeed forget the fearful calamities they had experienced, but in that happy climate man enjoys the present; the scenes of terror gradually ceased to be thought of, men soon assembled again, and Athens became one of the most delightful places to live in, to which Romans of education and rank, such as Atticus, withdrew from the political turmoils of the time, and cheered their life in a world of ideas and in dreams of the olden times. Under the emperors, Athens recovered several islands which it had formerly possessed, as Scyros, Lemnos, and Imbros, which to some extent enabled it to exist. In the reign of Hadrian the Ilissus flowed with gold; Herodes Atticus was indeed an acquisition for which the city had to pay dearly, for his vanity made him an unbearable and arrogant man, though he was withal empty-headed; but still it was a period of relative prosperity. The philosophical school of Athens acquired more consistency under Hadrian; it was a kind of university, where especially dialectics and speculative philosophy were pursued; but the exact sciences and grammar were less attended to. A residence there was still very beneficial to young men, for the ancient serene spirit of its inhabitants still survived in certain beautiful traits; men loved to dwell there; it was still the soil and the atmosphere of Athens, the vicinity of the monuments of classical antiquity, and with all its degeneracy Athens still preserved a shadow of its ancient urbanity.

This prosperity received a fearful shock under Decius after the middle of the third century, when the Goths, like a devastating torrent, spread over the coast of Asia and Greece from the Black Sea. Athens was now ransacked for plunder and partly burnt, and many took refuge in Piraeeus. After this calamity was over, the people returned. We do not know what was the condition of domestic life at this period, but Libanius, Himerius, and S. Basilius[1] give us an interesting picture of another aspect of life at the time: from the mode of life of the young men who then studied at Athens, we see how insignificant the city was, how the people derived their means of subsistence solely from the university and a little traffic in the produce of the country, such as honey and olives. Justinian abolished the schools, and Athens thereby lost its last resources. Henceforth nothing can be said of Athens for a period of seven hundred years; this only may be gathered from all the circumstances of the times, that the transition to Christianity took place gradually, without

[1] "*Basilius*, not *Basillus*, for at that time Greek was spoken only according to accent."

any shock or violent dissensions, and in a very different way from that which we witness at Rome, where the collision between what was established and that which was struggling into existence was of a very violent character. At Rome the tombs of Christians and Pagans are always separate in the catacombs, and afterwards the bodies of Christians alone were deposited in them; but at Athens, where the tombs are in layers one above another, the Pagan ones are below, and above them those of the Christians, while on some of them we find a mixture of Christian and non-Christian emblems. Previous to the 13th century, not the slightest mention of Athens occurs. When the Franks had destroyed the eastern empire (1204), a Frenchman of the name of Otto de la Roche, as a vassal of the Emperor of Constantinople, founded a principality under the title of Grand-Duke (*μέγας Δούξ*), the seat of which was Attica and Boeotia. His family, however, became extinct, and by marriage the possession passed into the hands of the Briennes; this family possessed a considerable principality there, and governed unhappy Greece with the extreme severity of feudalism. The great company of the Catalani appeared in the 14th century, conquered the country, expelled the French dukes, and, like their predecessors, fortified the Acropolis of Athens. The many remains of buildings which do not bear the impress of antiquity, seem to belong to this period; it is surprising, however, that in Greece there are no buildings of the time after Justinian. There now followed the period when the Italians, the Neris and Acciajuolis, were in possession of the duchy; a descendant of the latter lived even recently as a common peasant in Attica. The Franks had completely become Greeks, but still remained Roman Catholics, and in possession of Athens, until it was conquered by Mahmood II. The feudal character which the city sometimes bears in modern authors, as for example the fact that in Boccaccio and Shakespere, Theseus is called Duke of Athens, arises from its being governed by dukes at that time. Subsequently Athens was alternately Venetian and Turkish until 1687, when unfortunately it was conquered by the Venetians, who on that occasion destroyed the temple of Theseus. The Turks in 1690 reconquered it, and destroyed the Christian population. After this it was uninhabited for thirty years, till about 1720. Its most recent fate is too well known.

The question as to the population of Athens, which so naturally presents itself to us, cannot be answered at all. The statements we have respecting the number of citizens are not limited to the inhabitants of the city, but comprise the whole territory of Attica, there being no perioeci. We have several statements. Herodotus mentions 30,000 Athenian citizens, which seems to be the number of the *ἐφηβοι*, about the time of the Peloponnesian war: if, according to this, we calculate the population in the usual proportion, it consisted of about 120,000 souls. But the numbers fluctuate very much. Afterwards, in the time of Philip, the mean average is 20,000; but besides them there were the metoeci and the slaves, the former amounting, in the Peloponnesian war, to about 10,000: of the slaves we know nothing at all. Athenaeus has preserved the extraordinary statement—Ctesicles is mentioned as the authority for it—that in the census of Demetrius Phalereus it was found that Athens contained 21,000 citizens, 10,000 metoeci, and 400,000 slaves. This last number is something quite incredible, however strange it may seem to doubt a statement apparently so official. As regards the number of citizens and metoeci, who included strangers, country people standing near a patronus, and emancipated slaves, we have no reason to doubt its correctness, for they agree with all the earlier accounts; but it is impossible to see how there could have been such a large number of slaves: how could they have found employment? It is impossible to conceive it, if we assume the commerce and industry of Attica to have been ever so great, especially at that period. The proportion is not, indeed, as enormous as that between the blacks and the whites in the West Indies; but this is altogether a different state of things. Wherever domestic slavery exists, as in Italy, Greece, and the East, the number of slaves is always smaller than that of free men. It must further be observed, that all the numbers of slaves in Athenaeus seem to be exaggerated. I have already drawn your attention to the case of Aegina; at Corinth, where the number is said to have amounted to nearly half a million, it is almost ridiculous. If the number were correct, very different and more brilliant results would have been achieved; for at a time like that succeeding the Peloponnesian war, when in quite desperate circumstances it was resolved to raise the metoeci to the rank of

citizens, and to set the slaves free, a formidable host of soldiers would have come forward at once, and the Athenian army would have been increased by at least 100,000 men. Such a population, in a country like Attica, would have perished of hunger, for the country certainly never produced as much as 150,000 inhabitants required in six months in the shape of bread alone, not to mention times of war. It is possible that a combination may be found, by which this strange statement obtained credence among the Greeks; but I am convinced, that moderns who have based their conclusions upon it are altogether in error.

But even if we were able to ascertain the whole population of Attica, that of the city cannot be discovered, for there is nothing which might guide us as a standard. We do not know whether the houses were built close together, whether they were surrounded by large courts, etc., though I believe that the former was the case. The houses were not six or seven stories high, as was the case at Rome in the time of Augustus, and in the three principal streets of Carthage; they generally had only one, or at the utmost two stories, and a house of the latter kind was a very respectable one in Greece. But in consequence of this, the houses must have occupied a larger space than those of Rome. The probability is, that the population of Athens was far below 100,000 souls.

THE POPES AND THE GERMAN EMPERORS.

[Leopold von Ranke, an eminent German historical writer, was born in Thuringia in 1795. Receiving a thorough education, he became professor of history in the University of Berlin in 1825, and his lectures gave him great reputation. His thorough historical studies have produced no less than eleven valuable histories, covering portions of German, French, Spanish, Italian and English history, chiefly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. His "*Deutsche Geschichte sur Zeitalter der Reformation*" in 6 vols., embodies researches in original documents, and is most skillfully written. His great work on "*The Popes of Rome, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries*," has passed through numerous editions. He died in 1886. The following is extracted from this work:]

We shall pass over some centuries that we may arrive at a nearer and more distinct view of the events which they generated and matured.

The Frankish empire has crumbled into pieces; the German has arisen full of energy and might.

Never was the German name more potent and illustrious in Europe than in the tenth and eleventh centuries, under the Saxon and the early Salic emperors. From the eastern frontiers, where the king of Poland had been compelled to do personal homage and to submit to a partition of his territory, and where the Duke of Bohemia was condemned to imprisonment, we see Conrad II. march westward to defend Burgundy against the pretensions of the French nobles. He defeated them in the plains of Champagne; his Italian vassals crossed Mount St. Bernard to his assistance; he caused himself to be crowned at Geneva, and held his diet at Soleure. Immediately afterwards we meet him in Lower Italy. "On the frontiers of his empire," says his historian Wippo, "in Capua and Benevento, he settled all differences by his word." Not less powerful and glorious was the reign of Henry III. At one time we find him on Scheldt and the Lys, victor over the Counts of Flanders; at another in Hungary, which he compelled, at least for a time, to do him feudal service; on the other side the Raab, where his course was checked by the elements alone. The king of Denmark repaired to Merseburg to meet him; one of the most powerful princes of France, the count of Tours, became his vassal; Spanish histories relate, that he demanded from Ferdinand I., of Castile, victorious and powerful as that monarch was, an acknowledgment that he was liege lord of all the sovereigns of Christendom.

If we inquire what was the basis upon which so extensive a power, claiming supremacy over all Europe, internally rested, we shall find that it contained a very important ecclesiastical element.

With the Germans, conquest and conversion advanced together. The marches of the empire extended as the influence of the church extended, across the Elbe, towards the Oder, down the Danube; monks and priests heralded the German influence in Bohemia and Hungary. Hence the spiritual authorities everywhere acquired vast power. In Germany, bishops and abbots of the empire were invested, not only within their possessions, but also without them, with the rights and privileges of counts or even of dukes, and church lands were no longer described as situated in counties, but

counties in bishoprics. In Upper Italy almost all the cities were governed by the viscounts of their bishops.

It were a mistake to imagine that the aim of these measures was to give real independence to the spiritual power.

As the nomination to ecclesiastical offices belonged to the kings (in recognition of which the chapters sent back the ring and staff of their deceased superiors to the king's court, whence these badges of office were granted anew), it was generally advantageous to the prince to confer temporal authority on the man of his choice, upon whose attachment and obedience he could rely. Henry III., in defiance of his recalcitrant nobility, placed a plebeian devoted to himself on the chair of St. Ambrose at Milan. To this measure he was chiefly indebted for the obedience which he afterwards received from the north of Italy. The facts are illustrative of each, that, of all the emperors, Henry III. was the most bountiful to the church, while at the same time he insisted with the greatest rigour on the right of nominating bishops. Care was also taken that the endowment abstracted nothing from the power of the state.

The property of the church was exempted neither from civil burdens, nor even from feudal service; we frequently see bishops take the field at the head of their vassals. What an advantage was it therefore to be able to nominate bishops like the archbishop of Bremen, who exercised supreme spiritual power in the Scandinavian kingdoms, and over Wendish tribes!

If the ecclesiastical element was of such vast importance in the institutions of the German empire, it is evident how much depended on the relations in which the emperor stood to the head of the whole clerical body, the pope of Rome. This relation was not less intimate than that which had existed between the papacy and the Roman emperors, or the successors of Charlemagne. The political subjection of the pope was unquestionable.

It is true that, before the empire had definitely devolved on a German race, while it was yet in feeble and vacillating hands, the popes had exercised acts of supremacy over it. But as soon as the energetic German princes had possessed themselves of this dignity, they were not less sovereign lords of the papacy than the Carlovingians had been. With vigorous hand Otho the Great protected the pope whom he had placed on the throne; his sons followed his example; and the revival of the Roman factions, who conferred or took away, sold or alienated the popedom, as their family interests dictated, rendered the necessity for a higher intervention the more manifest. It is well known how resolutely this was exercised by Henry III. His synod at Sutri deposed the intrusive popes. From the time he had placed the patrician ring on his finger and had received the imperial crown, he selected at his good pleasure the successor to the papal chair. Four German popes, nominated by him, succeeded each other. When the highest ecclesiastical dignity fell vacant, the delegates from Rome who repaired to the imperial court to hear a successor appointed, appeared in no respect different from the envoys from other bishoprics.

In this state of things, it was for the interest of the emperor himself that the papacy should inspire respect and consideration. Henry III. promoted the reforms which the popes, his nominees, undertook; the increase of their power excited no jealousy in him. That Leo IX. in defiance of the wishes of the king of France, held a synod at Rheims, appointed and removed French bishops, and received the solemn declaration that the pope was the sole primate of the universal church, could be nowise displeasing to the emperor, so long as he himself ruled over the whole papacy. This formed but a part of that pre-eminent authority which he claimed over all Europe. He stood in the same relation to the other powers of Christendom through the pope, as to those of the North through the archbishop of Bremen.

But his position was attended with great danger. The constitution of the ecclesiastical body in the Germanic and Germanised states had assumed a totally different character from that which it had worn in the Roman. A large portion of political power had been transferred to the clergy; they had princely rank and jurisdiction. As we have seen, they were still dependent on the emperor, the highest temporal authority; but how if this authority should once more fall into feeble hands, while at the same time the head of the church, armed with triple power, derived from his own dignity, (the object of universal veneration) from the obedience of his subordinates, and from his influence over other states, should seize the favouring moment, and place himself in opposition to the imperial power?

More than one inducement to such a course lay in the very nature of the case. The church contained within herself a peculiar principle, wholly at variance with so great a temporal influence, and this would of necessity manifest itself as soon as she had acquired sufficient strength. And, as it seems to me, it involved a contradiction, that the pope should exercise a supreme and universal spiritual power, and at the same time should be subject to the emperor. It had been otherwise if Henry III. had succeeded in raising himself to be the head of entire Christendom; but as he failed, the pope might have found himself, in the various turns of political affairs, completely obstructed by his subordination to the emperor, in the free exercise of that authority as common father of the faithful, which his office conferred on him.

Under these circumstances, Gregory VII. ascended the papal chair. Gregory was a man of a daring, exclusive and haughty spirit; immovable in his adherence to logical consequences, and withal, equally skilful and subtle in eluding just and well grounded opposition. He saw whither the course of things tended. In all the trifling affairs of the day, he discerned the vast contingent events with which the future was pregnant; he determined to emancipate the papacy. From the moment he clearly saw his object, without looking to the right or left, without a moment's hesitation, he seized on the decisive means of accomplishing it. The decree which he caused to be passed at one of his councils, that in future no ecclesiastical office could be granted by a temporal sovereign, shook the constitution of the empire to its very base. This, as we have remarked, rested on the connection between temporal and spiritual institutions; the link between them was the investiture; the stripping the emperor of this ancient privilege was equivalent to a revolution.

It is evident that Gregory would not have been able even to entertain the project of such a change, much less to effect it, had not the disorders of the German empire, during the minority of Henry IV., and the rebellion of the German nobles and princes against that monarch, favored the enterprise. In the great vassals he found natural allies. They too felt oppressed by the predominance of the imperial power; they too sought to shake off this yoke. In a certain sense the pope was, like them, a magnate of the empire. There was a perfect accordance between the pope's declaring Germany an elective empire, by which the power of the princes must be immensely increased, and the little opposition he had to encounter from them when he emancipated himself from the empire. Even in the contest concerning investiture their interests went hand in hand. The pope was yet far from claiming the direct nomination of the bishops; he left the choice to the chapters, over which the higher German nobility exercised the greatest influence. In a word, the pope had the aristocratic interests on his side.

But even with these allies, what long and bloody struggles did it cost the popes to accomplish their projects! From Denmark to Apulia, says the eulogy on St. Anno, from Carlingen to Hungary, has the empire turned its arms against its own entrails. The struggle between the spiritual and temporal principles, which had formerly gone hand in hand, divided Christendom. How often have the popes been forced to retreat from their own capital and to see the apostolic seat ascended by antipopes!

At length, however, their success was complete.

After long centuries of subjection, after other centuries of an often doubtful struggle, the independence of the Roman see, and of the principle on which it rested, was at length attained. The position of the popes at this moment was indeed most lofty and dignified. The clergy were completely in their hands. It is worthy of remark that during this period the popes of the most resolute character, for example, Gregory VII, were Benedictines. By the introduction of celibacy they transformed the whole body of secular clergy into a sort of monastic order. The universal bishopric which they claimed had a sort of resemblance to the power of a bishop of Cluny, who was the only abbot of his order. The popes desired to be the only bishops of the church; they interfered without hesitation in the affairs of every diocese; they even compared their legates to the proconsuls of ancient Rome! While this order, firmly compacted within, dispersed over all lands, powerful by its possessions, and ruling every action of life by its ministry, constituted a body obedient to one head, political states were crumbling into pieces. As early as the beginning of the twelfth century Prior Gerohus ventured to say, "It will come to pass that the golden pillars of the monarchy will be utterly shattered, and every great empire will be divided into tetrarchies; not

till then will the church be free and unfettered under the protecting care of the great crowned priest." But little was wanting to the literal accomplishment of this prediction. For which, in fact, was more powerful in England in the thirteenth century, Henry III., or the twenty-four, who for a time governed the kingdom? In Castile, the kings or the Altoshomes? The imperial power seemed almost superfluous from the time that Frederic granted to the princes of the empire the substantial attributes of sovereignty. Italy, like Germany, was filled with independent states. Almost the only comprehensive, centralizing power was that possessed by the pope. The mingled spiritual and temporal character which life had assumed during that period, and the entire course of events inevitably tended to produce such a power, and to render him the depository of it. When countries long lost, like Spain, were at length rescued from Mohammedanism; when provinces yet unreclaimed, like Prussia, were won from paganism and planted with Christian people; when even the capitals of the Greek faith conformed to the Latin rite; when hundreds of thousands went forth to defend the banner of the cross on the holy sepulchre, must not the sovereign pontiff, who had a hand in all these undertakings, who received the allegiance of all these subjugated powers, enjoy immeasurable and pre-eminent consideration? Under his conduct, in his name, the nations of the West went forth as one people in countless swarms to the conquest of the world. We cannot wonder if he wielded an almost omnipotent authority, when a king of England received his kingdom from him as a fief; when the king of Aragon transferred his to the Apostle Peter; when Naples was actually given over by the pope to a foreign house. Wonderful physiognomy of those times, which no one has yet placed before us in all its completeness and truth!

It is the strangest combination of internal strife and of brilliant external success, of independence and obedience, of spiritual and temporal things. What contrarieties in the character of Piety herself! One while she retreats into the rugged mountain, or into the lonely forest, that she may devote all her days to the holy and peaceful contemplation of the divine glory. Waiting for death, she denies herself every enjoyment that life offers. When she abides among men, with what ardour does she strive to give utterance to the ideas in which she lives and moves, to clothe with life and form the mysteries which dimly float before her eyes! But in a moment we turn and behold her with altered mien; her who invented the inquisition; who exercised the terrible judgment of the sword upon those of another faith, who prompted the leader of the expedition against the Albigenses, when he said, "We have spared neither age, nor sex, nor rank; we have smitten every one with the edge of the sword."

Sometimes she appeared under both aspects at the same moment.

At the sight of Jerusalem the crusaders alighted from their horses, and uncovered their feet, that they might approach the sacred walls like pilgrims; in the hottest of the battle they thought they received the visible aid of saints and angels. Hardly had they scaled the walls when they rushed forth to plunder and carnage; on the site of Solomon's Temple they slaughtered thousands of Saracens; they burned the Jews in their synagogues; they sprinkled with blood the holy threshold on which they came to kneel in adoration. A contradiction which completed the picture of the religious spirit of that age and of those nations.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

JUDITH.

[ANCIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS, an eminent Roman philosopher, statesman and poet, was born A. D. 470. Liberally educated, chosen consul 510, he became the friend and confidant of Theodoric, King of the Goths, who then reigned at Rome. His best known work is "*On the Consolation of Philosophy*," which was very popular in the middle ages, and was translated by Alfred the Great into Anglo Saxon. Alfred also translated some of his poems, from which we extract the poem of Judith, translated by Mr. Sharon Turner.]

THE REVEL OF HOLOFERNES.

They then to the feast
Went to sit,
Eager to drink wine;
All his fierce chiefs,
Bold, mail-clad warriors!
There were often carried
The deep bowls
Behind the benches;
So likewise vessels
And orcas full
To those sitting at supper.

They received him, soon about to die,
The illustrious shield-warriors:
Though of this the powerful one
Thought not; the fearful
Lord of earls.
Then was Holofernes
Exhilarated with wine;
In the halls of his guests,
He laughed and shouted,
He roared and dinned;
Then might the children of men
Afar off hear
How the stern one
Stormed and clamored,
Animated and elated with wine.
He admonished amply
That they should bear it well
To those sitting on the bench.
So was the wicked one,
Over all the day,
The lord and his men,
Drunk with wine,
The stern dispenser of wealth;
Till that they swimming lay
Over-drunk,
All his nobility,
As they were death-slain;
Their property poured about.
So commanded the Baldor of men
To fill to them sitting at the feast,
Till that to the children of men
The dark night approached.
Then commanded he,
The man so overpowered,
The blessed virgin
With speed to fetch
To his bed-rest,
With bracelets laden,
With rings adorned.
Then quickly hurried
The subjected servants,
As their elder bade them;
The mailed warriors
Of the illustrious lord
Stepped to the great place.
There they found Judith,
Prudent in mind;
And then, firmly,
The bannered soldiers
Began to lead
The illustrious virgin
To the high tent.
There the powerful one
His rest on the feast-night
Within was enjoying,
The odious Holofernes.
There was the fair,
The golden fly-net
About the chief's bed hung,
That the mischief-full
Might look through,
The Baldor of the soldiers,
On every one
That there within came
Of the children of men;
And on him no one
Of man-kind;
Unless the proud one
Any man of his illustrious soldiers
Commanded to come
Near him to council.

THE DEATH OF HOLOFERNES.

She took the heathen man
Fast by his hair;
She drew him by his limbs
Towards her disgracefully;
And the mischief-full,
Odious man
At her pleasure laid,
So as the wretch
She might the easiest well command.
She with the twisted locks
Struck the hateful enemy,
Meditating hate,
With the red sword,
Till she had half cut off his neck;
So that he lay in a swoon,
Drunk and mortally wounded.
He was not then dead,
Not entirely lifeless;
She struck then earnest,
The woman illustrious in strength,
Another time,
The heathen hound;
Till that his head
Rolled forth upon the floor.
The foul one lay without a coffer;
Backward his spirit turned
Under the abyss,
And there was plunged below,
With sulphur fastened;
For ever afterwards wounded by worms
Bound in torments,
Hard imprisoned
In hell he burns.
After his course,
He need not hope,
With darkness overwhelmed,
That he may escape
From that mansion of worms;
But there he shall remain
Ever and ever,
Without end, henceforth,
In that cavern-home,
Void of the joys of hope.

Translated by SHARON TURNER.

FOLLY NO PROOF OF GENIUS.

[JOHAN HENRIK KELLGREN. This distinguished poet was born in the parish of Floby, West Gothland, in 1751. In 1772 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the University of Abo, and in 1774 became a *Magister Docens*. Three years afterwards he removed to Stockholm as private tutor in a nobleman's family, and in 1778, in connection with his friend Carl Lenngren, established there a weekly literary journal, under the title of "*Stockholms Posten*," which exercised considerable influence on Swedish literature. Kellgren soon became a courtier and a favorite with the king, who suggested to him the plan of his three principal dramatic pieces, "*Gustaf Wasa*," "*Christine*," "*Gustaf Adolf und Ebba Brahe*." His reputation rests chiefly upon his satires and upon his lyrical poems. He died in 1795, and his friends showed the esteem in which they held his memory by a medal, on one side of which was the poet's head, and on the reverse the inscription: "*Poetæ, Philosopho, Civi, Amico, Lugentes Amici.*"]

I grant 't is oft of greatest men the lot
To stumble now and then, or darkling grope;
Extremes for ever border on a blot,
And loftiest mountains' sides abruptest slope.

Mortals, observe what ills on genius wait!
Now god, now worm!—Why fallen?—A dizzy head!—
The energy that lifts thee to heaven's gate,
What is it but a hair, a distaff 's thread?

He, who o'er twenty centuries, twenty climes,
Has reigned, whom all will first of poets vote,
E'en our good father Homer, nods at times;
So Horace says,—your pardon, I but quote.

Thou, Eden's bard, next him claim'st genius' throne;—
But is the tale of Satan, Death, and Sin,
Of Heaven's artillery, the poet's tone?
More like street-drunkard's prate inspired by gin.

Is madness only amongst poets found?
Grows folly but on literature's tree?
No! wisdom's self is to fixed limits bound,
And, passing those, resembles idiocy.

He, who the planetary laws could scan,
Dissected light, and numbers' mystic force
Explored, to Bedlam once that wondrous man
Rode on the Apocalypse' mouse-colored horse.

Thou, whose stern precept, against sophists hurled,
Taught that to truth doubt only leads the mind,
Thy law forgott'st,—and, in a vortex whirled,
Thou wander'st, as a Mesmer, mad and blind.

But though some spots bedim the star of day,
The moon, despite her spots, remains the moon;
And though great Newton once delirious lay,
Swedenborg's nothing but a crazy loon.

Fond dunces! ye who claim to be inspired,
In letters and philosophy unversed,
Who deem the poet's fame may be acquired
By faults with which great poets have been cursed!

Ye Swedenborgian, Rosicrucian schools,
Ye number-prickers, ye physiognomists,
Ye dream-expounding, treasure-seeking fools,
Alchymists, magnetizers, cabalists!

Ye're wrong,—though error to the wisest clings,
And judgments, perfect here, may there be shaken,
That genius therefore out of madness springs
When ye assert, ye're deucedly mistaken.

Vain reasoning!—all would easily succeed,
Was Pope deformed, were Milton, Homer blind?
To be their very likeness, what should need
But just to crook the back, the eyes to bind?

But leave we jest;—weak weapon jest, in sooth,
When justice and religion bleeding lie,
Society disordered, and 'gainst truth
Error dares strike, upheld by treachery.

Arouse thee, Muse! snatch from the murderer
His dagger, plunging it in his vile breast!
By nature thou reason's interpreter
Wast meant; obey—and nobly—her behest!

Manhem![1] so named from olden Manhood's sense
And olden Manhood's force; from error's wave
What haven shelters thee? Some few years hence
One spacious bedlam shall the Baltic lave.

Virtue from light, and vice from folly springs;
To sin 'gainst wisdom's precept is high treason
Against the majesty of man, and kings!
Fanaticism leads on rebellion's season.

Pardon, my liege, the virtuous honesty
That swells the poet's breast and utterance craves!
The enthusiast for thy fame must blush to see
Thy sceptre raised to favor fools or slaves.

But you who to his eyes obscure the light,
What is 't you seek? what recompense high prized?
I see 't!—O fame! all, all confess thy might;
And even fools would be immortalized.

Ye shall be so! your brows and mind await
A thistle and a laurel crown. To thee,
Posterity, their names I dedicate,
Thy laughing-stock to all eternity!

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[1] The abode of men; an ancient poetical name of Sweden.

THE INSURRECTION IN GERMANY.

[JEAN HENRI MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, a Swiss theologian and historical writer, (1794–1872), was born and died near Geneva. Educated there and at Berlin, D'Aubigné became professor of Church history at Geneva, where he wrote his most popular work (in the French language) *Histoire de la Réformation au Seizième Siècle*, five volumes, the first of which appeared in 1835. It has been translated and very widely read, being distinguished for a spirit and vivacity which illuminate an otherwise dry subject. The other notable works of D'Aubigné are his *Reformation in the Time of Calvin*, *The Protector* (a work on Cromwell), *Germany*, *England and Scotland*, and many essays.]

A political ferment, very different from that which the Gospel brings with it, had long been secretly working in the Empire. Sinking under secular and ecclesiastical oppression, and, in some of the states, forming part of the seigneurial property, and liable to sale with it, the people began to threaten to rise in insurrection, and burst their fetters. This spirit of resistance had shewn itself long before the Reformation, by various symptoms; and even at that time a feeling of religion had mingled with the political elements of resistance. It was impossible, in the sixteenth century, to keep asunder two principles so intimately associated with the existence of nations. In Holland, at the close of the preceding century, the peasantry had made an insurrection, representing on their banners a loaf of bread and a cheese, the two staple articles of their poor country. The "*alliance of the shoes*," showed itself first in the neighbourhood of Spires, in 1503, and in 1513, being encouraged by the priests, it was re-acted at Brisgau. In 1514, Wurtemburg was the scene of "the league of poor Conrad," which had for its object to sustain, by the revolt, "the right of God." In 1515, Carinthia and Hungary had been the theatre of terrible commotions. These seditious movements had been arrested by torrents of blood; but no relief had been afforded to the people. A political reform was, therefore, not less evidently needed than religious reform. In this the people were right, but it must be admitted that they were not ripe for its enjoyment.

Since the commencement of the Reformation these popular ferments had not been repeated; men's minds were absorbed with other thoughts. Luther, whose penetrating eye had discerned the condition of people's minds, had, from his tower in the Wartburg, addressed to them some serious exhortations, of a nature to pacify their agitated feelings:

"Rebellion," he observed, "never obtains for us the benefit we seek, and God condemns it. What is rebellion? is it not to revenge oneself? The devil tries hard to stir up to rebellion such as embrace the Gospel, that it may be covered with reproach; but they who have rightly received the truths I have preached, will not be found in rebellion."

The aspect of things gave cause to fear that the popular ferment could not be much longer restrained. The government which Frederic of Saxony had taken pains to form, and which possessed the nation's confidence, was broken up. The Emperor, whose energy would perhaps have supplied the place of the influence of the national administration, was absent; the princes, whose union had always constituted the strength of Germany, were at variance; and the new manifestoes of Charles the Fifth against Luther, by excluding all hope of a future reconciliation, deprived the Reformer of much of the moral influence, by which, in 1522, he had succeeded in calming the tempest. The barrier which had hitherto withstood the torrent, being swept away, its fury could no longer be restrained.

The religious movement did not give birth to the political agitation, but in some quarters it was drawn into, and went along with its swelling tide. We might, perhaps, go farther, and acknowledge that the movement which the Reformation communicated to the popular mind, added strength to the discontent which was everywhere fermenting. The vehemence of Luther's writings, his bold words and actions, and the stern truth he spake, not only to the Pope and to the prelates, but even to the nobles, must needs have contributed to inflame minds that were already in a state of considerable excitement. Thus Erasmus failed not to remind him,—"We are now gathering the fruits of your teaching." Moreover, the animating truths of the Gospel, now fully brought to light, stirred all bosoms, and filled them with hopeful anticipations. But there were many unrenewed hearts which were not prepared by a change of thought for the faith and liberty of a Christian. They were quite willing to cast off the yoke of Rome, but they had no desire to take upon them the yoke of Christ. Thus, when the princes who espoused the cause of Rome endeavored,

in their anger, to crush the Reformation, those who were really Christians were enabled patiently to endure those cruel persecutions,—while the majority were roused to resistance, and broke forth in tumults, and, finding their desires opposed in one direction, they sought vent for them in another. "Why is it?" said they, "when the Church invites all men to a glorious liberty, that servitude is perpetuated in the state? When the Gospel inculcates nothing but gentleness, why should Governments rule only by force?" Unhappily, at the very period when a reformation of religion was hailed with joy, alike by nobles and people, a political reformation, on the contrary, encountered the opposition of the most powerful of the nation. And whilst the former had the Gospel for its rule and basis, the latter had, ere long, no principles or motives but violence and insubjection. Hence—while the one was kept within the bounds of truth, the other rapidly overpassed all bounds,—like an impetuous torrent bursting its banks. But to deny that the Reformation exerted an indirect influence on the commotions which then disturbed the Empire, would subject the historian to the charge of partiality. A fire had been lighted up in Germany by religious discussions, from which it was scarcely possible but that some sparks should escape which were likely to inflame the popular mind.

The pretensions of a handful of fanatics to Divine inspiration added to the danger. Whilst the Reformation constantly appealed from the authority claimed by the Church to the real authority of the Sacred Word, those enthusiasts rejected not only the authority of the Church, but that of Scripture also; they began to speak only of an inward Word—an internal revelation from God; and, unmindful of the natural corruption of their hearts, they abandoned themselves to the intoxication of spiritual pride, and imagined themselves to be saints.

"The Sacred Writings," said Luther, "were treated by them as a dead letter, and their cry was, 'the Spirit! the Spirit!' But, assuredly, I, for one, will not follow where their spirit is leading them! May God, in His mercy, preserve me from a Church in which there are only such saints. I wish to be in fellowship with the humble, the weak, the sick, who know and feel their sin, and sigh and cry continually to God from the bottom of their hearts to obtain comfort and deliverance." These words of Luther have a depth of meaning, and indicate the change which his views were undergoing as to the nature of the Church. They, at the same time, show how opposed the religious principles of the rebels were to the principles of the Reformation.

The most noted of these enthusiasts was Thomas Münzer; he was not without talent; had read his Bible, was of a zealous temperperament, and might have done good, if he had been able to gather up his agitated thoughts, and attain to settled peace of conscience. But with little knowledge of his own heart, and wanting in true humility, he was taken up with the desire of reforming the world, and, like the generality of enthusiasts, forgot that it was with himself he should begin. Certain mystical writings, which he had read in his youth, had given a false direction to his thoughts. He made his first appearance in public at Zwickau; —quitted Wittemberg on Luther's return thither,—not satisfied to hold a secondary place in the general esteem, and became pastor of the small town of Alstadt, in Thuringia. Here he could not long remain quiet, but publicly charged the Reformers with establishing, by their adherence to the written Word, a species of Popery, and with forming churches which were not pure and holy.

"Luther," said he, "has liberated men's consciences from the Papal yoke; but he has left them in a carnal liberty, and has not led them forward in spirit towards God."

He considered himself as called of God to remedy this great evil. The revelations of the *Spirit*, according to him, were the means by which the Reformation he was charged with should be effected. "He who hath the Spirit," said he, "hath true faith, although he should never once in all his life see the Holy Scriptures. The heathen and the Turks are better prepared to receive the Spirit than many of those Christians who call us enthusiasts." This remark was directed against Luther. "In order to receive the Spirit," continued he, "we must mortify the flesh—wear sackcloth—neglect the body—be of a sad countenance—keep silence—forsake the haunts of men—and implore God to vouchsafe to us an assurance of His favor. Then it is that God will come unto us, and talk with us as He did of old with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. If He were not to do so, He would not deserve our regard. I have received from God the com-

mission to gather together His elect in a holy and eternal union."

The agitation and ferment which were working in men's minds were not a little favorable to the spread of these enthusiastic ideas. Men love the marvellous and whatever flatters their pride. Münzer having inoculated with his own views a portion of his flock, abolished the practice of chanting, and all the other ceremonies annexed to public worship. He maintained that to obey princes "devoid of understanding" was to serve, at one and the same time, God and Belial; and then setting off at the head of his parishioners to a chapel in the neighborhood of Alstadt, to which pilgrims were accustomed to resort from all quarters, he totally demolished it. After this exploit, being obliged to leave the country, he wandered from place to place in Germany, and came as far as Switzerland, everywhere carrying with him, and communicating to all who gave ear to him, the project of a general revolution. Wherever he went he found men's minds prepared. His words were like gunpowder cast upon burning coals, and a violent explosion quickly ensued.

Luther, who had rejected the warlike enterprises of Sickingen, could not be led away by the tumultuous movements of the peasantry. Happily for social order, the *Gospel* kept him from falling into this error, for what would have been the consequences, had he cast his extensive influence into the scale? . . . He resolutely maintained the distinction between spiritual and secular matters; constantly affirming that it was to immortal souls that Christ gave liberty by His word; and while on the one hand he impugned the authority of the Church, he on the other, with equal courage, stood up for the power of rulers. "A Christian," said he, "ought to suffer a hundred deaths, rather than be mixed up in the least degree with the revolted peasantry." He wrote to the Elector—"It gives me indescribable satisfaction that these enthusiasts themselves boast, to all who will give ear to them, that they do not belong to us. 'It is,' say they, 'the Spirit which impels us;' to which I reply, 'that it must be an evil spirit, that bears no other fruits than the pillage of convents and churches;' the greatest robbers on this earth might easily do as much as that."

At the same time, Luther, who desired for others the liberty that he claimed for himself, was dissuading the Prince from resorting to severe measures. "Let them preach what they will, and against whom they please,' said he, "for it is the Word of God alone which must go forth and give them battle. If the spirit *in them* be the true Spirit, any severities of ours will be unavailing; but if our Spirit be the true, He will not fear their violence! Let us leave the Spirits to struggle and contend. A few, perhaps, may be seduced. In every battle there are some wounded; but he who is faithful in the fight shall receive the crown. Nevertheless, if they have recourse to the sword, let your Highness prohibit it, and command them to quit your dominions."

The insurrection commenced in the districts of the Black Forest, near the sources of the Danube, a country that had been often the theatre of popular commotions. On the 19th of July, 1524, the Thurgovian peasantry rose against the Abbot of Reichenau, who had refused to appoint over them an evangelical preacher. Shortly after this, several thousands of them collected round the small town of Turges—their object being to liberate an ecclesiast who was there imprisoned. The insurrection spread, with inconceivable rapidity, from Swabia as far as the Rhenish provinces, Franconia, Thuringia, and Saxony. In January, 1525, all these countries were in a state of open insurrection.

Towards the close of that month, the peasantry put forth a declaration in twelve articles, wherein they claimed the liberty of choosing their own pastors, the abolition of small tithes, servitude, and the taxes on inheritance; the right to hunt, fish, cut wood, &c. Each demand was backed by a passage from the Bible, and they concluded with the words,—"If we are wrong, let Luther set us right by the Scriptures."

They requested to have the opinion of the divines of Wittemberg. Melancthon and Luther each gave his judgment separately; and the decision of each reminds us of the difference that marked their characters. Melancthon, who regarded any disturbance as a serious crime, overstepped the limits of his habitual mildness, and seemed to labor to express the strength of his indignation. According to him, the peasantry were public criminals, on whom he invoked all laws,—divine and human. If amicable communications should fail of effect, he would have the magistrates to pursue them, as they would robbers and assassins.

"Nevertheless," adds he,—(and some one feature, at least, we need to find, that shall remind us of Melancthon)—"think of the *orphans* before you have recourse to capital punishment!"

Luther took the same view of the revolt as Melancthon; but he had a heart which deeply felt for the miseries of the people. He manifested, on this occasion, a noble impartiality; and frankly spoke truth to both parties. He first addressed the princes, —and more particularly the bishops: –

"It is you," said he, "who have caused the revolt; it is your declamations against the Gospel, it is your guilty oppression of the poor of the flock—which have driven the people to despair. My dear Lords, it is not the peasants who have risen against you—it is God Himself who is opposing your madness. The peasants are but instruments He is employing to humble you. Think not you can escape the punishment reserved for you. Even though you should succeed in exterminating all the peasantry, God could from these stones raise up others to chastise your pride. If I were bent on avenging my own wrongs, I might laugh in my sleeve,—and quietly look on while the peasantry were acting,—or even inflame their rage,—but the Lord keep me from it! My dear Lords, for the love of God, calm your irritation;—grant reasonable conditions to these poor people, as phrenzied and misled persons;—appease these commotions by gentle methods, lest they give birth to a conflagration which shall set all Germany in a flame. Some of their twelve articles contain just and reasonable demands."

Such an exordium was calculated to gain for Luther the confidence of the peasantry, and to induce them to listen to the truths which he was about to press upon them. After admitting that some of their demands were founded in justice, he declared that rebellion was the act of heathens; that Christians were called to suffer, not to fight; that if they persisted in their revolt in the name of the Gospel, but contrary to the very precepts of the Gospel, he should consider them as worse enemies than the Pope. "The Pope and the Emperor," continued he, "combined against me; but the more the Emperor and the Pope stormed, the more did the Gospel make its way. Why was this? Because I neither took up the sword, nor called for vengeance, nor had recourse to tumult or revolt; I committed all to God,—and waited for Him to interpose by His mighty power. The Christian conflict is not to be carried on by sword or arquebuss, but by endurance and the cross. Christ, their Captain, would not have his servants smite with the sword,—He was hanged upon a tree."

But in vain did Luther inculcate these Christian precepts. The people, under the influence of the inflammatory harangues of the leaders of the revolt, were deaf to the words of the Reformer. "He is playing the hypocrite," said they, "and flatters the nobles:—he has himself made war against the Pope, and yet expects that we should submit to our oppressors."

Instead of subsiding, the insurrection grew more formidable. At Weinsberg, Count Louis of Helfenstein, and the seventy men under his command, were doomed to death. A body of peasantry drew up in close ranks, with advanced pikes, whilst others drove the Count and his retainers against the points of this forest of weapons. The wife of the ill-fated Helfenstein, a natural daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, holding her infant in her arms, implored them, on bended knees, to spare the life of her husband, and vainly endeavored to avert this barbarous murder. A lad who had served under the Count, and had afterwards joined the rebels, gamboled in mockery before him, and played the dead march upon his fife, as if he had been leading his victims in a dance. All perished; the infant was wounded in its mother's arms, and she herself thrown upon a dung-cart, and thus conveyed to Heilbronn.

At the news of these atrocities, a cry of horror was uttered by the friends of the Reformation, and Luther's feeling heart was violently agitated. On the one hand, the peasantry, ridiculing his counsel, asserted that they had a revelation from Heaven,—impiously perverted the threatenings contained in the Old Testament,—proclaimed an equality of conditions, and a community of goods, defended their cause with fire and sword, and rioted in barbarous executions. On the other hand, the enemies of the Reformation, with malicious sneer, inquired if the Reformer did not know that it was easier to kindle a fire than to extinguish it. Indignant at these excesses, and alarmed at the thought that they might check the progress of the Gospel, Luther no longer hesitated; he laid aside his former forbearance, and denounced the rebels with all the energy of his character, overpassing, perhaps, the just

bounds within which he should have contained himself.

"The peasantry," said he, "are guilty of three horrible crimes against God and men; and they deserve both the death of the body and that of the soul. In the first place, they rebel against their rulers, to whom they have sworn allegiance; next they rob and plunder convents and castles; and, to crown all, they cloak their crimes under the profession of the Gospel! If you neglect to shoot a mad dog, yourself and all your neighbors will perish. He who dies in the cause of the magistrates will be a true martyr, provided he fight with a good conscience."

Luther then proceeds to comment severely upon the guilty violence of the peasantry, in compelling simple and peaceable men to join their ranks, and thus bringing them into the same condemnation. He then proceeds: "On this account, my dear Lords, I conjure you to interpose for the deliverance of these poor people. I say to him who can bear arms, strike, and kill. If thou shouldst fall, thou canst not have a more blessed end; for thou meetest death in the service of God, and to save thy neighbor from hell."

Neither gentle nor violent measures could arrest the popular torrent. The church bells were rung no longer for divine worship. Whenever their deep and prolonged sounds were heard in country places, it was known as the tocsin, and all flew to arms.

The people of the Black Forest had enrolled themselves under John Muller of Bulgenbach. With an imposing aspect, wrapped in a red cloak, and wearing a red cap, this chief daringly proceeded from village to village, followed by his peasantry. Behind him, on a wagon, decorated with boughs and ribands, was exhibited a tricolored flag, black, red, and white—the standard of revolt. A herald similarly decorated, read aloud the twelve articles, and invited the people to join in the insurrection. Whoever refused to do so, was banished from the community.

Their progress, which at first was pacific, became more and more alarming. "We must," they exclaimed, "compel the lords of the soil to submit to our conditions,"—and by way of bringing them to compliance they proceeded to break open the granaries, empty the cellars, draw the fish-ponds, demolish the castles of the nobles, and set fire to the convents. Opposition had inflamed to frenzy these misguided men. Equality could no longer satisfy them;—they thirsted for blood; and swore to make any man who wore a spur bite the dust.

At the approach of the peasantry, those towns which were incapable of withstanding a siege opened their gates, and made common cause with them. In every place they entered, the images of the saints were defaced—the crucifixes broken to pieces,—while women, armed with weapons, passed through the streets threatening the lives of the monks. Beaten and repulsed in one place, they re-assembled in another, and braved the most formidable regular troops.

A committee chosen by the peasants stationed themselves at Heilbrun. The Counts of Löwenstein were captured, stript, and clothed in common blouse, a white staff was placed in their hands, and they were compelled to swear adhesion to the twelve articles.

"*Brother* George, and you, brother Albert," said a brazier to the Counts of Hohenlohe, who visited their camp, "swear to us to act the part of brothers—for yourselves are now peasants and no longer lords." Equality of ranks, that dream of democrats, was established in aristocratic Germany.

Many persons of the upper classes, some from fear, and some from motives of ambition, joined the insurrection. The celebrated Götz of Berlichingen, finding himself unable to maintain his authority over his vassals, prepared to seek a refuge in the states of the Elector of Saxony, but his wife, who was then in child-bed, wishing to keep him at home, concealed from him the Elector's letter. Götz, hemmed in on all sides, was compelled to put himself at the head of the rebel forces. On the 7th of May the peasants entered Würtzburg, where they were received with acclamation. The troops of the princes and of the knights of Swabia and Franconia, who were stationed in that city, evacuated it, and withdrew in confusion within the citadel,—the last refuge of the nobility.

But already had the commotion spread to other parts of Germany. Spires, the Palatinate, Alsace, Hesse, had adopted the twelve articles, and the peasants threatened Bavaria, Westphalia, the Tyrol, Saxony and Lorraine. The Margrave of Baden, having scornfully rejected the articles, was compelled to seek refuge in flight. The Coadjutor of Fulda acceded to them with a laugh. The smaller towns submitted, alleg

ing that they had no spears to resist the insurgents. Mentz, Treves, Frankfort, obtained the immunities on which they had insisted.

Throughout the Empire a wide-spreading revolution was in full career. The ecclesiastical and secular privileges, which bore so heavily on the peasantry, were to be suppressed; church property was to be diverted to secular uses, to indemnify the chiefs and meet the exigencies of the state; taxes were to be abolished, with exception of a tribute payable every ten years; the power of the Emperor, as recognized by the New Testament, was to be maintained supreme; all other reigning princes were to come down to the level of citizens; sixty-four free courts were to be instituted, and men of all ranks to be eligible as judges; all conditions were to return to their primitive position; the clergy were to be restricted to the pastorship of their several churches; princes and knights were to be defenders of the weak; uniform weights and measures were to be introduced; and one coin to be struck, and be the only currency of the whole Empire.

Meanwhile, the nobles were recovering from their first stupor, and George Truchsess, commander-in-chief of the Imperial forces, advanced in the direction of the lake of Constance. On the 7th of May he drove back the peasants at Beblingen, and directed his march upon the town of Weinsberg, where the unfortunate Count of Helfenstein had lost his life. He set fire to it, and burned it to the ground, giving orders that its ruins should be left as a lasting memorial of the treason of its inhabitants. At Furfeld, he effected a junction with the Elector Palatine and the Elector of Treves, and the combined army advanced upon Franconia.

The Frauenberg, the citadel of Würtzburg, had held out for the cause of the nobles, and the main army of the peasants still lay before its walls. On receiving intelligence of the approach of Truchsess, they resolved on an assault, and on the 15th of May, at nine in the morning, the trumpets sounded, the tri-color flag was unfurled, and the peasants rushed to the assault with frightful shouts. Sebastian Rotenhan, one of the staunchest partisans of the Reformation, was commandant in the castle. He had organized the means of defence on an efficient footing, and when he harangued the soldiers and exhorted them to repel the attack, they had all sworn to do so, raising their three fingers towards heaven. A fierce struggle ensued. The reckless and despairing efforts of the peasants were answered from the walls of the fortress by petards and showers of sulphur and boiling pitch, and discharges of cannon. The peasants, thus struck by their unseen enemy from behind the ramparts, for an instant faltered, but their fury rose above it all. Night closed in, and the contest still raged. The fortress, lighted up by a thousand battle-fires, seemed, in the darkness of the night, to resemble a towering giant pouring forth flames, and contending in the midst of bursts of thunder for the salvation of the Empire from the savage bravery of infuriated hordes. At two in the morning the peasants, failing in all their efforts, at last retreated.

They tried to open negotiations with the garrison, on the one side, and with Truchsess, who was approaching at the head of his army, on the other. But negotiation was not their forte. Violence and conquest offered their only chance of safety. After some hesitation, they decided to advance against the Imperial forces, but the cannon and charges of the Imperial cavalry made fearful havoc in their ranks. On reaching Königshofen, they were completely routed. Then it was that the princes, nobles, and bishops, cruelly abusing their victory, gave loose to unheard-of cruelties. Those who were taken prisoners were hanged at the road-side. The bishop of Würtzburg, who had taken flight, returned to his diocese, passed over it, attended by executioners, who shed, without distinction, the blood of rebels, and of such as were living quietly in subjection to God's word. Götz de Berlichingen was sentenced to imprisonment for life. The Margrave Casimir of Anspach deprived of their sight no less than eighty peasants, who, in the rebellion, had declared, with an oath, that their eyes should never look upon that prince,—casting the victims of his cruelty on the wide world, blind, and holding each other by the hand, to grope their way, and beg their bread. The unfortunate youth who had played on his fife the death-march of Helfenstein, was chained to a stake, and a fire lighted round him,—the knights being present, and laughing at his horrid contortions.

Everywhere public worship was restored, under its ancient forms. In the most flourishing and populous districts of the Empire,

the traveller was horror-struck with the sight of heaps of dead bodies and smoking ruins. Fifty thousand had perished; and almost everywhere the people lost what little liberty they had previously possessed. Such, in Southern Germany, was the dreadful result of the Revolt.

J. H. Merle d'Aubigné.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ISRAELITES.

[Cædmon, 600 to 680, is first mentioned by Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History*. In 1655 Junius published a MS. supposed to contain some of the poetry of this distinguished bard. The most complete edition is that translated by Thorpe, published in London, 1832, by the Society of Antiquaries, from which we extract.]

Loud was the shout of the host,
The heavenly beacon rose
Each evening.
Another stupendous wonder!—
After the sun's
Setting course, they beheld
Over the people
A flame to shine,
A burning pillar;
Pale stood
Over the archers
The clear beams,
The bucklers shone,
The shades prevailed;
Yet the falling nightly shadows
Might not near
Shroud the gloom.
The heavenly candle burnt,
The new night-ward
Must by compulsion
Rest over the hosts,
Lest them horror of the waste,
The hoar heath
With its raging storms,
Should overwhelm,
Their souls fail.
Had their harbinger
Fiery locks,
Pale beams:
A cry of dread resounded
In the martial host,
At the hot flame,
That it in the waste
Would burn up the host,
Unless they zealously
Moses obeyed.
Shone the bright host,
The shields gleamed;
The bucklered warriors saw
In a straight course
The sign over the bands,
Till that the sea-barrier,
At the land's end,
The people's force withstood,
Suddenly, on their onward way,
A camp arose;—
They cast them weary down;
Approached with sustenance
The bold sewers;
They their strength repaired,
Spread themselves about,
After the trumpet sang,
The sailors in the tents.
Then was the fourth station,
The shielded warriors' rest,
By the Red Sea. . .
Then of his men the mind
Became despondent,
After that they saw,
From the south ways,
The host of Pharaoh
Coming forth,
Moving over the holt,
The band glittering.
They prepared their arms,
The war advanced,
Bucklers glittered,
Trumpets sang,
Standards rattled,
They trod the nation's frontier.
Around them screamed
The fowls of war,
Greedy of battle,
Dewy-feathered;
Over the bodies of the host
(The dark chooser of the slain)
The wolves sung
Their horrid evensong,
In hopes of food,
The reckless beasts,
Threatening death to the valiant
On the foes' track flew
The army-fowl.
The march-wards cried
At midnight;
Flew the spirit of death;
The people were hemmed in.
At length of that host
The proud thanes
Met 'mid the paths,
In bendings of the boundaries;
To them there the banner-king
Marched with the standard,
The prince of men
Rode the marches with his band,
The warlike guardian of the people
Clasped his grim helm,
The king, his visor.
The banners glittered
In hopes of battle;

Slaughter shook the proud.
He bade his warlike band
Bear them boldly,
The firm body.
The enemy saw
With hostile eyes
The coming of the natives:
About him moved
Fearless warriors.
The hoar army wolves
The battle hailed,
Thirsty for the brunt of war.

Translated by BENJAMIN THORPE.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

[JOHN PHILLIPS (1676–1708) evinced considerable talent in his *Splendid Shilling*, a parody on the style of Milton. He was the son of Dr. Phillips, archdeacon of Salop. Phillips wrote a poem on the victory of Blenheim (1705), and another on Cider, the latter in imitation of the *Georgics*. This was published in 1708, Tonson the publisher purchasing the copyright for forty guineas. Phillips was an avowed imitator of Milton, but regretted that, like his own Abdiel, the great poet had not been 'faithful found:'

But he—however let the Muse abstain,
Nor *blast his fame*, from whom she learned to sing
In much inferior strains, grovelling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent—
Mean follower.

The notion that Phillips was able, by whatever he might write, to blast the fame of Milton, is one of those preposterous conceits which even able men will sometimes entertain.]

Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town-hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corps sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton—versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale—when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at the Avonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Ycleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate;
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and—wonderful to tell!—
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes—ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!—Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious—as whilom knights were wont—
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So—poets sing—
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable; nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils:
Then, with envenomed jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distressed, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose.
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake;
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued—what will not time subdue!—
A horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus, a well-fraught ship,
Long sailed secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till, cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis—dangerous rocks!—
She strikes rebounding; whence the shattered oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable; till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

ODE.

[Estevan Manuel de Villegas, born in 1595, died in 1669, has been sometimes called the Anacreon of Spain. He was of noble family, and a lawyer by profession, but early devoted himself to literature, and died poor. The style of Villegas is polished, and he possessed undoubted lyric genius.]

'Tis sweet, in the green spring,
To gaze upon the wakening fields around;
Birds in the thicket sing,
Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground;
A thousand odors rise,
Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy, and close and cool,
The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook;
For ever fresh and full,
Shines, at their feet, the thirst-inviting brook;
And the soft herbage seems
Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

Thou, who alone art fair,
And whom alone I love, art far away:
Unless thy smile be there,
It makes me sad to see the earth so gay;
I care not if the train
Of leaves, and flowers, and zephyrs go again.

END OF VOLUME SEVEN.